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The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

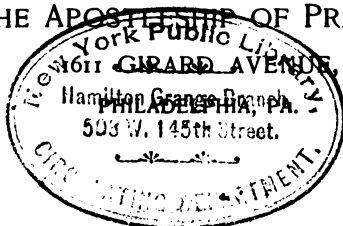
AN AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF THE
POPULAR LITERATURE OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION

Published in the interest of The Apostleship of Prayer League
of the Sacred Heart, Sodality of the Blessed Virgin St.
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O Queen of Martyrs, lead us on.
 We falter, it is true;
 Yet we will follow in thy steps,
 If thou our strength renew.
 Hope swift revives, because we see
 The Lord is with thee.

OUR LADY OF THE CATACOMBS.

AT a period when devotion to the Blessed Virgin is so widespread as it is to-day it is interesting to go back to the primitive ages of Christianity and consider how it manifested itself at a time when the Church was in its first fervor, and was, so to speak, fresh from the hand of its divine Founder.

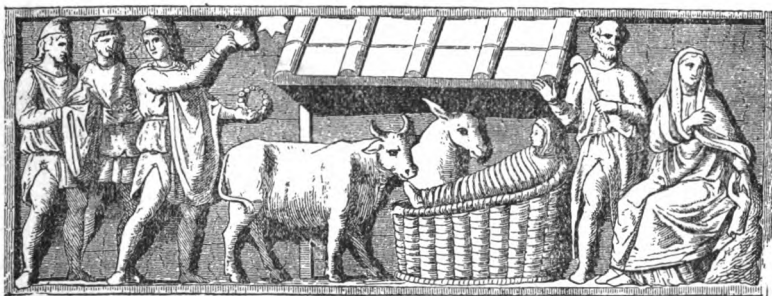
There are some who may well be surprised to hear of evidences of devotion to Mary in the days of the early saints and martyrs, holding, as they do, that the Catholic cultus of the Blessed Virgin is one of the abuses which it was the mission of Protestantism to eradicate. It is one of the commonplaces of anti-Catholic polemics that devotion to the Blessed Virgin dates from the Council of Ephesus (A.D. 431), and was unknown in the Church before that period. It was in this council that Nestorius was condemned for maintaining that Mary was not the Mother of God, but only the mother of the man Jesus, who was not united to the Second Person of the Trinity till after he was born of the Virgin Mary. Strange that it has never occurred to our modern Nestorians that the outburst of indignation which greeted the doctrine of the heresiarch was a proof that devotion to Mary as Mother of God was not a thing of sudden growth, but had taken deep root in the Church long before its solemn vindication at Ephesus.

Fortunately, however, all reasoning on the subject is cut short by the direct testimony of monuments that have survived the revolutions of time, and present to the modern world a faithful picture of the devotional life of our ancestors in the Faith.

Those who have read Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*—and who has not read it?—are familiar with the Roman catacombs, those underground cemeteries into which the early Christians

were obliged to retire before the face of persecution. For whole generations the catacombs were almost the only places in which the Christians were free to offer the Holy Sacrifice and chant the praises of Christ and His Saints. The catacombs were, in fact, the churches of that period. Hence it was that the Christians, in their veneration for these temples of the true God, in which the Lamb without stain was offered a daily Sacrifice, adorned these sacred places with the productions of the chisel and the brush. The ancient precept, *Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven image*, was no longer in force when the danger of idolatry was forever removed; and hence the tombs and chapels and corridors of these subterranean retreats were pictured with representations of the Christian mysteries and of events in the Old Testament that prefigured events in the New.

A time came at length when the Christians could with safety emerge from their hiding-places. The catacombs ceased to be



used, except for their original purpose. By degrees they passed out of notice, or came under the destructive hand of the barbarian. Those that escaped his ravages remained in oblivion for long ages and till such time as the revelation of the treasures they contained might best serve the cause of truth.

Conspicuous among the art remains of the catacombs are the numerous representations of our Blessed Lady. These occur so frequently that they may be counted by the score. They are found principally under three forms of art: frescoes, sculptures on sarcophagi or stone coffins, and glass vessels. The Blessed Virgin is sometimes represented alone; sometimes she is found in the company of Prophets or Apostles; and again we find her in scenes connected with the life and mission of her Divine Son.

A favorite subject is the Adoration of the Infant Jesus, whether by the Magi or by the shepherds.

In many of these representations of our Lady there are circumstances either of manner or of place that undoubtedly bear a deep significance as illustrating the place our Blessed Lady occupied in the faith and devotion of the age. One of the commonest attitudes in which she is depicted is that of a suppliant, the extended arms being always a sure indication that the person represented is in the act of praying. Again, we find in a picture of the Madonna a halo around the head both of the Infant and the Mother, a proof that the early Christians did not deem it derogatory to the holiness of the God-man to represent His Mother as sanctified by her unspeakably close relations with the Son of God. In other representations, especially in the Adoration of the Magi, the Mother is seated on a chair of state, sometimes on a throne.

In the Cemetery of St. Agnes there is a chapel still extant which was probably dedicated to the Mother of God. A fresco of the Madonna occupies the space immediately above the altar. The Infant is seated on her lap, whilst the hands of the Mother, instead of supporting the Child, as is usually the case in pictures of the Madonna, are extended in prayer, and thus she is represented both as Mother of God and Help of Christians.

Another representation of our Lady, which goes far to prove that even apart from her coöperation in the Redemption she was a favorite subject of the artists of the catacombs, is a figure in outline, traced with a chisel on a marble slab, and representing the Blessed Virgin as ministering in the temple.

The one great fact that is attested by all the numerous portraits of our Lady in the catacombs is that she was held in the same veneration in the days of the Apostles as in the age in which we live. From the very beginning of the Christian era was begun the fulfilment of the prophecy that all nations should call her blessed. The idea of one of God's creatures being raised to the ineffable dignity of being Mother of God filled the Christian mind of that day with a love, respect, and veneration for the chosen one that knew no parallel. And this veneration for the creature, so far from detracting from the honor shown to the Creator, only increased it, for all the glory of the creature was but

a reflection from the glory of the Creator, Who had deigned to bring the work of His hands into such close proximity to Himself.

A Catholic passing through the gloomy halls and corridors of the catacombs meets indeed with many a work of art that may seem strange, or even odd, till its meaning is explained, but he cannot but feel at home when he encounters the familiar image of the Mother of God, who looks down upon him with the same tender and loving gaze as in any of the countless churches of the present day. There is, moreover, something consoling, something, too, that fires the enthusiasm of a Catholic, in seeing the Church of his own day, after the lapse of so many ages, bearing so perfect a resemblance to the Church of the Apostles. True, our Catholic faith and our Catholic instincts told us that it must be so; but now we can see with our eyes the glad confirmation of our belief in these imperishable monuments of the past.



WE would call the attention of our readers to a clause in the letter of approbation of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, which is printed on the second page of the cover every month. It is herein stated that the PILGRIM is, in part, an organ of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and as such it is recommended to the faithful. It is well for both editors and readers to keep this steadily in view; and we remind our readers of the fact because they may have it in their power to aid us in the task of recording and encouraging the work of the sodalists in different parts of the United States.

*

The following letter from a director of a Sodality may serve

to dispel the notion that American boys cannot be easily trained to habits of piety and devotion.

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, NEW YORK,
November 18, 1892.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

The Mementos of Admission into the Blessed Virgin's Sodality have been duly received. . . . The boys are very generous and very obedient. . . . There are many saints in my Sodality, and I trust that God and His Blessed Mother will keep them very good. Rev. Father Rector granted the members a general Communion in honor of St. Stanislaus, one of their patron Saints, and they all took advantage of it. They marched in procession with banners, etc. I was much edified by their extraordinary fervor. I never felt happier than I did on that day, for I am sure our Blessed Lady must have been greatly pleased, especially with the devotion manifested by the larger boys: it was so childlike and true. Pray for them, and for our Sodality.

*

The above reminds us of the days of the Sodality's first fervor, and illustrates the possibilities of Sodalities even among our sport-loving American boys. And yet we feel it incumbent on us to remind our readers that there is one part of the work of the Sodalities that may easily be lost sight of. In the conception of the founders of the Sodality the duties of its members were not to be confined to the weekly exercises of piety and the periodic reception of members. They also included the performance of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, such as visiting the sick and the poor, and instructing the ignorant. True, the sanctification of the members was the chief object proposed to their zeal; but, at the same time, they were to do all in their power to extend the Kingdom of God upon earth. The records of the Sodality in Europe show that whilst the members were the model young men and women of the community, they were also among the foremost promoters of every good work.

*

That this spirit has been perpetuated in the European

Sodalities is evidenced by the reports that occasionally reach us of the work accomplished. The Sodality attached to the Church of Jesus at Brussels recently celebrated its golden jubilee. Throughout the fifty years of its history it has given an active support to many good works. Some of its earliest members founded the Belgian Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul. The Working Men's Houses, the Soldiers' Guilds, the great public retreat at Tronchiennes, all are indebted to the sodalists either for their foundation or for support and coöperation. Besides this they are always seen taking part in a body in the procession of Corpus Christi, and in the public pilgrimages.

*

These facts are indeed edifying. They would be no less gratifying if they did not suggest a contrast between European Sodalities and our own. We are not by any means disposed to underrate the work accomplished by our American Sodalities. Indeed they are a just subject of pride to every American Catholic, and they have been the saving of countless souls in every diocese of the Union. In numbers and in spirit they rank among the first in the world. But it is precisely the spirit that animates the sodalists that makes it possible to enlarge the sphere of their activity in the direction of works of charity and zeal. The Children of Mary, as we have had many occasions to remark, have set the example by their numerous ministrations to the poor, the ignorant, and the abandoned. May we not hope that the male Sodalities, especially those composed of young men, will take up the good work and emulate their predecessors of years gone by? Let but an impulse be given to their zeal by those who have the interests of the Sodalities most at heart, and we are sure that it will be followed by excellent results.

LISA'S SHEAVES.

By S. T. S.

I HAVE long "had that within me" which urges the telling of Lisa Moylan's good work. Had anyone told her it would ever be made into a story, what a doubting smile she would have worn! Yet, there are other lives which never could have

been told but for hers, as our Lord led her home. Little things move the whole universe, because God lays them in its course.

Lisa came into our midst very quietly as a late pupil of the convent school, and took her place with such modest girlishness that it was some time before we knew her worth. By degrees, we older ones, who had borne the burden and heat of the day long enough to know the drawbacks of the lukewarm, came to look for a certain gentle face whose soft dark eyes always lighted up with quick, intelligent appreciation when there was work to be done, and for a certain well gloved little hand which was always extended for sewing or tickets or missionary-box. Promptly, surely, perfectly, all she undertook to do was done, and silently Lisa Moylan slipped into her own marked and definite place, the place of a rest and stay upon which to build for any good work. Always unobtrusive, yet always with a certain dignity which hedged her round, as "his divinity doth hedge a king"—I think now it was the unseen veil of a spirit singularly pure, devout, and single-minded,—she grew into a model daughter of our sweet Virgin Mother. I do not remember that I ever did more than exchange words with her in some press of business, yet I thought of her, believed in her, as one with whom all that was best in me had part.

Thus it went on until a certain year when the Annual Retreat came, early in the Lenten season. It had been a winter of storm and suffering for rich and poor. Sickness abounded and death had been busy everywhere. There was something, perhaps, in the very atmosphere which touched and softened hearts. But, at any rate, we never had a larger attendance or a more edifying spirit in all the exercises. I had taken under my wing and carried with me, a thoughtless little creature, almost a careless Child of Mary. How she came to be one, I did not know, for it happened in another city, and before there was any tie between us. But, being one, I wished most earnestly for her sake and the sake of others, she should know the full meaning of the strength and sweetness of her title. She had not been in Catholic schools nor bred under the best influences at home; still, I thought she meant to be a good Catholic. Bright, attractive, fond of society, not too well off, with dainty and expensive tastes and habits, with a good but light mind, she seemed to alternate between seasons of

pious fervor and unhappy restlessness. In one of the last she consented to make the Retreat.

At first, she seemed to enter into the holy spirit of it with earnestness and steadiness. She was silent and recollected during the hours at the convent, and in our walks to and fro. The priest who gave the Retreat was a man of simple and fervent style, using no mere graces of oratory, yet speaking direct and telling sentences. During his instructions, the thronged chapel was a breathless hush, and after them, there was always a silent period before anyone left it. This was particularly noticeable when he came to the instruction on death. The words lingered on the very air, they were so earnest and so true to each heart.

To my surprise, almost as soon as we left the building—it was the last exercise of that day—Frances spoke to me.

“Who was that young girl in the Sister’s stall at the end of your seat, Aunt Bess?”

“Miss Burnett,” I answered, briefly.

“No, no! Not Miss Burnett. I know *her*. I mean on the other side—a young girl, plainly dressed, with very dark hair and eyes.”

After a moment’s consideration I remembered.

“That was Miss Moylan—Miss Lisa Moylan.”

“Lisa Moylan! That girl! Why, they’re awful swells, aren’t they?”

I made no reply. This was certainly an unnecessary conversation, and I thought if silence ever was golden, it was just at that time.

“Now, Aunt Bess, you needn’t be too good. I must say something sometime. I can’t go on forever in the same way,—I couldn’t if I was a brook. And, you know, the Moylans are swells of the first water. Aren’t they in every society report from December until Lent?”

“Not this one, at any rate,” I corrected. “She has older sisters and cousins. Besides, the society reports do them great injustice. They are ladies, and well-bred ladies, at that.”

“Never read anything to the contrary,—as I see things. And they are no end rich, too. My goodness, gracious me! I wish I was! It is too—”

She stopped abruptly, and spoke no other word. At the

foot of my doorsteps, she said "good-night," and went away with a depressed air. I felt sorry and anxious; still more so when the next morning brought me a tiny note:

"Don't wait for me, Aunt Bess. Can't leave home. One of the family headaches to the fore.

FRANCES E. DE M."

The initials were faintly traced, but they seemed to me full of meaning. I thought much of the poor little weakling as I went alone through the chill morning air into the sweet, still warmth of the chapel. It was early, but Lisa Moylan was in her place. She looked so still, so much at peace, so reverent, it was no distraction to notice her. It rather helped to quiet one and bring away one's thoughts from anything outside those walls. I turned with all the devout attention of which I was capable to the altar and the priest. I never had a happier day. So much came to me, so much took on a new bearing, so much seemed possible to praise and penitence and prayer. It has lived in my heart—and in my life, I think,—and always with some thought of Lisa Moylan, like the scent of a violet shut away into our prayerbook. Many, many times have I wished I had dared to break her perfect peace, as something urged me, and ask her prayers. I might have had a speedier answer.

The next morning, there was still no sign of Frances, not even a note. But, when I stepped into the chapel rather late, she was kneeling close to the door. She avoided me throughout the day, I thought, and left before me in the afternoon. The next morning closed the Retreat. I caught one glimpse of Lisa across the chapel, and near her, I saw Frances for one moment. The two faces struck me, there was such a marked and singular likeness of expression, if I may so word it. My heart was suddenly lightened of my care for Frances. I knew the Retreat had done her good. The thought of Lisa always comforted and helped me.

It was wonderful how much I thought of her during the month that followed.

"Dear, good girl!" I said more than once in my heart. "How real, how helpful, how dear such pious souls make our religion! What a blessing to live as she does, so sheltered and so free from care, so ready and so able to do good all the time."

I did not see Frances again for some time. The "family headache" of her mother meant a round of sickness for the whole of them. They were delicate and careless as a family, and such episodes were not of rare occurrence. Then, I had to leave home for several days, and was occupied with visitors on my return. The day for the monthly meeting came round before I had an opportunity to speak a word with her on serious subjects, but I felt she was changed. I waited for her to join me on that day, and went off rather disappointed by her non-appearance.

I knew I was late when I reached the convent, for I tried the door and it opened noiselessly at a touch. The great hall and corridor stretched white and wide before me. No one was visible. As I passed before the life size statue of the Sacred Heart, the eyes looked lovingly down on me with an almost living sweetness. I paused. A card with a written message lay at its feet, evidently to attract attention. I bent to read it.

"Pray for the soul of our dear Lisa Moylan, a Child of Mary. She died this morning at day-dawn.

First Friday of April."

Lisa Moylan !

But a strange awe and peace breathed upon my heart from the words. A new and sweet gladness belonged to every memory of her. I went into the chapel and sank on my knees, trembling and rejoicing. I was in the very presence of the Lord she had seen face to face "at day-dawn." I realized it as never before. Everything in and around the place seemed new and holy in an intimate way. One of ourselves had entered Life. I could not doubt it.

After the meeting we talked of it,—a little. There was a hush upon us, one and all.

It had not come to her suddenly. Under the shadow—no, the shelter—of the Death Angel's wings, she had been walking for a long time, peacefully, patiently, saying nothing, shifting no responsibility, neglecting no duty, thankful always for the time of preparation.

"She was a blessed creature," said the good priest, who had known her best. "All the hard places were made easy to her, because she took them all as God's good gifts. In the end, she

had her heart's desire. The only words I ever heard from her that seemed to express a preference for her own will was the wish to die on the First Friday. Our Lord made it His will to do her pleasure."

I went away, thinking of it. How true the promises I had heard and read and dreamed over without any real taking hold of them! As a Child of Mary, as a member of the League of the Sacred Heart, as an instructed and conscientious Catholic, she had been faithful in the very midst of the gay world, and to her death had come as to a Saint of old, without terrors, without regrets, with the fulfilling of her last wish, and the tenderest evidence of her Lord's love.

As I hurried along, anxious to reach the quiet of my own room, a hand was laid upon my arm.

"Aunt Bess!" said Frances.

She had been crying, and tears were still in her voice.

"You did not see me," she went on, as I greeted her silently, "and I have hurried so to catch you."

"I am so glad you were there, dear," I said.

"Unless I am too ill to leave my room, I shall never miss it from this time." She spoke with an earnestness that meant much. "Oh, Aunt Bess, to die like that!"

"To live like that!" I corrected, but could say no more.

We had reached my home. Frances entered with me.

"I want to say something to you," she whispered. "I can only stop a moment, I must say it now."

I took her directly to my own room, and sat down with her on the couch, holding her hand in mine.

"Aunt Bess, it was in no light mood that I asked you who she was that day. I know you thought it was, and—and that provoked me to foolishness. I never felt less frivolous than when I began to speak. You see, I had been watching her, and there was something in her face, while Father D—— was speaking, that I never can forget. I know now that she was taking every word home to herself and thanking God for it. When you told me who she was, it seemed impossible. One of the Moylans! It was so foolish and wrong of me, but I have so often envied them when I read of them in the papers. It all rose up in me again when I was talking to you, and I was just going to say

something dreadfully wicked and silly, too, when the thought of her face stopped me. Do you remember that I stopped?"

"Yes, dear, I remember."

"Well, I hope—I think that sentence will never be finished, even in my thoughts. Everything seems different now. I went home that day, thinking. I thought all night and all the next day, when I could not leave Mamma. I was longing to be at the convent, but trying harder than ever before to do my duty at home. After a while, I felt there was something I had better fight out by myself; so I went alone the next day and the next. Aunt Bess, I don't know why, but I wanted to watch her. It seemed to me I never could believe she felt as she looked. One of the Moylan girls, with everything her heart could wish in this world, to seek only the things of the next world! But I saw it was really so. And—and I saw a great deal more. Oh, I am so glad she lived—I am so thankful I saw her as I did before she died! Now I know how much one can do for our Lord! There was not even one thought of me in her mind, but just because she was all His and gave Him all, it has made my life a new thing. Oh, Aunt Bess, you will see if I don't try to make up for lost time!" She went quickly away. The dressing bell rang, and I had not time to think over her words then. The city was settling to its midnight rest before I was again alone, and could dwell upon them and upon Lisa with the quietness I wished.

It is a long time since that night, but I often think of Lisa Moylan. In many ways, little stories of her good works have come into my hearing. Widespread and deep was her influence as she went steadily onward, as God led her. Her hands were but childish hands; her burdens were heavy for her young spirit; yet she went unto our Lord with many sheaves of ripened wheat from His harvest. Not the smallest among them must be the precious growth of Frances Blair's good life. I am witness to its sweetness and its strength. She is a true Child of Mary now; and I sometimes wonder, when I contrast her present self with that past I knew, if the mantle of Lisa Moylan has not fallen upon her.

The Bona Mors Association.



THE cross and passion-flower are fitting emblems of the objects set before us by the Bona Mors Association. The cross means victory over death; the passion-flower indicates the instruments as well as the fruits of Redemption; together they help to attract our minds to a study of the Sufferings and Death of Christ, of the Sorrows of His Blessed Mother, and of the whole scene on Calvary, as a help to living holily and dying happily.



The Rules recommended to the members of the Bona Mors Association require no more of the members than they themselves promise when received into the Confraternity. The first thing they require, the very object of the Bona Mors, is a continual remembrance of the Passion of Christ, in which He showed in Himself the true model of a Good Death.



Death in itself is a bitter thing and the thought of it is also bitter; death in the sight of a merciful Redeemer is sweet, and it is so because His sufferings and death have made it sweet, not only to taste but even to think of and desire.




This continual remembrance does not mean an exclusive remembrance of the Passion and of the Passion only, as if we should not strive also to remember, and to remember constantly, other holy things; nor does it mean that the Passion should always be uppermost in our memory, though such a grace should be prayed for and aimed at by every devout member of the Bona Mors.




Father Luis de la Palma explains what this continual remembrance means. In speaking of the method we should

observe in meditating upon the Sacred Passion, he gives a principle which holds good for every one who cares to meditate well. It is: "He who intends to recollect himself for some considerable time of the day, ought never to let himself be altogether distracted. He who desires to enter into himself from time to time, must never go out of himself; and he who desires to come back to his own thoughts from time to time, must never go far away from himself. He who desires to keep his imagination quiet, and fix his attention on heavenly things, must never altogether let his senses wander at random over the things of the earth. He must guard his heart and thoughts if he means to find them when he wills, for true is the proverb that says, He that keeps, finds."



To keep a continual remembrance of the Passion, therefore, means that we should never let ourselves be altogether distracted from it. If we wish to come back to our own thoughts of it with profit from time to time, we must never let them go far away from it. If we wish to keep the scenes of Calvary vivid in our imagination, and the attention of our intellect fixed upon them, we should not look back or aside too often or with too much attention to the surrounding scenes, or suffer our thoughts to rest upon them without viewing them in the light of the chief scene in their midst to which the chosen people had looked forward as we now look back to it. We may not be able to say with St. Paul: *I know nothing but Christ, and Him Crucified*; we should hope to be able to say it one day, and we should strive at least to know nothing, except as Christ knows it,—to know evil only to shun the evil and to know the good only to embrace it.



Holy Week, Lent, the decline of the year, the special Feasts which commemorate our Lord's Passion are occasions for remembering His Sufferings and Death; but they are days for special remembrance and meditation of these holy subjects. If we desire to be able to make these special recollections with true profit, we shall not lose sight of the first rule of our Association, which recommends the continual remembrance of the Passion of Christ as the model of every good death.

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.

(After Longfellow's Translation.)

By S. A. P.

“LET nothing disturb thee,”
O Faint Heart! be still; thy sighing
Is heard in heaven, and speaks of love that is not love;
“Nothing affright thee,”
Coward Soul! in dust low lying;
Canst thou forget thy home and heritage above?

“All things are passing,”
Yet thou cravest fame and treasure;
“God never changeth,”
In this thought could'st thou but rest!
“Patient endurance,”
(For His love thy strength will measure,)
“All things attaineth”
That He knows for thee are best.

“Who God possesseth,”—
O Words of mystic meaning!
“In nothing is wanting.”
Courage take, O drooping soul!
“Alone God sufficeth:”
On His strength thy weakness leaning,
Short will the journey seem between thee and life's goal!

.
One day a Poet found these words; their hidden beauty
Found in his inmost soul an echo; he had sung
Songs of his own; low strains of love and faith and duty;
Here was their key-note in the quaint old Spanish
tongue.

Thanks to the Poet! in the garden of soul-flowers,
Wisely he gathered; still his flower is fresh and fair;
Santa Teresa! Could we make thy spirit ours,
Toil would be sweet, and life one calm, unbroken prayer!



GREETING. RETROSPECT. PROSPECT.

THE PILGRIM begins the ninth year of its existence with greeting and good wishes to all the clients of Our Lady of Martyrs. The PILGRIM's mission is to erect a shrine to our Lady on the site of the old Mission of the Martyrs, the Mohawk village of Ossernenon, now Auriesville, New York. This spot was hallowed by the sufferings and death of the "good René" Goupil and of Father Isaac Jogues, Missionary of the Society of Jesus.

With the names of these heroes of the faith is joined that of Kateri Tekakwitha, the "Lily of the Mohawk," in the petitions presented to the Third Plenary Council, and in the *Postulatum* addressed, by the Fathers of the Council, to the Holy See, asking for the beatification of these servants of God.

The providential identification of the old Mission of the Martyrs, shortly before the meeting of the Council, in 1884, and the renewed interest aroused thereby in all that related to this Mission, led to the publication of the PILGRIM, whose object it is to keep alive this interest, and to erect a permanent memorial of the early missions on the spot that witnessed the heroism and death of Father Isaac Jogues.

During the time that has elapsed since the PILGRIM first began its pious work, the name and the fame of the new shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs has been spread throughout the land. Year after year, great pilgrimages have gathered on the hill overlooking the Mohawk. The feast of the Assumption, the anniversary of Father Jogues' first entrance into Ossernenon, amid the cruel blows of his captors, has been, in a very marked manner, the feast of the Shrine.

1,500 ; 2,600 ; 1,600 ; 50 ; 1,700 ; 325 ; are the numbers

of communicants counted in the different organized pilgrimages, in August of successive years. Besides these, many others have made the pilgrimage, some even, as the German Catholics of Schenectady, going to the shrine accompanied by their parish-priest and assisting at Mass; others, as the young men of Philadelphia and the League Promoters from the New York Cathedral, travelling two hundred and three hundred miles to kneel at our Lady's American Shrine.

That our Lady is pleased with these manifestations of devotion to her is proved by the favors she has granted her clients. No striking miracles are as yet recorded, but the letters of thanksgiving which the *PILGRIM* publishes, from time to time, give ample proof of her readiness to help those who invoke her as Our Lady of Martyrs.

We may scarcely hope ever to have the relics of Father Jogues, but the bones of René Goupil may yet be found in the neighborhood of the Shrine, where they were hidden by Father Jogues.

A brief sketch of what has been done to erect a permanent memorial will be of interest to the *PILGRIM*'s readers.

Ten acres of ground, covering the greater part of the old Mission, are now the property of the Shrine. This plot has been enclosed, and a small octagonal building, with an altar surmounted by a *Pietà*, erected.

A memorial cross, suitably inscribed, the gift of the late Father Hourigan of Binghamton, N. Y., marks the site of the platform on which Father Jogues was tortured.

In the centre of the enclosure is an earthen mound, upon which is planted the great cross, with a life-size figure of our Lord upon it. At the foot of the crucifix are statues of Our Lady of Martyrs and of St. John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved." Around this "Calvary," are the fourteen crosses that mark the Stations. The Calvary and the crosses are the gift of fifteen of our Lady's clients in Troy, N. Y.

In addition to its ordinary work the *PILGRIM* has helped to circulate the "Life of Father Isaac Jogues," the gift of our lamented friend, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, to the Shrine at Auriesville; the "Life of Kateri Tekakwitha," by Ellen H. Walworth; the biographical sketch-entitled "Father Isaac Jogues"; and the

"Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs." It procured photographs and rare illustrations for both of these works, provided for the celebration of Mass at the Shrine on each succeeding feast of the Assumption and assisted in the organization of the great annual pilgrimages. Month after month, the PILGRIM has recorded the contributions received to aid in erecting the permanent memorial church. Last month it mentioned the beautiful design of a Catholic mother and her sons who sent their prize-medals as the first offering for a crown to adorn the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs. How generous a response this design has met with the following letters, received within a few days, will prove:



DEAR REVEREND FATHER: I have, just now, read in the PILGRIM the letter which accompanied the four gold medals for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs. I, too, wish to contribute some little grains of gold towards its formation; for this purpose, I send the enclosed ring. Insignificant as it is in real value, I have, nevertheless, impressed upon it my heart's prayer for the return of a family to the practice of the faith which they have forsaken.

We ask our Lady's devout clients to pray for this intention.



DEAR REVEREND FATHER: I send you by express, to-day, a few articles of jewelry to be used for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs, my ring, earrings, and breastpin. My brother sends his ring to be used for the same purpose. These things are not of very much value, but the associations connected with them make them very dear to me. My father promised me the ring before he died and my mother fulfilled his promise. The pin and earrings and my brother's ring are birthday presents from mother. She sends three wedding-rings which were bequeathed to her by very dear friends. I am very sorry that I have nothing more to send to Our Lady of Martyrs.

Surely our Lady will reward such generosity.



DEAR REVEREND FATHER: We send you by express, to-day, a gold medal and a small diamond, which we hope may be used in the crown to be made for our Lady's statue at Auriesville. The medal is sent in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe who has done so much for our dear brother [a former member of the *Messenger* staff. Ed. PILGRIM]. The little diamond is to thank Our Lady of Martyrs for favors received and others expected. We are grateful to the lady who in sending her sons' medals has set an example which we are delighted to follow.

The writer of this letter has been a "Friend" of the Shrine for years. In conclusion we quote from the December, 1892,

A HERO OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

V.

A SECOND LETTER OF FATHER BRESSANI, S.J.

His deliverance by the Hollanders.

I COULD not secure until now a messenger who would bring what you are now reading. This is why you have had to await the present letter to learn that I have been delivered from the barbarians by the Hollanders. Cousture helped us a great deal; the bargain was not impossible; so they bought me at an easy price on account of my unfitness for any work. I was sold twice; once to an old woman for three thousand china beads, or about thirty or thirty-five of our livres; next to the Hollanders for about two hundred livres, which I considered more than my value.

I chanted my *In Exitu* on the 19th of August, within the octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, who has above all others brought about my deliverance. The bargain was nearly broken off, when, on saying the litanies of my powerful patroness, I was soon lodged in a way I had not been in three months among the Iroquois. During my captivity I could not return the evil which these wretched men had done me with the good I desired for them, the knowledge of the true God, as I did not know their language. With Cousture for interpreter I tried to instruct an old man who was dying, but his pride damned him. He said a man of his age and rank should teach and not be taught; and being asked if he knew whither he would go after death, he replied, "I shall go to the West," and then began to tell the stories and ravings of this poor God-forsaken people.

I baptized only one Huron, whom they brought to our village to roast. The day after his arrival they urged me to go see him. I went to him and on seeing me, as he could know by my beard I was French, and as he observed that I could hear, he asked to whisper in my ear. I came near, and finding he was an Huron, and that I could hear him, though faintly, I asked him, "What do you want?" "Baptism," he answered, as he urged me eagerly to give it to him. After questioning him and finding

him very well instructed, I could not refuse it to him. These are the stray results of the work of our Fathers, already departed. The savages noticed us, although I did it very artfully, and they made me go off very soon and leave him alone. I say "leave him alone," though no one would go near him, on account of the awful stench that arose from his poor body, which they were to burn next day. . . . After bringing one after another the limbs of his corpse into the cabin, and cooking and skinning his feet to devour them before me, the husband of my mistress sent the sign of death and left it at my feet for a long time; and because I had baptized the Huron, he said to me, "Very well, *resgrieba* (meaning the Baptism)—and the prayers, what good did they do him?" I felt very unhappy just then at not knowing their language, so as to explain the power and effects of Baptism; but the time had not yet come.

The pride of these wretches in their beggary is incredible. They regard themselves as champions of Mars, and look upon Europeans as impotent, good for nothing, and spiritless. "*They became vain in their thoughts,*" Rom. 1, 21. Unless they humble themselves they cannot be instructed nor believe. God in His infinite goodness help them, and us also. The Hollanders will soon send me to Holland or to France. Help me by your holy prayers, especially against the perils of the sea; and whether whole or crippled I shall always be your Paternity's unworthy son and very humble servant.

New Belgium, August 31, 1644.



A THIRD LETTER FROM FATHER BRESSANI, S.J.

From Rochelle, November 16, 1644.

His embarkation, and the hardships and storms of his voyage.

I am myself the carrier of these letters. That is why you get them altogether.

Here I am, back in France, after two months and a half since embarking, and more than fifty-seven days slow sailing in a small Holland vessel, with only seven sailors and eighteen passengers, mostly English, and all heretics. The Hollanders have treated me with the greatest kindness and respect, their chief

men in particular, though the names Jesuit and Papist shocked them a bit, especially those of the lower class.

Withal, what with the smallness of the craft, and what with my being last aboard, I have had many chances to merit. I know not if I embraced them all as I should. I slept all the time without mattress or pallet, although I was sick enough, and nearly the whole voyage in a berth too short for me. The provisions giving out, we had for seven of us only a bowl of pease, with some oatmeal, and rather poor biscuit, and no other drink during the whole trip except water with a bad taste. There was some fear that even this should fail us. Spite of all, I am at this moment in better shape than when I set out, even than since I entered the Society.

Help me, I pray you, to thank God and His holy Mother. I owe them more and more every day. The night of September 27, we had an awful storm lasting twenty-four hours, from which we had no thought of escaping. They took down not only the sails but the higher yards and the cordage; and they would have cut the masts, only, when all hope was gone, and after working long and hard in vain, the ship of itself came round and went before the wind. Our sailors, who have made many voyages to the Indies, say they had never before seen such a storm.

We met with pirates, whom we took for Turks, for we were far south, 36° lat. this side of the Azores. They chased us a long time; but night, or rather the Star of the Sea, saved us in all cases and brought us safe into harbor at the island of Rie. Thence I went to Rochelle in sailor's clothes. I had to beg alms for my passage, as I had not a penny. I owe much to the infinite goodness of God and the most holy Virgin. Help me, I pray you once more, to thank them as I should, and not be ungrateful for so many favors and graces, which are ever increasing in greatness and number.



Extract from a letter written at Rochelle, November 16, 1644, by a priest of Rochelle to Rev. Father Provincial of the Society of Jesus.

Father Bressani, escaped from the Iroquois by the aid of Hollanders who redeemed him, came to this town yesterday poorly clad in laic's garb, with a tattered wallet on his back, con-

taining some writings which were attached to a cord hanging from his neck. He has fared worse than Father Jogues. He has the left thumb torn away, three fingers cut off or burned, and his body scored with wounds in various spots. On his foot are traces of a sore, which was full of worms for some time. Three times he was stabbed in the left thigh, and he has suffered at sea besides. Withal his face is cheerful enough, and he seems to be even as merry and content as though he had suffered nothing.

I send your Reverence a brief account of his sufferings.



Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the African Missions :	
—,	\$1000.00
"Grateful Client of the Sacred Heart,"	10.00
D., St. Paul, Minn.,	1.00
For the Eastern Missions :	
—,	10.00
For the Most Needy Missions :	
—,	10.00
B. G., St. Paul, Minn.,	7.00
For the Ursulines of the Rocky Mountains :	
M. L. K., Moberly, Mo.,	5.00
A. M. E.,	2.00
D.,	1.00
For the Jesuit Missions, Montana :	
—,	5.00
D., St. Paul, Minn.,	1.00
For the Propagation of the Faith :	
C. T., New York,	1.00
For propagating Devotion to the Sacred Heart :	
"William,"	25.00

A RESPONSE TO THE CONTRIBUTORS.

URSULINE CONVENT, ST. PETER'S MISSION.

November 12, '92.

REV. FATHER :

Your valued letter and enclosure of money has reached me after many delays. Thank you in the name of our poor children. We were out of flour. You see that the God Who fed the prophet has reached us a loaf from Heaven ! The poor could best express to you my earnest thanks.

Yours,

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE LEAGUE AND THE OPENING YEAR.

IF it be all important in the view of every Associate to make the Morning Offering the first of each day's duties, it should be no less important to make an offering of the year to come the first of the year's devotions.

To those who really mean the offering they make each morning, it is no slight thing: count the prayers, the works and the sufferings that may fill a day, and the offering of them all becomes something very great in the eye of One Who considers every idle word and Who numbers every hair of the head. How vast the number of the prayers and works and sufferings which every soul might reckon in the space of a year!

Leaving aside, however, the number of actions we should thus offer as the year opens, rather, let us suppose what may be included, though not foreseen, in our offering, that we shall have little time given us to do much or suffer much during the coming year; then, still we have all the merit of the good-will to do and suffer whatsoever God shall permit us to do and suffer for His sake, or, if He should will it, to cease doing and suffering in this life in obedience to His divine call.

Last of all, this offering of a year's doings and sufferings still grows in merit when it is made, as the offering of every Associate should be made, in union with the Heart of Jesus ever living to make intercession for us by offering to His heavenly Father, His own prayers, works and sufferings in our behalf. It must be a happy year that is begun with such good dispositions, a year of

true filial attachment to God, of close friendship with Christ, a year of fruitfulness in fruits which will endure, a year of peace, since peace on earth is to men of good-will.

THE PILGRIM AND THE LEAGUE IN 1892.

VERY faithfully and, true to its name *LITTLE MESSENGER*, very modestly did the *PILGRIM* labor during the year just past to promote the interests of the League of the Heart of Jesus. Not a month went by without its pious suggestions to Promoters and Associates, and its reports from Local Centres everywhere about the progress of the Work, and the means taken to make its practices grow in favor.

Twenty-five thousand *PILGRIMS* reach a great many readers whether they be circulated in families or in Rosary Bands. Perhaps two hundred thousand Associates read the *PILGRIM* every month; and that they read it with interest is manifest from the increasing demand for it by the various Promoters' Councils, and from the adoption of the many pious practices it inculcates from month to month, not only in connection with the League of the Sacred Heart, but also in the interest of the Sodalties, of the Shrine of our Lady, of the Holy Childhood, and of the many other good works and societies in which good Associates love to take part.

Looking back through the League columns of the *PILGRIM* during the past year, readers will notice that its editors have kept one of its works, the Apostleship of Study, constantly in view. As a consequence, the Pope's Militia, like every means of piety recommended by the *PILGRIM*, has come to be a common matter of our correspondence, and our Children's Manual and Decorations are now in demand by more than thirty colleges, academies and convents in which the Apostleship of Study has been adopted.

It is most gratifying to the editors of the *PILGRIM*, that they are not the only laborers in bringing its many good works before public notice. It is always a source of happiness to find each month in our letter files, the many communications which are so worthy of publication, and which always produce some good. The *PILGRIM* publishes them in order to enable Local Directors,

Promoters and Associates to extend the field of their zeal beyond their own Local Centres and to benefit the entire League of the United States. It should gratify the writers of such letters to know that their reports and hints are as welcome to our readers as to ourselves. It should gratify them still more to be assured that they will always find in the pages of our *LITTLE MESSENGER* a chance of helping others, of helping Christ our Lord in building up His Body, of which we are all members.

REPARATION.

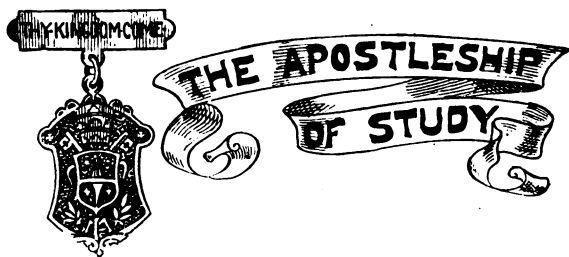
By D. H. BUEL, S.J.

WHAT love can sinful hearts devote
 Unto Thy Sacred Heart, O Lord?
 What can we do, who oft have smote
 Thy inmost soul with sin's sharp sword?
 Unmeet at best to kneel within Thy sight:
 How can we with our finite love the Infinite requite.

Each day Thy Sacred Heart doth pour
 Its blessings on a thankless race,
 And with redoubled rage the more,
 They smite anew Thy Sacred Face!
 Thy proffered love despised, defied,
 Ten thousand times Thou'rt scourged, art crowned with thorns,
 art crucified!

We kneel before Thy earthly throne,
 And consecrate our hearts to Thine;
 And strive for insult to atone
 By acts of charity divine.
 O, from the Monstrance let the glow
 That flames within Thy Sacred Heart consume us here below!

O, bless our prayer and make it meet
 To float on high and swell the hymn,
 Forever chanted at Thy Feet,
 By Seraph, Saint and Cherubim!
 O, may our hearts the censers be
 That waft the incense of self-sacrifice and love to Thee!



THOSE who have at heart the true welfare of the youth of our country and are, at the same time, alive to the moral dangers that beset them are convinced that our boys and girls during the years of their school life cannot be too deeply imbued with a genuine Catholic spirit, or, in other words, cannot be made too Catholic in all their habits of thought and action. It is needless for our present purpose to inquire what the peculiar dangers of our age and country are. One thing is certain, that the tendencies of the age are destructive of piety and practical religion in the young, and the one means of counteracting these tendencies is to make our children Catholic to the core. Whilst their minds and their energies are being prepared for what is termed the battle of life, too much care cannot be taken to foster and develop in them the supernatural life of grace, and thus make them proof against the seductive influences of the age.

It is considerations such as these that prompt us to say a word in behalf of a good work that has been established in connection with the Apostleship of Prayer. We mean the Apostleship of Study. Those who have read either the *Children's Manual* or the printed leaflet on this subject, and still more those who have had practical experience of the results of the Apostleship of Study in schools or colleges, must be convinced of the importance of a work like this, which furnishes so strong a stimulus to youthful virtue and imbues the young with so genuine a Catholic spirit. Not many decades ago, when our Holy Father Pius IX. was beset by powerful enemies who threatened to rob him of his independence, the devotion of faithful Catholics to the Vicar of Christ was aroused into extraordinary activity. This was prominently shown by those who flocked to Rome to join the Pontifical army. Enthusiasm was everywhere aroused in behalf of the threatened Pontiff, and one of the results of this enthusiasm was the Apostleship of Study, or the Pope's Militia, an organiza-

tion composed of young students who proposed to aid the Holy Father with the *sword of the spirit*, that is to say, by uniting their prayers and good works in his behalf, and by leading lives whose spirit would be diametrically opposed to the principles of the enemies of the Papacy. One way in which they showed this spirit was by making a promise never to join any secret society, a promise that is still made by the members.

The Apostleship of Study, whilst having a distinct object of its own, forms nevertheless a branch of the Apostleship of Prayer, or League of the Sacred Heart. The spirit of the one is the spirit of the other, a spirit, namely, of devotion to the interests of the Sacred Heart, a spirit of prayer and self-denial, a spirit of love and reparation. We refer the reader to the short chapter in the *Children's Manual* (p. 38) on the devotions practised by the members. This chapter will furnish a sample of the kind of work which children and young men may be induced to perform for the loving Heart of their Lord.

FROM THE LETTERS OF A MONTH

FROM LOCAL DIRECTORS.

CONCEPTION, MO.

DEAR FATHER:

PERHAPS it interests you to hear that 582 persons (of whom more than half men) of our parish of the Immaculate Conception were received last week into the League. We have 234 families in the parish, and with the exception of about 50 members all belong now to the League. It was quite a sight to see them all wear the badge at the outdoor procession of last Sunday. Yours in our Lord,

FATHER PLACIDUS, O.S.B.



ST. VINCENT'S,
CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., Nov. 21st, 1892.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

I do not know of one about this institution who is not a member of the League of the Sacred Heart.

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

FRANCIS MCNEILL, C.M.



HAMPTON, IOWA, *November 7th, 1892.*

REV. DEAR FATHER :

Yesterday (November 6th) I have established the "League of the Sacred Heart" in the Immaculate Conception Church at Allison, Iowa. I enrolled four members who have taken the three degrees ; seventeen members who have taken the first and second, and ten members who have taken the first degree. I consider this a good many at first, especially in a small out-mission, and all could not have attended Mass as it was raining in the morning.

To my mind the "League" and its advantages have only to be explained and established in order to have members join it, as it easily commends itself to the people by its simplicity and spiritual advantages.

Yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

FRANCIS WRENN.



ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, ST. MARY'S, KANS.

November 8, 1892.

REV. FATHER, PAX CHRISTI :

Acting upon your suggestion, given in the PILGRIM of this month of November concerning the Holy Souls suffering in Purgatory, the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart here were called together, and the result of this meeting is the following list of good works promised by the members of the Rosary Bands established in St. Mary's College among the students.

FOR NOVEMBER.

Communions,	833
Masses heard,	4,892
Beads said,	5,046
Angelus (three times a day, as the bell was rung, stopping play or anything else),	12,227
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament during the month,	6,003
Litanies and other prayers,	3,847
Good works by the students alone. Total,	32,848



FROM PROMOTERS.

SAN JOSE, *November 20th, 1892.*

REV. FATHER :

For the last two months we have tried a new plan, so as to gather in more intentions. A great number of people were afraid to put down their intention on a Promoter's blank for fear of the Promoter finding out their graces. I verily believe we have succeeded, as this month's list will show you. Namely, we have placed an intention box at the Sacred Heart altar, and secondly the classified intentions are prayed for, after Vespers on the first Sunday of the month. It is the day chosen for a special meeting of the League. Last Sunday ten went up to the Communion railing to receive the certificate of admission.

The subject of the Rev. Director's discourse was on the Sacred Heart and Apostleship of Prayer. Now that it has become known we hope there will be continual improvement, and to obtain that the Promoters will offer up their most earnest prayers.



FROM MESSENGER READERS.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR FATHER :

I am sick and I have had the *Messenger* to read; a kind priest lent it to me, and I want to read it every month. Now I like it so much, that I ask the Sacred Heart of Jesus if I cannot have it every month.



ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR FATHER :

I think no home should be without the *Messenger* and PILGRIM. The influence of such books, at a time when the temptations to read harmful literature is so powerful, can hardly be estimated. Pardon me for my unsought opinion; but they have done much for me and I am very grateful. May God bless you and the good work you are doing.

Sincerely,

M. A. S.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

The Episcopal Jubilee of Leo XIII.



WITH his habitual recourse to prayer our Holy Father calls upon us once more to pray for the Jubilee of his Episcopate which opens with the New Year. In October he asked us to pray for its preparation; now he desires our prayers for its happy outcome. True Head of the Church of God, he shows himself familiar with its practice of prayer before and during every action of importance. "We beseech Thee, O Lord, prevent our actions with Thy holy inspirations, and follow them with Thy assistance, that our every prayer and work may begin through Thee, and through Thee also be accomplished.

Our Holy Father's solicitude for the outcome of this Jubilee would be hard to explain were it an event which affected only himself or some ordinary interest of the Church for whose guidance he is responsible. It affects the universal Church, and that means that it affects the entire world, whose sole hope is in the redemption which the only true Church of Christ has to offer it. Our saintly pontiff is not at all seeking the personal homage which this Jubilee must bring to him: of true honor, so far as this world can give it, he has had more than any great sovereign of our times. With the honors of this world he might have had its freedom and its pleasures, had he cared to assent unto its unjust demands and barter away the patrimony of Holy Church for the proffered gifts of her enemies.

With a resolution that is altogether supernatural in one so venerable, so infirm and so oppressed by the ministers of evil, Pope Leo has not only withstood their attempt on his loyalty to the Church of Christ, but he has broken down the forces of their iniquity. Prayer is the weapon he has used, and the use of it has made him dexterous in handling the spiritual arms of wisdom and of fortitude. Prayer is the weapon which he bids us employ in behalf of ourselves and of the entire Church which is so deeply interest in the festivities about to be held in his honor.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(*LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART*).

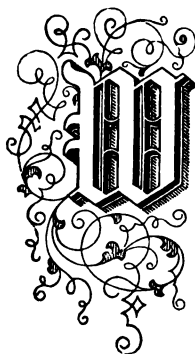
NINTH YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 2.

ANTHEM FOR THE SEASON.¹

Vale, o Valde decora.



WE have lived with thee, Queen of the skies,
All through the day.

We have hailed thee a light to our eyes
Along the way.

O thou glorious Virgin, be glad,
O'er all so fair,—

We must slumber; and yet it were sad
To lose thy care.

Must we lose it, the day's service done?

Farewell: yet stay!

While away, if away, near thy Son
Still for us pray.

¹The closing Hymn of the Sacred Office each day from the Feast of the Purification until Holy Thursday.

OUR LADY'S PURIFICATION.

FEAST, FEBRUARY 2.

THE mystery of our Lord's Nativity had been accomplished ; the Angels had chanted their song of joy ; the shepherds had adored the new-born Saviour and spread the glad tidings among their kinsfolk and neighbors ; and the Cave, which was forever hallowed by the birth of the Messiah, was probably abandoned when a shelter was found where it had been refused in the hour of sorest need. During the progress of the events immediately following the Nativity the predominant feeling of our Blessed Lady must have been one of rapturous adoration. The Expected of nations had come, and the Blessed Mother was feasting her eyes with the sight of Him Whom the Prophets had longed to see and had not seen.

But presently another thought must have asserted itself. She was the Mother of the infant Messiah ! And now that the shepherds had departed and Mary had begun to realize the awful responsibilities of her divine motherhood, with what tender and jealous care must she have guarded the precious pearl entrusted to her keeping. To the peasants in the environs of Bethlehem Jesus was the wondrous Child Who had been heralded by Angels as the Saviour of the world ; but to Mary He was the Child of her womb, her own precious offspring, Who now clung to her as to one who alone could preserve the life which it had been her blessed privilege to impart. And now, too, as His Mother she was charged with the duty of seeing that the law, though it did not seem to be applicable to the Holy Family, was fulfilled in all particulars, with regard to herself and her infant Child.

The Jewish law prescribed that for forty days after the birth of a male child the mother should not enter the Temple or be present at any public religious service ; and the reason of this restriction was that during that period a legal uncleanness was attributed to the mother, and this could not be removed except by the rites of purification specified in the law. It was prescribed, moreover, that every first-born male child should be presented to the Lord, a ceremony which was intended as a public act of thanksgiving for the preservation of the first-born of the Israelites on that dread night when the Angel of the Lord destroyed

the first-born of the Egyptians. It is plain that neither the law of purification nor the law of presentation was binding on Mary. Far from being contaminated by giving birth to the Saviour, she was sanctified by contact with Him Who was sanctity itself; and her Divine Son did not need to be presented to the Lord, for He was Himself the Lord of heaven and earth. Why then did Mary submit to the law? Was it in consequence of a revelation? or was she guided by some instinctive perception of what was most befitting, knowing, as she may well have known, that such submission was in keeping with the whole economy of the Redemption to be wrought by the God-man? Whatever may have been the reason, she and her blessed spouse decided to take the Child to Jerusalem and present Him to the Lord, just as though they were the parents of an ordinary child.

This journey of the Holy Family, though recorded by the Evangelists in a few simple words, is one of the most momentous events in the history of the Jewish people. The Lord was coming for the first time to His Temple. This event had been the theme of the Prophets, and had been looked forward to as the inauguration of His reign over Israel. *I will move all nations, it had been said, and the Desired of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house [the Temple] with glory, saith the Lord of hosts. . . . Great shall be the glory of this house, more than of the first, saith the Lord of hosts.¹ And presently the Lord Whom you seek . . . shall come to His Temple. Behold He cometh! saith the Lord of hosts. And who shall be able to think of the day of His coming? and who shall stand to see Him? for He is like a refining fire, and like the fuller's herb.²*

The Jews, to whom this prophecy was familiar, had looked

¹ Aggeus, ii. 6-9.

² Mal. iii. 1-2.



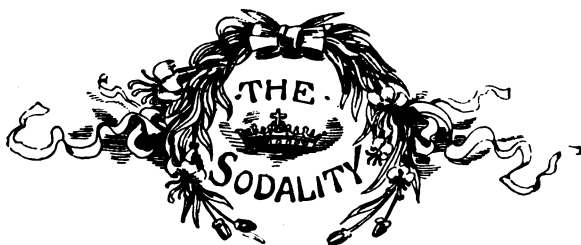
forward to a grand triumphal entry of the Saviour into the Temple, where He would be crowned King of Israel amid the hosannas of the populace. And His Blessed Mother—what part was she to have in the pageant? She too was known to the Prophets and the readers of the Prophets. The sweet name of Mary they may not have known; but they knew that the Saviour was to be born of a virgin; and if any devout Jew in the course of his meditations tried to bring home to himself the circumstances of the events that were one day to be accomplished, he doubtless conceived the Mother as honored for the sake of her Son; and if he thought of the Saviour as coming up to the Temple in the weakness and helplessness of infancy, he may well have thought of Mary as borne in a triumphal car, with the Divine Infant in her arms, and receiving the honors due the Queen Regent during the minority of her Son.

Yet how striking the contrast between the expectation and the reality. The parents and their Child wend their way to Jerusalem like ordinary travellers. Arriving at the Temple, they mingle with the crowd of worshippers, and Mary submits to the rites of purification like any ordinary mother. Presenting her Child to the Lord, she redeems Him by the payment of the usual tax, and makes her offering of two turtle doves, the offering of the poor. Mary must surely have thought of the contrast between her exalted dignity and the poverty and obscurity of her condition. But she was being schooled in the spirit of the Redeemer, and was learning by degrees the mysterious part that poverty and obscurity were to play in the work of the Redemption. Before the close of that day she was to learn still another lesson, namely that the Redemption was also to be wrought out by suffering, and that those who were most nearly allied to the Redeemer must suffer the most.

We have said there was no public recognition of the presence of the Saviour on this occasion; but the day was not to pass without at least one voice being raised to proclaim His advent. The holy Simeon who had been looking for the consolation of Israel and who had been assured that his eyes would not close in death till they had seen the Redeemer, was now brought by the Spirit into the Temple to behold the object of his devout longing. There is something singularly touching in the spectacle presented

by the meeting between the infant Saviour and this aged servant of the Lord, who would seem to have lived but for one object—the bliss of resting his eyes for one brief moment on the Redeemer of the world.

His first words are an outpouring of heavenly joy: *Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation.* Mary, on hearing these words, turns her eyes and thoughts away from the absorbing sight of the Divine Child in her arms, and for a brief spell her heart throbs in sympathy with the joy of the aged seer. But presently a note of sadness is heard in the joyful strain: *Behold! this Child is set up for the ruin and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign that shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed.* Did Mary know the full import of these words? One thing was plain from the words, and that was that the Infant nestling in her bosom would one day be the victim of human passion, and that she must suffer in consequence. But why, we may ask, did holy Simeon dismiss the Blessed Mother with these sad words resting so heavily on her heart? Without presuming to inquire too curiously into the mysterious designs of God, we may say, in the first place that it was meet that the Mother of the Man of sorrows should thus have the veil of the future uplifted, in order that, knowing what was to befall her Son, she, who was to be His constant companion for thirty years, might be able to sympathise with Him and attune her thoughts and feelings to His. But there may have been other reasons for this sad revelation. The Eternal Father may have wished to furnish the Mother of His Son with constant occasion of merit in her constant foresight of future sorrows. Then too He may have wished to strengthen and fortify her tender woman's heart against the day when she would stand on Calvary's heights and make an heroic oblation of her Son for the expiation of the sins of men. This certainly must have been one result of her experience on this memorable day of her Purification. She had come up to the Temple the joyful Mother of the infant Saviour; she went down from the Temple the valiant woman whose price is from afar and from the utmost bounds of the earth.



EVEN a slight acquaintance with the work of the Sodality in our educational institutions will show that it is productive of great good among the students. The question sometimes arises, how to perpetuate that good in the lives of the students after they have left school. There is no reason why the Sodality should not continue the work it has so well begun; nor is there any reason why a young man, on leaving school, should sever his connection with the Sodality. True, he may find it impracticable to continue as a member of the particular Sodality to which he belonged at school or at college; but he can easily find a Sodality elsewhere that will welcome him to its ranks. In fact it is one of the peculiar glories of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin that it has become almost as universal as the Church itself,—so much so that in our day the organization of a parish is not considered complete if the parish be without a Sodality.

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Of course it is the Sodalists themselves who should have most at heart the continuance of the spiritual good derived from their connection with the Sodality; but it is also the concern of the director, who certainly has it in his power to further this object in no slight degree. A few words of suggestion to directors of school and college Sodalities will not be out of place here. First and foremost the director should at the end of the year exhort those who are about to quit school to join the Sodality of the place in which they live. In the second place he should inform them that they can obtain from him a "letter of transfer" which will secure them easy admission into another Sodality. The "letter of transfer" is mentioned in the sixteenth of the common rules:

"If it should happen that any one has to leave the Sodality to make a journey, let him give information of it to the director and prefect, and ask

them for letters patent, so that he may be received as a member of the Sodality that may exist in the place to which he goes."

This rule would seem to have reference to *temporary* absence; but what should be done in the case of temporary absence should *a fortiori* be done in the case of permanent absence. A zealous director of a college or school Sodality will be eager to do all in his power for his former sodalists. Above all, to use a familiar phrase, he will keep an eye on them, so far as his opportunities enable him to do so, and endeavor to keep them out of harm's way by such means as his prudence and charity will suggest.

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In recent numbers of the PILGRIM we have taken occasion to speak of the scope and aim, and of the possibilities, of Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. We cannot better enforce those remarks than by citing the example of a Sodality in actual existence. The following description contains much that may seem incredible to some of our readers, and yet it is the description of one who has seen all he describes.

A MODEL SODALITY.

In the city of Barcelona, in Spain, there is a Sodality composed chiefly of the faculty and students of the State university, and that means that its members are doctors, lawyers and scientists of high standing. Such is the good spirit that reigns among its members that they are hardly less fervent than the novices of a religious order. They yield implicit obedience to the director and submit to whatever penances he may impose for their shortcomings, and that even in public meetings.

The Sodality counts at present 675 members, and has increased in membership at the rate of a hundred a year. The Council is composed of twenty-five members, all of them men of note in the city. The Sodality has in all respects proceeded on the lines followed by the *Prima Primaria* of Rome. Besides the usual exercises of piety the members perform many works of charity. To systematise their work they are divided into two sections: one for the teaching of Christian doctrine, the other for visiting hospitals and prisons. The first section is sub-divided into three sections, each of which takes a separate district in the

city for the field of its work. The children taught are counted by the thousand. Forty-five young men belonging commonly to the richest families are occupied in this edifying work. This section of the Sodality recently bought a piece of ground near the city, and built a house into which to collect the workingmen on Sundays for games and entertainments. A similar work is going to be done for the poor boys of the catechism classes.

The section for hospital work is made up of fifty-two gentlemen of distinguished families, who every Sunday go to the central hospital to visit its three hundred invalids, to comfort them, to give them books for their religious instruction, sweetmeats, cigars, etc., and above all to drop a word of edification, or to assist the dying in their last moments. Another section visits the prisons to instruct the inmates and encourage them in the practice of virtue.

But that is not all. There is, besides, an institution connected with the Sodality called the Academy, whose object is to give a stimulus to the culture of letters and science. It is divided into nine sections, those respectively of law, medicine, pharmacy and chemistry, physical science, literature and history, the study of the Catalan language, music, architecture and the fine arts.

What an immense power for good must lie in such an organization as this. The story contains its own moral.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

Diplomas of aggregation, received from the Roman *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following places. The italics indicate the diocese.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Joseph's Church, Oconto.

La Crosse, Wisconsin: St. Louis's Church, Washburn.

Nesqually, Washington: St. Leo's Church, Tacoma.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: St. Lawrence's Church, Harrisburg (two aggregations).

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Bridget's Church, Lexington.

Detroit, Michigan: St. John the Baptist's Church, Monroe (two aggregations).

Cincinnati, Ohio: Church of the Sacred Heart, Dayton.

Albany, New York: St. Francis de Sales' Church, West Albany.

(Ten aggregations.)

CONVERSION AT ANY COST.

IN the town of M——, York State, on one of the fashionable residence streets, stands somewhat back, an old-fashioned aristocratic-looking brick house with a gable roof and a well polished knocker, hanging useless now, yet having about it a certain indefinite air of lineage and respectability.

One clear cold October morning in 186— the curtains were all drawn in the richly furnished drawing room of this house, a few logs were burning brightly on the hearth, the lamps were lighted, and an elderly gentleman sat reading his paper. Occupying themselves in various ways were his three daughters; the eldest, a young lady somewhat tall and of very attractive appearance, seemed restless and nervous, picking up a book, then a piece of work, finally going to the window, where she stood drawing back the curtain.

"O Helen," her second sister called in a mocking tone from the piano, "don't be uneasy. Are you not aware that Catholics go to church in the morning and do not trouble themselves about evening service during the week? Father," turning towards the old gentleman, "now that it is settled that you are to have a Romanist for a son-in-law, how should you fancy having your daughter one?"

"Oh, no fear of any of my children being a disgrace to me," was the quiet rejoinder from behind the paper, at which Helen's face flushed, a token of embarrassment not lost upon the keen observer at the piano, who after a moment began again.

"Yes, I'm sure our Presbyterian ancestors would delight in seeing this stately sister of ours give one of those queer bobs to the Virgin when she enters a church, rattle a great pair of beads, and make crosses all over her face, as the waitress did one day during a thunder storm. Helen, does the *Apologia* which I found lying on the table instruct you in the magic of all those mysterious signs?"

"I do wish you would stop your nonsense, Louise," replied the youngest. "You know very well that Helen reads everything; besides you declared at one time you were certain she would be a transcendentalist before she finished with Emerson, and now you accuse her of going over to Rome for simply looking through a Catholic book."

As Louise was about to retort the bell rang, and in a moment a handsome young man with keen merry blue eyes entered the room. Helen immediately came forward to welcome him, whilst the others greeted him very coolly, without, however, disturbing in the least his self-possession.

The family had considered Mr. C—— very pleasant and entertaining until it was understood that he wished to marry the eldest daughter, whom the father idolized, and who filled so well the place of her dead mother. Not that his social position was inferior nor his income too limited; the only objection being the fact that he belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. The conversation was general at first, but, other callers dropping in, Mr. C—— had an opportunity of saying a few words to his fiancée.

“What is the matter?” he asked; “you seem dejected, as if the world were all awry to-night.”

“I am tempted to believe the latter is true,” she replied; “I feel like a hypocrite and have determined to deceive father and the girls no longer, but to tell them without further delay that I am convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith. Yet, my courage fails me when I think of their deep prejudices and of what may be the consequence.”

Mr. C—— tried to infuse some of his enthusiasm into her spirits, as this announcement made him supremely happy, whilst she endeavored to respond; but it was easy to detect the sadness only thinly veiled by her poor attempt at gaiety. After a few moments she said,

“I am going to-morrow to spend a few days with my uncle at D——, and from there I shall write to father telling him everything. Perhaps too you may receive a note,” she added, with a little quiver of the lip.

“Which I vouch shall be received as a message from above. Although you speak as if it were a writ of execution you were going to send, yet, coming from your hands, even that might be pleasant.”

The next morning Helen made her arrangements, and as she was entering the carriage Louise called:

“Do not let Uncle beguile you into remaining long; the voice of the Siren is sweet but do be merciful and resist it, for everything goes wrong when you are away.”

She promised to heed the warning and not to prolong her stay, and drove off to the station. On the second day of her visit at D—— her Uncle exclaimed, "What has become of your animation and high spirits, Helen? I really believe you are ill; or can it be that you are pining for a certain young lawyer whose name I shall not mention?"

"Do pardon me for being so stupid;" then rising briskly she stood before him. "Uncle, I am worried and heart-sick. I have made up my mind to become a Catholic, and know how displeased and wounded father will be; do you think he will ever forgive me?"

Looking at her sternly he said drily: "As for your father, I am too thoroughly acquainted with him to presume for a moment that he will ever consent to such a step. However, I cannot fancy a girl like you capable of changing her religion for the man she loves."

The eyes of his niece flashed angrily; but controlling herself, she continued: "I have written telling him everything—that honest conviction and not my affection for Mr. C—— has made me decide to leave the church of my forefathers. To prove the truth of this I would break off my engagement and, moreover, promise never again to see him."

"There is no necessity for that," broke in her uncle, as he saw her set face; "if you are following your convictions it is enough; none of us would urge you to do otherwise."

"No, no. Would you have me crush father, and then be selfish enough to let him suffer alone. I wish him to consent to my becoming a Catholic, which I am perfectly aware will cost him many a pang; so I must be willing to show him that I, too, can make a sacrifice."

It was useless to argue with her. Nothing he could say tempted her to swerve one jot from what she conceived to be her duty. Then came a letter from her lover pleading desperately for his cause, begging her to make no decision until she had seen him, but in vain. She grew restless as the days passed and no word came from home, and decided to return. She reached the station quite late in the afternoon. There was no one to meet her. Her heart sank, but remembering that she was not expected her face brightened. "I must have supposed them to know by intuition

of my arrival," she said laughingly to herself. This gave her fresh courage; yet with every step that brought her nearer home came the unuttered words, My God! My God! Opening the door she stood for a moment in the hall; then hearing voices from the dining-room she went forward, pushed aside the portière and found the family at supper, a strange gentleman with them. Her sisters stared at her with no sign of recognition in their faces; her father, talking to his guest, did not notice her; so she stood beside him placing her hand timidly on his arm. The gentleman said, "This is one of your daughters, is it not?" But no attention being paid the remark, the conversation continued as if it had not been made. After a moment or two which seemed an eternity to Helen, she turned slowly, left the room and went to her own chamber. She had given up the man she loved to soften the blow for her father; and this was the way that her sacrifice had been accepted.

The following morning at breakfast her father addressed her only once, and then said coldly:

"I wish you to remember, Helen, if you become a Romanist, as you wrote me you intended doing, you are no longer a daughter of mine, and cannot remain under my roof."

Formerly the favored child of the house, she was now treated as an intruder. At table no one spoke to her, so that she very often refrained from joining the family at meals. Her sisters passed her in the halls and on the stairs as if she were a total stranger. She never faltered in her resolution, but suffered all in silence, that she might win back their love and perhaps bring them in time to a knowledge of that faith which gave her strength to endure everything. Their rebuffs she accepted sweetly, though naturally of a haughty, quick-tempered disposition. On Sundays she rose early and stole out to Mass. Finally the bishop was coming for confirmation, and the priest of the parish advised her to be received into the Church on that day. Putting a white dress under her walking suit that Sunday morning, she went to the house of a friend, who, although a Protestant, sympathized with her. Thus robed for her Baptism, she went to the church, where she was baptized, made her first Communion, and was confirmed, having nothing to eat until late in the afternoon. She knew if she went home after Mass she would be thwarted in her

plans to be confirmed in the afternoon, so she remained before the Blessed Sacrament.

During this time she had not seen Mr. C——. He had called again and again, only to receive from the maid the answer that Miss Helen was not at home. About six months after the engagement had been broken off, she was spending the evening with a friend, when Mr. C—— walked into the drawing-room unannounced. He came towards her, hands outstretched, but she never moved.

"Helen, you have no right to treat me in this way; have you no thought or consideration for what I am enduring?"

"I promised my father not to see you again," she replied.

"Yes, but I am bound by no such rash promise—"

She interrupted him, "If you love me, go; or remain if you prefer, and I will leave. I have promised my father, and should he hear of what has occurred this evening, he will imagine I have broken my word, which he will say I always kept as a Protestant, and what I have suffered will have been for naught. I shall never again see you *willingly*. O cannot you understand it is painful?—yet it must be borne; for God's sake, go." He immediately left the room, and they never met until years after when Mr. C—— was on the eve of marrying.

After weary months of waiting her father finding her ever gentle and attentive, began by degrees to defer to her opinion, and gradually Helen resumed her old place in the family's affections. Her sisters married, but she always remained with her father.

"All my children are very dear to me," he would often say; "but there is not one, Helen, whom I love as I love you."

This happened in the sixties. Many of her family have through her example and influence come into the one true fold. Her nieces and nephews find her the sweetest and brightest of aunts and appeal to her for advice, "As Catholics go to their director" she tells them.

"God has been very good to me" is her refrain, "for with faith and His grace all things can be endured."

The Bona Mors Association.



DURING the month of February the liturgy of the Church presents many striking scenes and consoling reflections to the members of the Association of a Good Death. Usually during this month the season of Lent begins, and the Church invites us on Ash Wednesday morning to be sprinkled with the blessed ashes, and hear in all submission and resignation the reminder of our common penalty: "Remember, man, thou art of dust, and into dust thou shalt return." Like all the symbolical ceremonies of the Church, the distribution of the ashes is a most realistic one. It appeals so strongly to nearly all our senses, and through them brings home to our soul so vividly the assurance that we must die, that it might almost be described, as our Lord Himself so often described death, by the expressive phrase, "tasting death." It is not merely a reminder of what must happen, it is a foretaste of the falling away of our mortal frame.



Bitter as the taste of death must be, there is a strange fascination in this ceremony of Ash Wednesday morning. When it is possible, the faithful flock to the churches to receive the blessed ashes; when illness or distance or necessary occupations prevent them from assisting at the ceremony, they make sure to obtain the ashes from some friend or messenger, often going so far as to have them sent by mail. There are numerous other reminders of death, which, instead of fascinating, repel us from witnessing or considering them. The memento of the dust of which we are made and into which we shall return is dear to every faithful soul, because the Church has adopted it and because the Church presents it to us along with the consoling assurance that we can make what is so bitter a precious thing in the sight of God. The very means of making it so precious in God's sight, the mortifications of the season of Lent, its penances, fasting, abstinence, and various means of self-denial, hard as they are to nature, are accepted willingly, and practised as cherished observances by

those who realize that by thus dying to oneself daily, death itself can be robbed of all its bitterness.



As a preparation for this salutary warning of this ceremony, we may very properly take the ceremony which introduces the month of February, the beautiful ceremony of the blessing of the candles, in honor of the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple. Members of the Association will readily select two scenes from the liturgy of Candlemas morning for pious meditation during the entire month. One scene is that of Simeon, the venerable patriarch, as he sang aloud in the Temple his *Nunc dimittis*: *Now, O Lord, Thou dost dismiss Thy servant according to Thy word in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation.* Father Southwell gives the scene:

“Old Simeon cheap pennyworth and sweet
Obtained, when Thee in arms he did embrace;
His wasting eyes Thy smiling looks did meet,
Thy love his heart, Thy kisses blessed his face;”

He also took Him into his arms, the Scripture tells us; and with the Consolation of Israel in his possession, with the *Light to the revelation of the Gentiles* in his eyes, he declared himself ready, and bade our Lord dismiss him from this life in peace. Catholic faith loves to treasure that scene, and Catholic piety has lovingly symbolized it in the blessing and in the use of the blessed candle in times of danger and chiefly in the hour of death.



To overlook another scene from the mystery of the Presentation would be an unpardonable oversight in a Bona Mors Associate, whose chief duty as a member of the Association is to remember constantly the Sufferings of Christ and the Sorrows of His Blessed Mother. It was at the Purification of the Blessed Virgin that Simeon foretold, the first since Christ's Birth, the Passion of our Saviour: *Behold this Child is set . . . for a sign which shall be contradicted.* It was at the Purification also that the first sword of grief pierced Mary's heart; for the mere prophecy of Simeon, *And thy own soul a sword shall pierce*, follow-

ing so closely on the declaration that her Son should be a sign of contradiction was itself a sword of grief :

“The pang that woke at Simeon’s word
Worked inward, never to depart.

It never departed because Mary never could lose the memory of the sacrifice which Christ her Son was to make. Her sorrows, therefore, are not only an object of our meditations ; they are also an example of how we are to treasure in our meditations a memory of Christ’s sorrows. The first of our English Catholic poets, Aubrey De Vere tells how :

“Mellowed in that Mother’s grief,
At times, O Christ, we catch Thine own.

for, as he writes elsewhere :

“As every change of April sky
Is imaged in a placid brook,
Her meditative memory
Mirrored His every deed and look.”

In some measure all the fruit of all these reflections, the prayer which they should prompt us to utter is well expressed in the last stanza of the *Stabat Mater* :


Christ ! when He that shaped me calls me,
When the advancing Death appals me,
Through her prayer the storm make calm ;
When to dust my dust returneth,
Save a soul to Thee that yearneth
Grant it then the crown and palm.

RECENT AGGREGATION TO THE BONA MORS.

Cheyenne, Wyoming : Church of St. Mary Magdalene,
Evanston.

(*Italics indicate the name of the diocese and State.*)

ST. JOHN BERCHMANS



SANCTUARY SOCIETY

THE interest with which the monthly papers on the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society have been followed, and the good resulting from the establishment of the Society in many colleges and parishes, have led us to make this altar-boys' Society and its progress a permanent part of the PILGRIM'S work. With this end in view, the illustrated title that heads this page has been prepared. The portrait of the gentle "Saint of Common-life," the model and patron of altar-boys, should be familiar to his young clients; while they gaze upon his face, the remembrance of his gracious life should impress itself deeply upon their minds and hearts.



It is with peculiar appropriateness that St. John Berchmans has been chosen as patron of altar-boys. The office of acolyte was one that he esteemed throughout his entire life. Even when he was only seven years old, he was accustomed to rise very early in the morning that he might be in time to serve two and, sometimes even, three Masses before school-time came. Afterwards, when he was living in Rome, he was always ready to serve as acolyte. Once he was appointed to serve the Mass of a priest who, on account of ill-health, was unable to say Mass at a fixed hour. Whenever he was ready he found John waiting for him, no matter how inconvenient the hour might be for one who was so intensely devoted to study. The sacristan told John one day that he was sorry to see him put to such great inconvenience in time of study. "It is never inconvenient for me to serve Mass, Brother!" was the Saint's cheerful answer.



The crucifix, beads and book, with which St. John Berchmans is so often represented in art, typify his devotion to our Lord, his love of our Lady and his attachment to the rules of the Society of Jesus of which he was such a worthy son. He had all his life cherished a tender devotion to the Passion of Christ. When he lay upon his death-bed, he asked that the crucifix might be placed in his hands, then his Rule-book was asked for and given him. Around the crucifix and book he entwined his loved Rosary and said joyfully to those who stood near him: "These three are my dearest treasures; with these in my hands I am willing to die."



From some of those in charge of altar-boys we have received letters expressive of satisfaction with the "working-material," supplied for the Society and congratulation for our share in making the Society known. Extracts from two letters received during the past are here given:

We are delighted with the Certificates, Leaflets, and Manual of the Sanctuary Society.

I think that if those in charge of altar-boys fully understood the object of the Society they would strive to organize it for their boys.



Forms for the episcopal approbation and establishment of the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society, have been sent to the following churches and colleges:

(The name of diocese and State in *italics*.)

Baltimore, Maryland: Georgetown College, Georgetown.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Charles' Church, Brooklyn.

Denver, Colorado: College of the Sacred Heart, Denver.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Martin's Church, Louisville.

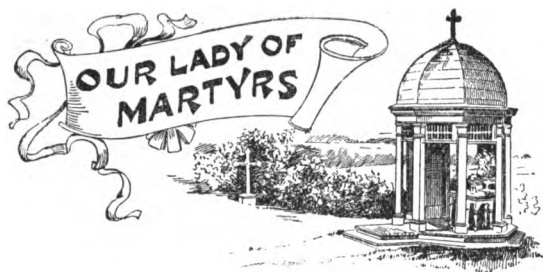
New York, New York: St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Michael's Church and St. Francis Xavier's College, New York.

Providence, Rhode Island: St. Joseph's Church, Pawtucket.

Syracuse, New York: St. John's Cathedral, Syracuse.

Toronto, Canada: De La Salle College, Toronto.

Wilmington, Delaware: Sacred Heart Church, Wilmington.



WITH very great pleasure, indeed, do we publish the following letter from Father Holz knecht, the venerable Rector of Montello, Wisconsin.

It pleases me to read in *THE PILGRIM* about the coronation of Our Lady of Martyrs. This movement deserves all encouragement. As Our Lady of Martyrs' pilgrimage Shrine is now an historic fact, become so by the united voices of many people in all the States of the Union, we must build and decorate the Shrine of our Lady in a manner worthy of our Queen and Patroness. The people of these United States ought not to be outdone by Mexicans or South Americans in the glorification of Mary Immaculate. At some future day our Local Centre of the Apostleship will make up its gift for Our Lady of Martyrs' golden crown.

We have here in our church a relic of the saintly martyr John de Brebeuf, S.J. Through his intercession three persons return thanks for being cured. 1. A lady's arm received its power of movement again. 2. A lady was cured of dizziness in the head. 3. A lady was cured of sore eyes. All the sick here are told to have recourse to St. Joseph and to John the martyr, whose relic is kept on St. Joseph's altar. It is an honor for us to have a relic of the saintly companion of our own Father Marquette, who raised the first Cross on this hill, Montello, and said Mass here. It is said that he stopped here two days before he proceeded on his voyage to the Mississippi, and that he gave this hill—a famous granite quarry now—its name, *Montello S. Joannis Baptistae*. Before arriving here he had said Mass and preached at the Mascoutin village—now called Marquette—and at St. Marie, where there is a fountain which he named. Thus the Fox River is full of historic missionary spots, honorable because blessed and honored by our Saints, the first missionaries.



From the far-away Southwest comes a generous tribute of gratitude to Our Lady of Martyrs :

A little over a year ago, I recommended an Intention to Our Lady of Martyrs, through the Apostleship of Prayer. I had been out of employment for a considerable time and, in consequence of this, found myself in straitened circumstances. My wife is an Associate of the League and a subscriber to the *PILGRIM* ; the favors recorded there gave us hope. I sent in my petition, and, at the same time, promised to give \$10.00 out of my first month's wages to the

Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. My petition was granted within a month. To my shame, I must confess that I neglected to fulfil my promise, or even to make acknowledgment of my gratitude, until now. I hope our Lady will overlook the wilful neglect of her erring client. To atone for it I send, besides the gift originally promised, one dollar for each month I have been in arrears; the \$23.00 inclosed will be my atonement as well as the fulfilment of my promise.



We are glad to record this thanksgiving and hope it will prove an incentive to others to invoke the aid of Father Jogues and thus give occasion for the miracles needed to help forward the cause of his canonization. The little pamphlet life entitled "Father Isaac Jogues," recently republished from the PILGRIM, has made this servant of God better known and more dearly loved.

Having read in the *Messenger* a thanksgiving for a favor received through prayer to Father Jogues, I began a novena to him and have already experienced the efficacy of his intercession. I therefore send the enclosed dollar to be used in his honor either for expenses of process of canonization or in any other way you think best. If you acknowledge receipt of this by mail, will you please send, if not too much trouble, and if you have the same, a small picture of the martyr and a prayer in his honor, as I hope I have found in him a constant friend and advocate.



Various contributions of articles used for personal adornment have been received for the golden crown to be placed upon the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville. In two cases, at least, we have been unable to acknowledge the receipt of packages sent us, as the senders had given neither name nor address. The letters accompanying several of the gifts will find place in subsequent numbers of the PILGRIM. Our Lady will not fail to reward the generous sacrifices that have been made by some of her devoted children in their desire to adorn her Shrine.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

In acknowledging contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y., we shall henceforth publish only the initials or the assumed names of the contributors.

A "Child of Mary, Buffalo," N. Y.,	\$5.00
Mrs. J. J., Edge Grove, Pa.,	1.00
Mrs. L. C., Port Carbon, Pa.,	1.00

M. L., Arizona,	\$23.00
S. M., Ellwood City. In thanksgiving,	2.00
Mrs. G. P., Houtzdale, Pa.,	1.00
"Associate of the League,"	1.00
E. B., Osage Mission, Kansas,	1.15
—, Boston,	5.00
"Associate of the League,"	1.00
Two "Children of Mary," Cleveland, O.,	2.00
L. A. E., New York,	1.00
M. E. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.,	1.00
"A friend," per Rev. J. B. Gaffney, S.J., New York, . . .	100.00
—,	8.00
Mrs. J. H., per Rev. A. R. Coopman, Livingston, Mont., . .	1.00
Mrs. F. W. Dot, Ky.,	5.00
G. B. Dot, Ky.,	20.00
K. M., New York. Asking restoration to health,	5.00
J. B. M., Evansville, Ind.,	1.00
M. H., New York,	1.00
W. E. C., Fordham, N. Y. In thanksgiving,	5.00
C. P. D., San Francisco, Cal.,	5.00

A HERO OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

VI.

AN ANSWER TO ONE OF THE LETTERS WRITTEN TO FATHER BRESSANI

About his capture and imprisonment among the Iroquois.

YOU have put me various good and reasonable questions about what I wrote you, and these are my answers.

To the first, viz., Why did the Iroquois treat me in such fashion? I reply, because they considered me an enemy and a leader. They are not, however, hostile to us as Europeans, for then they should be hostile to the Hollanders likewise; but they are hostile to us for befriending and protecting the savages we are striving to convert, enemies with whom the Iroquois will not make peace, and whose conversion to the Faith is our only quest. So that, even though the Iroquois do not ill-treat us for our religion, still the primary cause of their hatred of us is no other than that religion and faith which makes us face every danger to secure a friendly admittance among the people whom we would instruct and convert, and who otherwise would not listen to us.

“If you love our souls, love our bodies, and let us be one nation : our enemies must be yours, and we shall run the same dangers.”

Nay more, granting that the faith we try to plant in the souls of our savage friends is not the occasion of their enmity and ill-treatment, yet I would not fear to risk the same dangers for obedience, for the help of souls, and a share in the work of their salvation. If it be held very meritorious to risk some loss to help, not the soul but even the body, I should not be sorry, did God give me the grace to lay down my life in furthering the salvation of souls. All who go to Canada, and especially all who go to the Hurons to help the savages, must expose themselves to danger ; for if through fear of the Iroquois or some other mishap no one dare expose himself, these wretched people must find themselves actually abandoned. But to tell you more, for consolation in my woes I thought not so much of this, as of the fact that God and obedience had put me in that condition ; and I prayed the divine goodness of our God to accept my sacrifice like that of the good thief, seeing I was more guilty than that happy crucified one, and chastised like him for sins very much greater than his. I had not forgotten the doctrine of St. James, that the acceptance of unavoidable and necessary hardships may still merit a discharge from what we owe God's justice.

To the second question about the state of my soul, I should have had some difficulty in answering, did I not look upon it as a special mercy of God, whose workings it is our glory to reveal and publish : for it is *honorable to reveal and confess the works of God*,¹ and did I not think it would help to increase your devotion ? I say therefore that I know of three particular graces, which I received from God at that time. First, although I was each moment at the brink of death, which was ever before my eyes and always awaiting me for certain, still my mind felt at all times very free and unoppressed, and I kept doing whatever I had to do deliberately and with due judgment. If in aught I fell, it was not owing to surprise, or from any depression of mind, but to an unpardonable malice. I was at times so weary in body that I could not open my lips to say an *Our Father* ; still I did not stop praying inwardly, but did so with as much ease as I do it this very hour. Secondly, He so disposed my

¹ Tob. 12, 7.

soul, that as dangers and woes increased, so my internal dispositions also changed ; I grew gradually less afraid of death and of fire. Thirdly, with a regard for my weakness, He so prevented by His grace the first impulses to indignation against my executioners, that I scarce experienced them, if I had any at all. I should rather say, He replaced them with feelings of compassion. One of these days, please God, though I could not heretofore, I may help them at the price of my blood. They will be far otherwise tortured in hell, whereas through such woes I hope for pardon of some of my sins. They, not I, are the unfortunates.

This brings me naturally to answer your third question, so very like the second, that is, how I was employed and how I consoled myself, or rather how I was consoled by God in my abandonment.

I had some time before found St. Bernard's beautiful paraphrase of St. Paul's words, *Non sunt condignæ* ; and in this mishap I found in them suitable encouragement ; "there is no comparison between our sufferings and the past fault which is remitted, and the present grace of consolation which is infused, and the future glory which is promised us." How slight my afflictions were in the light and hope of so great a gain.

Yet do not think that I did not for all that feel the tortures. I felt them very sensibly, but I had at the same time such strength of soul to bear them that I was astonished at myself. I believe it was the same feeling David had when he said : "When I was in distress, Thou hast enlarged me."

This is very encouraging. I dare not compare my griefs with those of a God-Man in torments (except to make them of some worth and value) ; for His infinite innocence puts me to shame. I prefer to rank myself with the good thief, and to count myself like unto him, in suffering at least, and pray him to obtain for me from Innocence crucified, a soul disposed like his own.

I was not without affliction of mind, but not during my tortures, which I feared more before than when I actually underwent them, and more also when seeing them inflicted upon others, than on myself. These afflictions were doubts against faith, a temptation which I have come to consider very common at the

hour of death, not only from my own experience, but also for a reason which holds good to some extent for every dying man : for we then find ourselves in a last abandonment and we know no source of consolation save God and a happy eternity. Now the devil, to mix water in our wine, raises doubts about all these truths ; but our good God, *qui deducit ad inferos et reducit*,— *Who bringeth down to hell and bringeth back again*—did not abandon me ; for by advising myself just as I had advised a third person in similar encounters, I secured myself great peace, repose and confidence, and this I consider a very special grace for me. Once I went very many leagues saying only my *I believe*, with so quiet a conscience, that I found the road in no way tiresome. Are not these graces for which we know not how to thank the Father of mercies sufficiently ?

The fourth was, did none of the savages pity me, or at least behave less cruelly than the others ? In reply I must state I have no doubt that they dared not show me any pity through fear of being despised by the others. With them to know how to torture a man is a sign of courage, to pity is lack of courage. One night, however, as they were burning for a last time the ring finger of my right hand, instead of singing as they bade me, I intoned a *Miserere* in a certain weird air that astonished them ; at this they listened and heard me out very attentively ; he who was roasting me did not go on so rudely as before, but yet did not give over, fearing the reproach of cowardice. I thought I would die on this occasion, so intensely did I feel the pain ; so I made signs to the Hurons, calling on them to suffer and die like Christians, in case it should be required, and telling them that the hope of heaven kept me from fearing death. They promised they would, and actually did so ; for two of them, whom I confessed before their death, which no one thought as sure as my own, two of them, I say, were very cruelly roasted over a slow fire and devoured.

To be bound fast is a great torture. Up to that time I could not conceive it when meditating on the Passion of our Saviour. I could not sleep in such straits, yet still I had to remain thus all night. At daybreak I begged some one to unloose me ; if he or she thought that others were looking, there was no heed paid to my prayer, through dread of being taken for a coward ; but when I could be done unnoticed, I was usually heard.

In fine had every one been equally cruel, I must have died of hunger: for instead of pouring the hot porridge upon my stomach, some would pour it in my mouth. Many would leave burning coals on my very chair, but others out of pity threw them to the ground.

The fifth question is, why I did not try to appease them in some way. To try to appease would be to irritate them. Sometimes I told them I was bound too tightly, and that I would die in my bonds and not from fire as they had threatened. This only made them tie me faster. "Alright," said they, in raillery; "don't you feel more at ease now?" I forgot to tell you they usually left me of an evening in the expectation of death during the night, so exhausted did I feel; but by God's special providence no sooner had they loosed me at morning than I closed my eyes and dreamed I was wholly cured. Although I forced myself to banish this thought as a temptation, liable to distract me from a salutary remembrance of death, and although I often reflected even in sleep that it was only a dream, still I could not rid myself of it, and on waking I looked to see if it were not true.

This notion, dream though it was, restored my courage, so that after one or two hours' rest I felt full of life and strength to suffer.



Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Mission of New Guinea:	
M. C., Westbrook, Me.,	\$3.00
For the Sacred Heart Mission:	
Mrs. J. H., per Rev. A. R. Coopman, Livingston, Mont., . .	1.00
For the Propagation of the Faith:	
C. D., San Francisco,	5.00
For the Ursulines of the Rocky Mountains:	
K. D.,	2.00
For the Most Needy Mission in China:	
A. S.,	25.00
For Archbishop Meurin, S.J., of Mauritius:	
A. S.,	25.00
For the Mission at Ashland, Mont.:	
A. S.,	25.00



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE COMMUNION OF REPARATION.

IT is noticeable that the letters and reports which come from Local Directors and Promoters to the Central Direction rarely say anything about the number of Associates who practise the Third Degree of the Apostleship, the Communion of Reparation, whether made in common, or in private, weekly or monthly.

There are of course many exceptions to this silence, and we have reason to know that the Communion of Reparation is made very faithfully in many Centres, whose Associates are content to reap the fruits of their humble piety without recording how rich or how varied these fruits may be. Indeed, that Local Directors do not fail to inculcate the practice, is clear from the common reason which makes devout priests eager to establish the League at all, viz., the direct influence it has in spreading a love and a true spiritual relish for the Holy Sacrament.

The common report about every Local Centre of the League is that "it turns the First Fridays into Sundays," meaning that it multiplies Confessions and Communions to such an extent that the attendance at Mass and the reception of the Holy Eucharist on First Fridays are what one might expect them to be on Sundays. Now, why can it not be so arranged that the First Friday will be the day for a General Communion of Reparation in the parishes in which the League has been established? Or, would it be too difficult to induce Associates who go to Holy Communion

on the First Fridays, to receive our Lord also on some day of the month assigned to them by their respective Promoters?

The League is not well organized until some system has been adopted of inducing all to enter into its Third Degree and of assigning for the Associates the days on which they may make their Communion of Reparation. It has not its full influence in a parish, unless there be set apart a day for a General Communion of Reparation, when all its Associates may join in giving to our Lord His Heart's desire,—to be loved and honored publicly in His Holy Sacrament.



The importance of reparation to our Lord in the Sacrament of His Love is brought home to us very closely by the excesses which prevail so commonly during the Carnival season. To atone for these excesses St. Charles Borromeo adopted the practice of exposing the Blessed Sacrament to the solemn adoration of the faithful during the three days before Ash Wednesday. In view of the restraints, external if not internal, which Lent puts upon us, worldlings feel bound to exceed all moderation and to enjoy in a few days the pleasures, which they must, out of respect to propriety, deny themselves for the ensuing seven weeks. It is a strange preparation for the time of penance which indisposes us physically and morally for the penance itself. It is a preparation which deprives the Lenten self-denial of the spirit which should make it a real reparation for our own sins and for the sins of others. It proves most clearly that our Lord spoke truly when He complained of the coldness and indifference with which men look upon His self-sacrificing love in the Holy Eucharist.



In recommending reparation to the Heart of our Lord it is a common thing to hear reason after reason offered to prove that we can repair the injuries offered to Him, until the important fact that we can actually repair such injuries and the still more important fact that He invites us to repair them are either lost sight of or at least questioned and obscured. It is a great mercy of Jesus Christ to have revealed to us the fact, to have stated "It is this coldness and indifference of men, which afflicts Me

more than all I suffered in My Passion." And again it is a great mercy to hear Him begging of Margaret Mary: "Do you at least give Me the consolation of supplying for their ingratitude as far as you are able. To atone for their ingratitude as far as you can, you shall receive Me in Holy Communion as often as you are permitted." Why He can be afflicted, or how He can be capable of consolation, is not the point: the point is that He declares He can be and is afflicted. He can and does take consolation from our reparation; and the practical point is that He deigns to specify the very means by which we can best repair the coldness of our hearts and of the hearts of others. In Holy Communion we know that He exists in a state infinitely below the state in which He is at the right hand of His Father; yet we are never troubled about why or how He can exist in the Sacramental state. So, too, let us be assured that He deigns to seek and to accept our reparation. Fortunately, we can explain why and how it is possible; but it is much more fruitful for us to feel sure on His word that we can make Him reparation and to make it with all our hearts.

SOME NOVEMBER LEAGUE WORK.

WE print the result of an appeal made by Rev. J. J. Flanagan, Local Director, to the Associates of the Local Centre in the Church of the Holy Name, St. Louis, Missouri:

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY,

Myself and family will offer during November, 1892:

The Beads,	12,160 times.
Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament,	8,731 "
Holy Communions,	2,109 "
Assisting at the Holy Mass,	5,915 "
Will have Masses celebrated,	281 "

PROMOTERS OF HOLY NAME CENTRE.

St. Louis, Mo.

A Promoter writes that at her invitation 79 Associates had received Holy Communion for the suffering Souls. Another

reports the fruit of her individual efforts in 23 Masses celebrated, 88 Masses heard, 199 Beads, 66 Rosaries, 40 Stations of the Cross, 20 Holy Communions, 30 Litanies and 15 Almshouses. A Local Director mentions casually that over 1000 of his Associates received Holy Communion during November in behalf of the Holy Souls.



The Apostleship is evidently well organized, since THE PILGRIM'S simple appeal for the Souls in Purgatory has been answered with such a harvest of good works and prayers, of which we have enumerated but a few instances. It is noteworthy that among the good works the reception of the Blessed Sacrament seems to be the one for which zealous Promoters labor most. The results certainly commend their efforts. They prove, moreover, that it is a very easy matter to organize in a parish the Communion of Reparation. Should a special motive be desired to move Associates to take up this practice, we have one in either or in both of the great events which will occur this current month. The anniversary of our Holy Father's elevation to the Episcopacy and the opening of the Columbian Exposition are occurrences of sufficient importance to religion to move all Catholics to unite with our Divine Lord in the closest of unions, in securing that these events may really benefit our holy religion in our own land and throughout the Christian world.

MESSENGER READERS.

BESIDES wishing us the blessings of the new year, our readers have not been slow to show their appreciation of our publications. From a number of very kind messages of this sort, we have selected the following for print, not with a view to taking too much satisfaction in the praise, but rather to give a host of the PILGRIM and *Messenger* readers the pleasure of knowing that their kindly sentiments in our regard are common among all our subscribers.

LOWELL, MASS., November 30, 1892.

DEAR FATHERS :

I trust the removal was necessitated by the wider appreciation and prosperity of the *Messenger* and the substantial fruits of its mission as a part of the apostolate of the press. It is a pulpit preaching the pure Gospel of the charity and love of Christ in penetrating, varied and winning ways. Not only for its religious aims, but as an antidote to the scurrility and insolence of some pulpits. I would that it could be read with care and reflection in every Catholic household.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I wish you to send me the *Messengers* for another year, and I will try to get other subscribers. I could not do without them. Dear Father, you do not know how I prize the book. I must say the *Messenger* was a comfort to me in all my trials.

McCOOK, Nebraska.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Kindly place an intention for me to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the usual way, at your earliest convenience. Even at McCook, Neb., once the centre of the so-called Great American Desert, there is one who can bear testimony to having received two great favors, through the medium of the *Messenger*. It is not surprising that every issue of the *Messenger* records numerous graces and favors received, and that your valuable publication advances the interests of the Catholic Church wherever it is found. Example and pious reading such as it furnishes have certainly a more beneficial effect, than the aggressive and argumentative tenor of many of our publications.

Hoping to be remembered during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,
I remain, very respectfully yours,

—.

BROOKLYN, November 28.

REV. DEAR FATHER :

Your *Messenger* of last month was particularly good as regards material and finish. When it is a day late in coming, I miss it ; for it has become a sort of spiritual companion. It forms a bright chain, linking together many hearts, in a union, of which the crowning joy is the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Long may it continue to draw souls nearer to the Sacred Heart, and be a true Messenger of love doing quietly but surely the work of the great Apostleship of Prayer.

The object and method of THE MESSENGER could not be expressed more accurately. These good wishes and prayers from the true friends of the Heart of Jesus are like incentives from Himself to work still more zealously for His interests.

IN THE COLLEGES.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, *December 11th, 1892.*

MY DEAR FATHER PAX CHRISTI:

The Crosses and Diplomas were duly received. Many thanks for your prompt attention to so ardent a desire of mine.

The boys received them with all possible solemnity. On the first Friday, December 2d, in presence of the entire school and the teachers, the Promoters-elect vested in red cassock and surplice proceeded from the sacristy to the high-altar; then Father Cowardin made a few happy remarks on our work and on the ceremony about to take place, and concluded by earnestly requesting the boys to pray that the new Promoters might be filled with zeal for the glory of the Sacred Heart and ever faithful to the promises made in presence of our Lord Who was exposed before them. The ceremony proper then began with the singing of the Veni Creator by the entire college, after which the Local Director bestowed the Badge according to the Handbook. Your humble servant, then, recited the Act of Consecration with the new Promoters, after which the crosses were blessed and given to each one according to those very beautiful words of the Handbook. For a finale all sang the hymn, "To Jesus' Heart all burning."

The ceremony was so impressive and made such an unusual impression on the boys that a number of very good boys came to me in all seriousness and asked if they too could become Promoters by forming a band of externs.

Thanks to the Sacred Heart for all such good feelings. I inclose the Treasury List for the month of November. It is small, but it could have been much larger had the boys added the daily Decade and prayers recited in common for the Intentions of the League which are said at the 8.30 Mass every school-day.

With best wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely in Corde Jesu,

JOHN F. O'DONOVAN, S.J.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 5, 1892.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

Nearly two-thirds of our students received Holy Communion on the First Friday of this month, although the regular Communion day of the College is the third Sunday of the month.

Very sincerely,

J. H. RICHARDS, S.J.

The Director had the pleasure of saying Mass for the students of Georgetown the third Sunday of December, and the communicants were again very numerous, even though some were waiting for Christmas Day, the Sunday following. It is but just that the League should promote such devotion in the College in which the Apostleship was established by its founder in this country, Rev. Benedict Sestini of pious memory, when mathematician at the College.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1893

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

Love of Our Holy Church.



THE Church is the Body of Christ. *He is the head of the Body, the Church . . . for His Body, which is the Church,*¹ are the familiar phrases of St. Paul. As Christ, in assuming our nature, assumed a body like ours, in order to work out our redemption, so, to perpetuate among us the fruits of redemption, He has built up and adopted as His own the body of the faithful, His own Holy Church.

Now, for love of His mystical Body Christ lived and died. *He is the Saviour of His Body,*² for, *Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish.*³ The Death of Christ, therefore, indicates the measure of His love, and it indicates also the chief motive of His love for His Church, its holiness: *He delivered Himself up for it that He might sanctify it.* If, then, our love is in the slightest degree like His, we too should make at least the effort of prayer that all men may grow in true love for the Church.

To love our Holy Church is to love the holiness of Christ, and to love all the means with which He has provided the Church His mystical Body for making us also holy and in all things like unto Himself. To love our Holy Church means to love ourselves and to love our brethren for what He has made us: *Because we are members of His Body, of His flesh, of His bones.*⁴ To love our Holy Church means above all to love those members of the Body of Christ, who share with Him, Who is the Head of this Body, the control of its other members and who are as so many channels of His virtue and influence upon the other members. It is through the ministry of the dispensers of God's grace that the Church must become holier still and fairer in the eyes of Christ Himself. We owe them therefore a special love even as we owe our chief love to Christ.

¹ Colossians, i. 18, 24.

² Ibid. 26, 27.

³ Ephesians, v. 23.

⁴ Ibid. 30.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

NINTH YEAR.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 3.

THE APOSTLE OF PENANCE.

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS.

By T. A. M.



MIRACLE of woe—John of the Cross!

Appalling type of self-inflicted pain;
To whom all sufferings were joyful gain,
All earthly joys a sad and grievous loss:
Whose abject poverty spurned gold for dross:
Whose lowly heart felt ev'ry honor vain
Save human obloquy: o'er whom the rain
Of persecution never ceased to toss

Its bitter waters, while the holy fire
Of love seraphic burned most ardently
Within his soul, a sacrificial pyre
Aflame for God. O wondrous mystery
Of living death, a man with one desire
"To suffer, Lord, and be despised for Thee!"

OUR LADY IN EXILE.

BEHOLD the handmaid of the Lord. It was these words that ushered in the era of man's redemption. At the same time these words inaugurated the extraordinary career of Mary as Mother of the Redeemer. When she uttered these words she accepted in advance all that was implied in being the Mother of the Messiah—all her responsibility for the preservation of the precious life of our Saviour, all the cares and anxieties and sufferings that were to be her portion from the first moment of the Incarnation until the consummation of the Redeemer's work on Calvary.

But it may be asked, Did our Blessed Lady know all that was involved in her consenting to be the Mother of God? Probably not; but still, with that generosity that characterises all the Saints—and she was the Queen of Saints—she offered herself unreservedly to whatever of responsibility and suffering might be involved in the acceptance of the dignity which was so graciously and mercifully proffered her from on high. Afterwards she was to understand, under the divine tuition, the mystery of suffering that was connected with the work of the Redemption; and as each occasion of suffering offered itself these words were again on her lips and sounded in the depths of her heart, *Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word.*

We have seen how for the first time this mystery of suffering dawned upon the mind of our Blessed Lady when she heard the prophetic words of the holy Simeon, *And thy own soul a sword shall pierce.* It was not long before the prediction was fulfilled. The jealous tyrant who sat on the throne of David sought the life of the Child and He and His parents must fly for refuge into a foreign land. *Behold, an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His mother and fly into Egypt, and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child, to destroy Him.*

It is impossible for us to realize the terror and dread with which the name of Herod was associated in the minds of his Jewish subjects. Herod was a monarch who seemed to live and thrive by deeds of blood. Murder was one of the ordinary means he employed to support his authority and secure his tenure of the

throne. He had murdered the venerable members of the Sanhedrin ; he had murdered his wife, murdered his children, murdered both friends and foes ; and now he was about to perpetrate the murder of scores of innocent children, in order to secure the extinction of Him Who was announced by the Prophets as the future King of Israel.

Who then can picture the horror and dismay that must have seized upon our Blessed Lady when, amid the darkness and stillness of the night, she heard the sound of that name that was ever so ominous of bloodshed and ruin. And yet it was not at that dread moment that the blow was severest. Now was the time for instantaneous action. A serious danger menaced the life of the Divine Child whose safety was entrusted to His parents' keeping. Herod was bent on His destruction. Resistance, or power of artifice, was vain. They must flee before the face of the destroyer, for they were bidden by an Angel of the Lord to rise and take the Child and carry Him into Egypt. Who will ever find words to describe the tumult of painful feelings that swayed the heart of the Virgin Mother as she waked the Child from Its peaceful slumbers and hastened forth into the darkness to begin her long and wearisome journey into the far-distant land of exile?

Our Lady's flight into Egypt, as our readers are aware, is one of the seven dolors, or sorrows, commemorated in the devotion named after them. The first of these sorrows was the prophecy of Simeon, the prophecy that told the Blessed Mother of the heritage of suffering that was hers in reversion. It was the first of her sorrows because it was her first painful foresight of all the rest. The flight into Egypt was the next in order because it was the first instalment of suffering by which that prophecy was fulfilled. Now, in truth, was her Divine Son set up as a sign to be contra-



dicted, and now she felt the sword of sorrow pierce her very soul. However deep her resignation, her tender heart could not but be wrung by the manifold causes of fear and grief that combined to make this journey so painful.

In the first place there was the uncertainty that attended the fate of the Divine Child, although our Blessed Lady knew that in one way or another He was to be the object, perhaps the victim, of human hatred. The cruel tyrant was now sending his minions to destroy Him. Would he succeed in the accomplishment of his fell purpose? The intervention of the Angel seemed indeed to promise protection from on high; but was not the safety of the Child to depend also on the care and vigilance of Its parents? And what if they should be wanting in their duty to their charge? What if God should permit that the Divine Child should perish through any fault of theirs? What terrible anxiety must then have weighed on the hearts of the poor parents. If we are unable to realize this anxiety it is only because we are unable to realize what it was for Joseph and Mary to have been entrusted with the guardianship of the helpless infancy of the Incarnate God.

Add to this the dangers that encompassed these lonely travellers when, after they had passed beyond the reach of Herod's ministers, they found themselves amid the desert tracts that lay on the confines of Egypt. If the ancient legends respecting the Flight are true, these dangers were more than imaginary; for we are told that the Holy Family having fallen in with a band of robbers, they were saved from violence only by the touching sight of the tender Mother and the sleeping Infant that lay nestling in her arms.

Egypt was at that time thickly populated with Jews, who then, just as in our own day, were found in every clime. And although this circumstance tended to mitigate the pains of exile, still it could not compensate for the loss of home and kindred and of all that endeared to them the land of their fathers. And then they knew not how long their exile was to last. Was it for months? or was it for years? They only knew that they were bidden to remain in Egypt till commanded to depart. Their only resource was to bow their heads in meekest submission to the will of the Father. We are told on more than one occasion that our Blessed Lady, on witnessing, or hearing of, events connected with

the advent of her Divine Son into the world, "laid up all these things in her heart." Meditation on the ways of Divine Providence had become the constant habit of her life, and the fruits of these meditations must have been a more intimate knowledge of her Divine Son and of the designs of Divine Providence in connection with the redemption of the human race. The ordinary effect of suffering and tribulation on those who know how to draw profit from them is to purify the affections and draw them from the creature to the Creator. If in the case of our Blessed Lady such purification was impossible, because in her all was pure and stainless from the beginning, the effect of her trials and sufferings was a deeper knowledge and a more ardent love of Him Who is *the way, the truth and the life*.

IN OFFICE HOURS.

BY J. DONNELLAN.

"**H**E never asked anything for himself."

"True enough, Jack, and nobody could find fault with his persistency when asking for others."

The two friends were agreed on the merits of an acquaintance just deceased. They were on the steps of the church in which his requiem had just been sung. Not even the preacher had summed up the praises of the departed in such pithy phrases. Mechanically the two young men waited as the corpse was borne to the hearse, and then they moved towards the avenue near by for the down-town car.

Jack Harrington, as his friend familiarly called him, was not to be utterly dispirited by attending a Mass of requiem. That was a charity he invariably practised towards the souls of those whom he had known in life. The services over, he was all for business again, and just as fretful as most young men of his age over an hour cut off, though not lost, as some might think, from the best time of the day.

George Perrit was much subdued as they walked on together. In some way the novelty of the services and of the music,—for a requiem was a novelty to him,—had commanded more attention from him than the Sunday Solemn Mass, which he had been hear-

ing in the Cathedral from the time of his First Communion. He had grown so familiar with the officiating priests, and with their slightest peculiarities in the chant or in the ceremonies that, by the mere effort, he could picture the entire Mass with his eyes shut. Then his neighbors in the pew were constantly the same, and the music, not too varied, a selection of *Kyries*, *Glorias* and *Credos*, that he would often find himself humming, even over his office desk, until his neighbor would remind him that even sacred concerts scarcely befitted the dignity of a lawyer's office.

This morning, however, he had been in a strange church; he had seen different priests, in mourning vestments; and a chancel choir had intoned the *Dies Iræ* in all the plaintive harmonies of Palæstrina, and the versicles of the *Benedictus* in its strangely sad triumphant tones. It would not be enough to say that all this revived old memories; more than that, it revived old feelings so intensely, that George, listless, indifferent Catholic as he was, considered that some new flood of emotions was crowding his soul, which would not yield to his efforts to recall or fix his mind on any of the pursuits or pleasures in which he had the keenest interest.

Still within sight of the church, the two friends were hailed by one of the leading members of the firm in whose offices George was practising law. To his inquiry,

"Whom are they burying?"—and to his unfeeling, "Ah, indeed! Poor fellow!" on learning the name, George rejoined with a fervid eulogy of the departed, appealing to the manifest sorrow of the funeral party as the best proof of his praises.

"Had you known him intimately, Mr. Hainsly," he said, "or, better even, if you had never met him, the grief of that congregation would have made you one of his admirers and one of his mourners, too."

"Oh, no doubt, admiration is common enough; but, as to mourning, how many of that funeral gathering are sincere? What you call mourning is merely an extra mask of seriousness, and even that would not be so gloomy to the eye, did not the presence of a corpse make some people think more sadly of their own doom appointed for one day or other."

Harrington was by turns amazed, scandalized and indignant at this cynical delivery. As Mr. Hainsly was about to generalize

from this particular instance and to question the sincerity, nay, the honesty of all men, the young banker withdrew from the party, glad that a business appointment should release him from such an outburst of cynicism.

In Perrit the skilful lawyer found an interested if not an assenting listener. George pleaded hard for the sincerity of his fellows, for their intention, at least, to do well and act sincerely. Crossing that very square, he noted how disinterestedly a fruit vender had left his handcart near the curb-stone, in imminent danger of being upset, in order that he might check a horse whose unruly temper was intimidating the passers-by. A newsboy was sharing his "make" with a less fortunate chum, and a kindly old gentleman near the Post Office winced as his sensitive glance caught George drawing Mr. Hainsly's attention to a gift of money dropped stealthily from the old man's hand into that of a poor cripple begging his living.

All in vain. Seeing was not believing with Mr. Hainsly, when his pet theories were attacked. To his amazement, his ardent young companion made a bold appeal to the Catholic Confessional. That was an instance of sincerity which no man could ignore or deny. The Confessional was the one great test of sincerity, sincere belief, sincere repentance, sincere resolves to mend one's ways with God and men.

It was well for George that he was too wrapt up in his theme to notice the smile which played on his employer's features. Mr. Hainsly was not a Catholic. He knew no more of the Confessional than that it was the bugbear of his Protestant brethren, and an unbearable burden to some of his worldly Catholic acquaintances. He was asking himself just at that moment if his eloquent young friend really believed in Confession, and could not resist interrupting the appeal by inquiring :

"Do you mean to say you believe in Confession, George?"

"Why, of course, I do."

"Oh, yes, you accept it as one of the doctrines of your Church ; but do you practise it?"

Had Mr. Hainsly known the impertinence of his question, he would have been the last man to ask it. He felt he had touched a sensitive spot, when he heard his young companion struggling through the answer :

"Well, I did, that is to say, when I was younger ; in fact, I would now, and, I admit I ought to be a more practical Catholic than I am."

"Precisely," was the reply ; "every man ought to be better than he is, or than he professes to be. I'm only holding that every man is worse than he is willing to admit. Were men really good, really sincere, our multiplied professions of sincerity would be superfluous."

There was a rich client waiting in Mr. Hainsly's private office even at that early hour. He was of the sort any lawyer would gladly meet—convinced his suit was just, and determined to win it at any cost. But two days before, he had left the office, declaring that he would willingly die, could he succeed in this one action at law, and justifying such a serious disposition by solemnly averring that his cause was right and that a true man would gladly die for the right.

The lawyer had bowed him out, with a formal phrase of reassurance that all would go well, and had returned to his desk estimating how cheap heroic sentiments are in law generally.

To-day his client had still the same determined look, and his presence, the lawyer surmised, foreboded a tiresome repetition of the same cheap heroism.

Judge of his surprise when his client Mr. Pearson announced his desire to have Mr. Hainsly compromise with the opposing counsel on terms far below the legal expenses already actually incurred. In vain did the lawyer remonstrate with his client, appealing to his self-esteem, his financial interest, to every motive, except, strange to say, to that of justice. Mr. Pearson was now as ready to die for this compromise, as but two days past he had been willing to die after completely mulcting his opponent.

Mr. Hainsly pleaded his own feelings and discomfiture in the event of such a withdrawal of the case. He was committed to its successful issue. Everyone was watching it with interest and curiously awaiting the verdict. A withdrawal now must be construed to be a defeat, or at least an admission of some unforeseen flaw in the testimony, or of some unsuspected advantage on the opposing side.

"You must not take this step," Mr. Hainsly said ; "leave the matter to me. I have an interest in it as well as you."

"Oh, as to that," rejoined Pearson, misconceiving the lawyer's motive, "your fee is sure, and you may double it, to requite you for the disappointment."

"Fee! Why, I'm concerned about my very standing in my profession. What excuse or explanation can I offer for withdrawing a case so strong and so popular as yours?"

"Excuse! Tell the court that I retained you, and that now I bid you compromise in my name."

"But your own reputation, Mr. Pearson!"

"My own reputation is nothing, unless my sense of justice makes me deserve the esteem and good-will of others. Two days ago I was determined to carry my point. I was still smarting under the ill-treatment which my opponents, the Covingtons, had added to their injustice towards me. In that temper I had magnified excessively the injustice done me, and determined to exact the extreme damages from them, as much with a view to inflicting a heavy penalty on them, as to regaining what they had made me lose. Now all I want is the sum total of what I lost by them. Let the law prosecute them, if it will, and impose its fines; I am entitled only to what I lost. Had I entered upon this matter less passionately, I should not have incurred such heavy legal costs. I'll suffer them now, as they are due more to my rashness than to any misdeeds of the defendants."

"Well, they will not object to a compromise, I assure you, especially when you are to meet your own costs. But tell me, what makes you act in this way? What has changed you?"

"Oh, I don't know if I could explain it to you. You'd scarcely understand me. Come and dine with us soon and we'll talk it over quietly."

Before Mr. Hainsly could meet his client at dinner, he had been talking with George Perrit about Pearson's strange conduct in relinquishing such a clear case.

"I confess, I was not surprised," remarked George. "When we were pressing Mr. Pearson to stay with us for an important committee meeting at the club, the night before his withdrawal of that case, he told us bluntly that he was going to Confession, and could not keep his pastor waiting."

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal ; he saw things in another light next morning, and his will had been strengthened to act accordingly."

"What do you mean ? Has the priest influenced him ?"

"Oh, the priest knows nothing but what the penitent tells him ; and ordinarily, in nine cases out of ten, he only confirms the dispositions which the penitent brings to the Confessional. Make an open admission of your shortcomings, some day, Mr. Hainsly, to any one you please. Before you make it, you will be disposed to change what may be wrong. If you are proud, the very avowal of this to another is a sign that you want to be less proud ; if you are passionate, the very acknowledgment of this fact will make you self-restrained."

"All very well, but how does all that explain Pearson's case ? In claiming damages within the limit allowed by law, he could not be unjust."

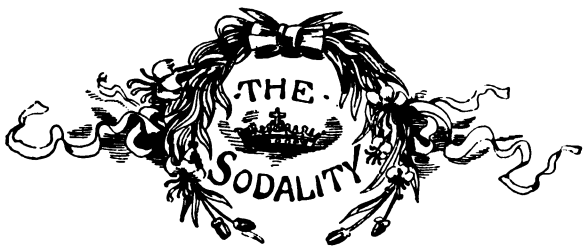
"That is to say, the law, which judges only by external conduct, could never pronounce him unjust. His conscience, though, sees more than the law. Now we consult or examine our conscience before going to Confession, and it can always tell us when we are acting purely out of a love of justice, or, when our love of justice is considerably mixed up with selfish interests, which prompt us to claim more than is our due. No, we would not call him unjust ; but had not this self-examination checked him in time, rashness or hot temper or desire of revenge might have led him as far as injustice. Confession has only made him admit the truth. He has acted upon this admission. It is a proof that some men are sincere, Mr. Hainsly."

The puzzled lawyer had not looked for this sudden conclusion. He tried to disconcert George by remarking :

"You are very clear on a practice you seem to avoid carefully, George ?"

"On the contrary, our argument of a week ago has made me seek the practice : and that is why I am so clear about it."

Within a year, the "clearness" of the younger lawyer's view of his religion, and the spirit with which he could explain it, now that he was taking a lively interest in it, enabled Mr. Hainsly to recognize the divine origin and force of a practice, which could make men do what he had deemed impossible. It was at length a case of seeing and believing.



NOT unfrequently we are in receipt of queries like the following: Does the Society of the Children of Mary in our parish differ from the Blessed Virgin's Sodality? How does our Angels' Sodality differ from the Blessed Virgin's Sodality? Obviously the only answer we can give these and similar questions is, Show us your rules and constitutions. If these are identical with those of the Sodality, using the term in the sense in which it is used at the head of this article, then of course the Sodality in question is the same as the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

*

The term, "Blessed Virgin's Sodality," may, absolutely speaking, be applied to any organization whose object is to promote devotion to the Mother of God. The word "Sodality" is, after all, only a synonym for "society," or "association," and there is no reason in the nature of things why it could not be used to designate other associations,—why, for instance, it could not be used in naming an altar-boys' society, or a sanctuary society. Moreover, when a name is sought for a sodality of the Blessed Virgin there is no reason why it may not be called the Sodality (or society) of the Children of Mary, or the Angels' Sodality,—though in the latter case the Angels are supposed to be taken as secondary patrons, the principal patroness being the Blessed Virgin. As regards "Children of Mary," we believe there are several sodalities so named, which, though they have the one common object of promoting devotion to the Blessed Virgin, nevertheless differ in accidental observances. The name is simply a matter of taste or of devotion.

*

So much for the general and possible application of the term

under discussion. But there is a special application of the title. Our readers have heard of the glorious history of what is commonly called *the Sodality*; they have heard of the good it has wrought throughout the Catholic world; they have heard of the privileges and indulgences granted to it by so many Sovereign Pontiffs. Now, the Sodality meant in this case is a particular organization which originated in Rome and is styled the *Prima Primaria*; and it includes, besides this primeval sodality, all other sodalities affiliated to it by diploma, and hence participating in all its indulgences. The diploma of affiliation, or aggregation, is granted by the Very Rev. General of the Society of Jesus. As a matter of fact there are thousands of Sodalities thus affiliated and made one with the great *Prima Primaria*. In the past six years the American Director of the Apostleship of Prayer has procured from Rome nearly six hundred aggregations for as many Sodalities in different parts of the United States.

*

A Sodality may be organized in any parish, school or community, may be designated by any title, and may adopt any legitimate means of fostering devotion to the Mother of God; but if it is to possess the canonical status and to enjoy the privileges of the *Prima Primaria* it must be aggregated to that body by special diploma. Moreover, it is supposed to follow the same constitutions as the Roman Sodality, which constitutions are generally found in the sodality manuals; and if any departure from these constitutions be contemplated, the fact must be brought to the notice of him who is empowered to grant the diploma.

*

So, therefore, it is one thing to *erect* a Sodality and another thing to have it *aggregated* to the Roman *Prima Primaria*. Doubtless there are sodalities that have existed for years and have been the source of many blessings to their members, and yet have never been aggregated to the *Prima Primaria*; but we feel sure that very few such organizations, if they once learned the advantages of affiliation, would hesitate to avail themselves of so rich a harvest of graces. Now, if at any time a doubt should arise as to whether a particular Sodality is aggregated to the *Prima Primaria*, the doubt may be easily settled. A visible

proof of aggregation is the possession of a diploma in which it is expressly stated that such aggregation has been granted. We would therefore advise all Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin (Children of Mary, etc.) to ascertain whether such a diploma is in their possession. If they find it is not, they can obtain a diploma through the agency of the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer.



I.

THE instruments of the Passion of Christ are so important in the eyes of the Church, as to be honored by special Feasts. The Crown of Thorns, the Lance and the Nails, and the holy Winding Sheet are specially selected for our veneration on the Fridays of the first weeks in Lent. These four instruments of the Sacred Passion are offered to our worship in preference to the others, because they were used in the most critical stages of that awful tragedy, and naturally, therefore, impress it more readily on our minds. They suggest pain and death, even had they not been connected so signally with the Sufferings and Death of Christ. So also the clubs and the staves, the binding cords and the scourges help us to conceive more vividly the torture to which the Lamb that was slain submitted Himself for our sakes.



Besides these more suggestive instruments of the Passion and Death of Christ there are many others, so harmless in themselves, and so available for lawful use or pleasure as well as for abuse or brutality, that one is apt to overlook their importance, or to omit them from the lists of the creatures of God, that were made use of to embitter the Soul as much as to afflict the Body of Christ. Those thirty pieces of silver, which the high-priests appointed to Judas, were instruments in the betrayal of innocent

Blood, so too were the lanterns and torches with which the rabble sought Him out, the veil with which they blindfolded Him, the white garment in which they sought to befool Him, the purple garment by which they mocked His right to a kingdom, the reed and sponge and vinegar, and finally the dice with which the soldiers cast lots for his garment. The enumeration might be prolonged; but these are enough to indicate how pious souls learn to see in so many creatures sources of reminiscences of the last hours and Death of One Whom they love so ardently as to treasure devoutly every slightest detail of His Life and Death.



Even to the curious or indifferent onlookers, these various instruments present contrasts that should at once arrest their attention. Only to mention the scene of those hardened soldiers throwing dice to cast lots for His garment as He looked upon them from the Cross of His Agony, or, to call it more agreeably, the Altar of His Mercy. Those who had been with Jesus from the beginning of these sad days, and who knew the story of the thirty pieces, would not be slow to reflect that the men who had begun His Passion had been led by a love of the purse, and that those who were now bringing the deicidal work to a close were likewise confirmed in their brutal feelings by a greed of this world's goods.



Let us not omit to enumerate certain other instruments of the Death of Christ. Call them mystical, if you choose, since they were not material nor visible to the eye. The seven swords of grief which pierced the Heart of Mary, Christ's Mother and ours, also pierced the Heart of Jesus, even before the lance of the Centurion had pierced His Sacred Side and brought the saving stream of water and Blood from His Divine Heart. Who can fail for subjects of reflection, for motives of sorrow, for incentives to good resolutions, with all these memories of the Good Death of Jesus kept before our minds during the holy Lenten season?

O MOTHER, CLASP ME TO THY BREAST!

BY M. R. C.

O MOTHER, by the joy that thrilled
The sorrowing Heart of thine,
When in the Temple's holy shade
Thou sawest thy Son Divine;
Stretch out thine arms and lift me up,
Oh, clasp me to thy breast,
For I am lost, my Mother dear,
And fain with thee would rest.

I've wandered from my Lord, my God,
I've lost Him by my sin,
Throw wide the portals of thy love
And let me enter in.
Oh, soothe my tears with thy sweet smile,
Oh, bid me ne'er depart!
So when my Jesus seeks for me,
He'll find me in thy Heart.

THE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH.

ST. JOSEPH is, of course, an object of special devotion during the month of March. He should be honored as the Foster Father of our Lord and Head of the Holy Family upon earth; as the advocate of clients of well nigh hopeless cases; as the hearer of prayers for some definite object, which is to be placed in his special care during the month. The conversion of some particular sinner should be asked for. He is the Patron of the Universal Church and has at heart its needs, for which, therefore, we are to entreat his aid. Finally, he is the patron and model of a happy death, and we should engage his assistance in our last agony.



THE gifts of articles used for personal adornment have been numerous enough to assure the making of the golden crown for Our Lady of Martyrs. We wish now to share with our readers of the PILGRIM the edification we have found in the spirit of faith and generosity that has prompted these gifts ; a single extract from one of the letters that accompanied the gifts of gold for our Lady's crown will suffice to show the spirit in which they have been offered.

I send you to-day by registered mail my earrings taken from my ears this morning and offered to our sweet Mother Mary for her diadem. I am proud to make this sacrifice in her honor. I hope this attention will be acceptable to our sweet Mother. The earrings were a Christmas present given me by my mother who sends with them a gold locket which contained my deceased brother's picture.



In almost every case the articles of jewelry sent for the crown are objects about which clustered personal and family souvenirs that rendered them of far more value than their mere intrinsic worth. A priest who is devoted to our American martyrs, the scenes of whose labors and death he has visited and written of, gives fitting expression to the thoughts that were in the minds of those who have contributed to the crown : "The college medal I send you," he writes, "is precious to me on account of many pleasant recollections of departed friends that are associated with it in my mind ; if it fell into other hands it would be looked upon merely as a piece of gold, in our Lady's crown it will be sacred."

"The idea of such a crown is a very beautiful one and must be very pleasing to our Lady" is the comment of a New York physician who sends an "honor" medal won at a convent-school

by a sister now departed, and asks the prayers of our Lady's clients for improvement of health which will enable another sister to pronounce her vows as a Sister of Charity. Six gold medals and a wedding-ring come from one family, the members of which "are very glad to follow the suggestions contained in the PILGRIM and do something for our Lady's honor."



Clients of our Lady have brought or sent us rings, earrings, chains, bracelets, necklaces, etc. Four gold coins, keepsakes, are among the gifts.

We have acknowledged by letter, gifts for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs from Manchester, N. H.; Boston and Waltham, Mass.; New York City, Flushing and Syracuse, N. Y.; Jersey City, N. J.; Manayunk, Norristown, Meadville, Pottsville, and Scranton, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Savannah, Ga.; Plaquemine, La.; Chicago, Rockford and Waukegan, Ill. and Wabasha, Minn. The receipt of packages sent by "Lawrence," New York; "Exile of Erin," Sing Sing, N. Y., and Four "Children of Mary," New York, is hereby acknowledged. Notice was sent us that gifts for the crown had been forwarded from Detroit, Michigan and from Brooklyn, N. Y. We have not received the packages from these cities and as the writers failed to give their names we have been unable to communicate with them.



In answer to many inquiries we wish to state that as there is no priest as yet stationed at Auriesville all contributions for the Shrine and gifts for our Lady's crown should be sent to the address given on the 4th page of the PILGRIM cover. Packages of jewelry for the crown may be safely sent by express or by registered mail to this address.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

In acknowledging contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y., we shall henceforth publish only the initials or the assumed names of the contributors.

FATHER JOHN DE BRÉBEUF,

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

BY REV. FRED. ROUVIER, S.J.

I.

RELIGIOUS LIFE—ARRIVAL IN CANADA.

THE feast of the Annunciation in the year of grace 1592 (March 25) gave to the Church an heroic son and to the New World an apostle, John de Brébeuf. The noble family of which he was born resided at Condé-sur-Vire, in Normandy.¹

John's first years were spent in the family home; the place of his studies and his occupations until his twenty-sixth year are unknown. We then meet him as, led by his guardian-angel, he stands at the gate of the Jesuit house at Rouen and begs to be admitted into the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, November 8, 1617.

His humility would have been content with the lowest rank there: a place among the lay-brothers was all he asked. His superiors, however, had reason to believe that God expected greater things of him; to them he submitted his judgment. Having finished his novitiate, he was sent to the College of Rouen where he taught grammar to some poor scholars. The future apostle looked to the souls of these boys and therefore he devoted himself unreservedly to them; so much so that his zeal soon told on his strength. Two years after his entrance into the college, he was so utterly worn out that he was obliged to give up every occupation. He was then about twenty-eight years old.

This forced inaction with its inseparable gloom was a great cross at such an age; it was the austere impress of the Divine Redeemer on the opening of a religious life the end of which was to be stamped with a more august seal, the testimony of blood. The ardent soul of the young Jesuit could not brook a life of inactivity. Keenly alive to the greatness of the sacred ministry, John devoted all his remaining strength to acquiring by

¹ Guillaume de Brébeuf, author of the *Pharsala*, was John de Brébeuf's grand-nephew.

private and painful study, the theological knowledge indispensable to the priest of Jesus Christ. God blessed his courageous work, and two years later, at Rouen, March 25, 1623, Father de Brébeuf had the happiness of saying Mass for the first time.

The soldier of Christ was ready, but the call did not come immediately. Having entirely recovered his health, Father de Brébeuf filled the office of Procurator for three years longer at the College of Rouen; then his desires were fulfilled and his superiors appointed him to the Mission of Canada which was about to be opened.

Canada had at this time become definitely French. Cartier had given it to the mother-country as a jewel of great price; thanks to Champlain, the majestic waters of the St. Lawrence had now reflected the royal colors of France for twenty years; but these colors were on the shores of the great river only and protected but new establishments.

Quebec consisted of a few cabins with but a palisade for defense. With political wisdom to which Protestantism has rendered homage, Champlain realized that religion would be the surest rampart of this infant colony. In 1615 he invited the Recollects to Canada.²

These worthy religious began work at once, but after some years of untiring labor, they recognized the fact that they were not equal to the task of sowing the seed of the Gospel in such a vast field and they asked for aid. Always prompt to give its best members to the most needy missions, the Society of Jesus, to which application was made, responded generously.

On April 27, 1625, under the guidance of a Recollect of high birth, Father Joseph de la Roche d'Aillon, six Jesuits embarked for New France, among them Father John de Brébeuf. His companions were Father Charles Lalemant, Rector of the College of Clermont, Paris; Father Masse, Minister of the College of La Flèche, and three lay-brothers.

From the very first, they were to realize that the new mission was truly a land of conquest. On their arrival in

² The Recollects were a branch of the Franciscan Order, organized by a saintly Spanish friar, Blessed John de Puebla, in 1489. Their name is indicative of their aim, detachment and retirement; they were approved by Rome in 1632. America owes to them some of its earliest and most zealous missionaries.—*Translator's note.*


Quebec, June 19, 1625, they were refused entrance; the hatred which had pursued them in Europe, had crossed the ocean in the same vessel with them, and awaited them on their landing in the New World.

Happily, the establishment of the Recollects was not far from the city; these companions-in-arms generously shared their tent with those who came thus courageously to take part in their heroic warfare.

Little by little the spirit of animosity spent itself; prejudice was dispelled and a tract of land was granted the Jesuits not far from the convent whose hospitality they had until then enjoyed.

They took possession of this on September 23, 1625, erected a large cross and set themselves earnestly to the work to which God had called them.

IN THANKSGIVING.

 ONE of the thanksgivings sent to us for publication in the *PILGRIM* is for a favor recently granted through the intercession of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant, souvenirs of whom we have sent to hundreds of the *PILGRIM* and *Messenger* readers.

HOUTZDALE, PA., JAN. 19.—I wish to return thanks to Our Lady of Martyrs for two special favors received after I had promised to give thanks in the *PILGRIM*. My little girl was suffering terrible pain in her head and throat. We had one of the souvenir-cards of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant, I said the prayer printed on it for the beatification of these servants of God and applied the card to the child's head and throat in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The pain ceased instantly. Another of my children was seized with sudden illness, I implored the help of Our Lady of Martyrs, before I had finished the child had fallen asleep. I awoke her and she said she was almost well.

Our purpose in sending out the souvenir-cards is to obtain prayers for the canonization of these heroic servants of God whose days were spent in toil and whose lives were closed in extreme pain patiently borne for the conversion of our country. To make



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE prolonged retirement of our Redeemer during the thirty years of His hidden life would seem to have been more than enough to prepare Him, had such preparation been needed, for the active and laborious ministry of the three years He spent going up and down Judea and Galilee to announce the word of God in truth.

Still, even His public life must have its withdrawals. We read of His going aside into the mountain to pray, and of crowds following Him out into the desert, so captivated by His doctrine, and so awed by His miraculous powers, as to follow Him, like creatures under a spell, and actually prevent Him from indulging His love for solitude even in desert places.

The first retirement of His public life was on the eve of His three years' ministry. Then men did not know Him well enough to follow Him or intrude upon His august silence. They had not yet heard the words of comfort from His lips, or the promises of His Kingdom, nor had they seen Him giving sight to the blind, health to the sick, life to the dead. They were not, therefore, curious enough to follow His movements. No doubt those who had been witnesses of His Baptism watched Him as He took the way towards the desert, but they did not dare accompany Him. Jesus was led by the Spirit into the desert and He spent there forty days and forty nights away from the company of men.

The Scriptures tell us that Christ went into the desert to be tempted by the devil. Besides narrating the three signal temptations by which the devil assailed Him, the gospel is careful to tell

us that there were other temptations at intervals during those forty days and forty nights. It makes no mention of what we naturally suppose without having any formal mention of it. Most of the forty days spent by our Lord in the desert were given to prayer, to a quiet consideration of the work before Him, and to a devout recommendation of all His plans and purposes to His loving Father.

Christ in the desert, in prayerful solitude, is a model for Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer at all times, but more especially during Lent. He is not merely a model; He is also the very source of all the efficacy of our prayer. He was alone in the desert; He need not be alone now. Men heeded not His solitariness, when He was on earth, because they did not know the benefits of His company, nor realize that He yearned for their love and union with Him in everything. We know that He is with us, loves us and pleads with us to make reparation for the abandonment, in which He resides in deserted churches and chapels.



Prayer is not our only means of union with our Lord during this holy season. Redoubling our prayers, we should redouble our works and every manner of good deed. Penance means watching and fasting and labors practised with a view to afflicting the spirit that is out of sympathy with the afflicted spirit of our Redeemer. Now that dispensations from the fasts and abstinences of Lent are granted more extensively, it is only fair to make up in other ways what we cannot do in this. Zeal and devotion to our various duties, household, business, social, may help us to make some compensation for the bodily mortifications we are forced, for one reason or other, to omit. Careless Associates, Promoters who have neglected their Bands, every one of us may easily find some chance of proving our desire to be more like Christ and more united with Him. Nothing will strengthen this desire more than a short space of recollection devoted to reflecting on the ways and means we might take of knowing Christ better and of leading others to know Him as He desires to be known and loved.



Another good work to be practised in this season of penance is almsdeeds. On the first Sunday of Lent a work is urged upon us that has double claims upon our charity and zeal, the work of the home-missions among the Indians and the Negroes. The Catholic Church in the United States is pledged to this work and it behooves Promoters and Associates of the League, as faithful children of the Church, to hearken to her voice. Something of the work that is done for the Indians, despite many hindrances, is known to PILGRIM readers, but the extent of the work in progress among the colored people is not so well known.

Thirty priests in various places are engaged solely in this work, while in Baltimore alone, fifteen seminarians and fifty students are preparing themselves to undertake it. Orphanages, schools, "old folks' " homes and refuges, in charge of devoted Sisters, are spread through the land. All these undertakings depend upon the zealous charity of the faithful. Promoters and Associates of the League will bear in mind that the home-missions are works of practical zeal for the conversion of America.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

THE February Council-meeting of Promoters may be made very interesting if the attention of Promoters is called to the devotion of the coming month and means suggested to honor the saints of the month. The Almanac of the Apostleship of Prayer for this year contains a brief notice of the Novena of Grace, a pious practice for the earlier part of the month, 4th-12th. Those who have ever made this novena need no urging to repeat it, while those who have never made it may be advised to begin the practice of it now. In many Local Centres of the League, the Novena of Grace is a public exercise of devotion in the church and is attended by numbers of Promoters and Associates; where the public recital of the novena prayers cannot take place, the novena may be made privately. The prayers to be said will be found in the Almanac p. 7, with an account of the apparition in which Saint Francis Xavier recommended this novena.

The little book on the Holy Hour explains a devotion of reparation which is pleasing to the Sacred Heart especially during this Lenten time. Local Directors of the League have the right to designate an hour for the public practice of this devotion in church or chapel, once each week. To this public practice of the Holy Hour a Plenary Indulgence is attached on the fulfilment of the usual conditions of Confession, Communion and prayers for the Pope's intention. Communion may be received either Thursday or Friday. If the devotion of the Holy Hour is practised in private, the time is limited to the hours from two o'clock on Thursday afternoon until sunrise on Friday.



The Central Director of the League is grateful to the Local Directors and Secretaries of Promoters' Councils who have so promptly answered the questions on the Lists recently sent to every Local Centre in the United States. The answers already received show how widespread the Holy League now is in almost every diocese of the country, and what an active instrument for good it has proved itself to be especially in promoting the frequent reception of the Sacraments. We would wish all our Promoters and Associates to make a special act of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the multiplied blessings that have been bestowed upon the League. Many edifying facts have been sent us with the Lists, some of which we shall make known through the *Messenger* and *PILGRIM*. The census of the League which these answers enable us to publish will be continued in the *Messengers* of this year, each number giving the Local Centres of one or two Provinces according as space may permit. It should be noted that our list of questions asks very little more than the Promoter's ordinary Monthly Report. What we are most desirous of knowing is the number of Communions of Reparation in each Centre.

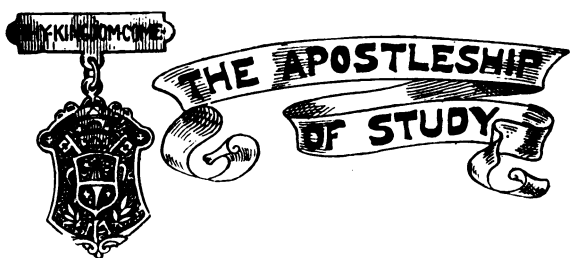
REAPING THE HARVEST.

“**A**BOUT two years ago,” writes a Promoter, “I was asked to try to enrol a gentleman in the League. He was a Spaniard who never went to Mass and had not

approached the Sacraments since boyhood. Occasion suitable for my effort did not occur until last Spring when, at the urgent entreaty of his wife, I called upon them. The gentleman who was ill at the time seemed glad to see me. At the end of my visit I said to him: 'If I give you a Badge of the League of the Sacred Heart, will you keep it about you?' He answered that he would. Then I spoke of the Morning Offering. He seemed to think that it would be better if I made that for him, but I assured him that it was necessary for him to attend to it himself. A few days later I called again, having in the meantime sent his Certificate of Admission; he was filled with zeal and wished to have all his men friends at once enrolled in the League. Soon after, his illness became so serious that one of the servants in the house suggested to his wife that it would be well to send for a priest. When the sick man was told that Father —— had heard he was ill and had called to see him he welcomed his visitor and, without objection of any kind, made his peace with God and received the Holy Viaticum. On the feast of the Sacred Heart he began to sink very rapidly, the Holy Viaticum was again given him and, about twenty minutes after he had for the second time received his God, he peacefully expired. He had indeed found in the Sacred Heart 'an infinite Ocean of Mercy.' "

From a city in the North comes the following :

My cousin had been praying nearly forty years for the conversion of her husband. He had told her before their marriage that he was a Catholic, but she soon found that he did not practise his religion. He had a thorough knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, but denied their inspiration, and in fact was little better than a downright atheist. Well, after praying and entreating for years, apparently to no purpose, and after promising a public thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, the man fell ill and, to his wife's great joy, consented to see a priest, made his Confession and received the last Sacraments, for his illness became dangerous. He lingered a few weeks, bearing all his sufferings with great patience in reparation for his past life. He died in sentiments of intense sorrow for his sins, and we deem his conversion a plain answer to prayer and worthy also of this act of thanksgiving.



VISITATION PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE following account of the Apostleship of Study as it is practised in this flourishing school should be of interest to all Catholic teachers and pupils.

Our meetings of the Apostleship of Study are held from 3 to 4 o'clock on the First Friday, and we strive to make them very attractive. The President opens the meeting by reciting the Sacred Heart Rosary, after which they sing "Form your ranks." The thirteen Promoters of the school circles then call their rolls. Our method of ascertaining the deserving ones for a Decoration is as follows: Each Promoter is furnished with a note book, each page of which is divided into four columns bearing one girl's name and the headings of Day-School, Sunday-School, Meeting, and Communion of Reparation. As each name is called, the pupil gives her mark for the preceding month, to the Promoter, who is thus able at the end of the year, by consulting each page, to vote for the fifteen members of her circle. I have hung up the written regulations in the school entrance, so that each child may see the per cent. required under each subject.

After roll-call they sing, "Thy Kingdom Come." The Treasurer then collects the dues, which are ten cents a year. I find that for children, this amount is sufficient for all expenditures. If any new members wish to join they are now invited to the Secretary's desk, while the Vice-President supplies the members with badges, etc. After which the Promoters collect, on small slips, any Intentions the Associates may wish forwarded to Philadelphia at the end of the month.

Different prayers from the Handbook are recited, after which the Morning Offering is made in unison and a few words in

explanation of the General Intention given by the Sister in charge. The hymn "Heart of Jesus, we are grateful," is then sung. After a short instruction, a story from the *Almanac*, the *Messenger* or the *PILGRIM* is read for the amusement of the little ones. The offering for the Apostleship of Study is then made by all. We have selected from 9 to 10 as the Hour of Study; from 1 to 2 as the Hour of Silence, and from 3 to 4 as the Hour of Play. The singing of the hymn "O Sacred Heart" brings our meeting to a close. The *Messenger* and *PILGRIM* are placed in the class-room each month. As a reward for good attendance since September each child will receive at our next meeting a copy of the beautiful and instructive *Almanac* of 1893.

The two hundred members of the Apostleship practise the 1st and 2d Degrees; and over one hundred make the Communion of Reparation. When the children bless themselves at the beginning of the different hours of the day, they add the ejaculation, "Thy Kingdom Come."

The Apostleship of Study is so simple in its workings, yet of such infinite value both spiritually and morally to the young hearts for whom it is intended, that it fully repays any Director who will establish it in his school.

S. M. S. H.

LEAGUE INTENTIONS.

THE story so simply told in the following lines will appeal so forcibly to all League Associates and Promoters who are familiar with the use of the League Intention-box, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting it to them although it has already been printed in one of our most highly esteemed exchanges.

THE CHILD'S PETITION.

She stole into the church alone,
With shy and timid grace,
A little child with wondrous eyes
And dimpled, smiling face.

"I come to see You, dearest Lord,
Sweet Jesus, are You here?
Ah, yes, the light is burning bright,
I know that You are near.

"I'm glad that we are all alone,
Because I want to bring
A letter to Your Sacred Heart,
To ask for everything.

"Now, if some older people saw
Me write this little letter,
They'd take it, maybe, from my hand
And try to make it better.

"But no one saw me write it, Lord,
I think it's written right;
But You won't mind if it's spelt wrong,
Because it's clean and white.

"I'll drop it in Your treasure-box,
But kiss it so 'twill speed
Right up to heaven to Your Heart
To ask for all we need.

"And then to make it very sure,
I'll say a decade, too,
To forward quick this little note
I wrote, dear Lord, to You."

—M. H. in the *Catholic Standard*.

FROM THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

WHAT our *Messenger* and PILGRIM are excellent travellers their very names give warrant; but that even to the very ends of the earth their journeyings should be prolonged, may be news to some. From the remote East Indies two communications have come to us within a month. One of them was mailed on December 20, 1892, and reached us on January 18, 1893.

This note contained the renewal of subscriptions to *Messenger* and PILGRIM for 1893 for the great College of St. Francis Xavier, Calcutta. The writer promises "to spare himself no trouble in procuring subscribers to the beautiful *Messenger* and he is confident that his efforts will be successful."

The second note comes from St. Joseph's College, Darjeeling, with the request that it be published in the *Messenger* or PILGRIM.

A XMAS OFFERING FROM THE FAR EAST TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Masses,	498
Holy Communions,	164

Beads,	866
Visits,	349
Spiritual Communions,	1,831
Aspirations,	38,842
Acts,	928

From Natal, South Africa, the fathers at the Trappist Monastery write to acknowledge and express their gratitude for the gift of money sent through us by some kind friends of their Mission.

From Mangalore comes a gracious tribute for the "picture" *Messenger*, with an instant request for pious pictures, which seem to influence the natives more than printed argument.

AN EDIFYING INSTANCE.

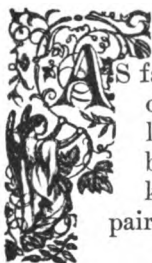
THE beautiful life of one who was a zealous Promoter of the League and the happy death which has recently closed this life merit more than passing mention.

Miss Anna Purcell while in good health devoted herself to caring for the spiritual welfare of several blind children whom she instructed and prepared for the Sacraments and led to the Cathedral for Mass, Sunday after Sunday. It was a touching sight to witness her unselfish care for these little ones who repaid her with their warmest affection. Holding two of them by the hands and with the rest clinging to her dress she was a familiar figure on the street near the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul.

For the past year she was afflicted with many and painful sufferings. So anxious was she to suffer for love of the Sacred Heart that she offered each painful throbbing of her own heart as a sacrifice to God and hesitated to take nourishment or medicine lest she should by seeking such relief seem wanting in readiness to suffer. Though eager to die and be with God she feared lest this longing for death might mean a desire to escape from pain. In fact, though ready to die, she waited until her director the day before her death told her that she might ask God to take her on the morrow. This news filled her with joy and she prayed with confidence that God would grant her the grace to die a true child of obedience. The morrow came, the feast of the Holy Innocents, and before the sun had set this chosen soul passed to her reward.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.



Liveliness of Faith.

AS faith is the beginning and the foundation of the life of the soul, it is very often spoken of as a source of life, as a living, active and animating principle which begets life in those who are born of God, and which keeps the forces of that life always active and unimpaired.

*My just man liveth by faith.*¹ As in the natural order, we live, that is, we have a human existence because we possess the gift of reason, so in the supernatural order we lead a godly life because we have the gift of faith. Reason sets us apart from the brute creation ; faith sets the children of God apart from the children of this world.

Now it is a very common thing to possess the light of reason and still refuse to follow its guidance. It is also very common to possess the light of faith and still refuse to direct our steps whither it beckons us. To live by faith is to see things as God has revealed them, not as they appear to the eye or to poor human calculations, but as they are managed by the unseen influences of Divine Providence. To live by faith, and to lead not a feeble or fitful or sluggish existence, but a robust, steady and active one, our faith must enliven every action of the day, penetrate our every thought, direct all our intentions, animate every effort, quicken all our feelings and control all our emotions. This is the living faith of which the Apostle speaks ; and it is living, because it gives us such a firm hold of the things of God and of Jesus Christ that He is said to *live in us by faith.*²

We need this active life of faith more than ever in an age which ignores the part Almighty God and His Son Jesus Christ take in ruling this world and in shaping the course of every man in relation to his fellows. We need it as a very condition of praying to God for His interference in our behalf ; we need it as a motive of hoping for the recovery of others from the hopeless state into which they have brought themselves by leaving God out of their daily lives, by living without faith in Him or in His promises.

¹ Hebrews, x. 38.

² Ephesians, iii. 7.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

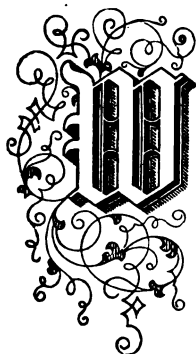
NINTH YEAR.

APRIL, 1893.

No. 4.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

BY J. E. M. RALEY.



WHEN shadows fall across my soul
As twilight o'er the day,
And e'en the changeful seasons' roll
Drives not the gloom away.

To save from waste, as they depart,
The quickly speeding years,
I haste to Him Whose Sacred Heart
Hath sweetened even tears,

Within His thrice-blest temple kneel,
Where even in darkest night
The myriad trembling rays reveal
The undying altar light.

For Christ, the Light, unceasingly
Shines through the gloom of sin,
His Heart will e'er our refuge be—
We need but enter in.

OUR LADY AT NAZARETH.

A WORLDLY person visiting the novitiate of some religious order is at once impressed with the holy silence, the serene calm, that broods, like the spirit of peace, over the whole house.

The business of life goes on so gently, so noiselessly that he is tempted to rub his eyes for very wonder. Youthful faces, tranquil, joyous, composed,—eyes modestly cast down—pass before him, and in the passing seem to bring an atmosphere of recollection and of prayer. Tender hands—hands, it may be, thus far strangers to toil—are busy with offices of the humblest nature. The work may be, and often is, done awkwardly enough, but it is done in silence. Hours move on accented in their progress by the ticking of the clock or broken by the clang of the bell.

At length, comes the time of recreation ; and happy laughter and joyous voices, in all the abandon of innocence, simplicity, and unrestraint, ripple in music through the air. Again the bell sounds, and there comes a hush. The stream of life continues its course with noiseless flow ; and thus day glides into day, month into month, till the year, or, as the case may be, the two years are flown by, and the happy novices of their own free-will become irrevocably bound to God by the triple cord of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

The stranger, I dare say, will contemplate such a scene with respectful surprise. It may puzzle him ; it may even annoy him ; and, if he be of those who measure progress and the value of energy by tangible results, he may exclaim with Judas, "*To what purpose is this waste ?*"

And it does, in very truth, seem a waste—this life of inaction in a world where countless souls are crying for bread, and there is none found to minister unto them. And yet, in this solitude, in this silence, in this calm ; in this hidden life, in a word, all beautiful with the peace of God, the novices are walking joyously and without hesitation along the path traced out and hallowed by the gracious steps of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. To the hidden life, then, is the present paper devoted.

After the flight into Egypt, the Holy Family resorted to

Nazareth, and there in poverty, lowliness, and obscurity, which was broken only on one sweetly memorable occasion, they lived their modest lives until, after the death of Joseph, Jesus had reached the age of thirty years.

How happy must Mary have been throughout this period ! What a gracious charm, born of the Divine Presence must have pervaded every golden moment of these halcyon days ! Never was there so loving, so devoted a mother : never was there so loving, so devoted a son.

And He grew in age and in grace and in wisdom. Mary's it was to watch that growth, to study the loveliness of those tender years, to hear the words of wisdom that fell from the sacred lips. Mary's it was to catch the first sweet glimpses of burgeoning graces, to see the dawning of fresh beauties in Him Who was Himself the All-Beautiful, to meditate upon Him as He slept, to contemplate Him as He moved about the house in the simplicities of obedience, to study His features as they became inspired with projects of love and of pity and of redemption : and above all—a spectacle that might have drawn the angels themselves, and held them rapt forever—to revere Him as, with folded hands and eyes lifted to His Father, He poured forth prayers so sublime that they are beyond reach of imagination and thought even in those who know and love and study that Divine Heart Which throbbed then as It throbs now in love unutterable for the Heavenly Father.

And He grew in age and in grace and in wisdom. The mother who bends nightly over her little child, and watches with tremulous love for each faint sign of development ; to whom each change is a subject for thought and wonder and prayer and



thanksgiving; whose fond eyes never weary with gazing upon the rosebud mouth, the dimpled cheeks, the sweet, innocent eyes; to whom the child's confiding glance and winsome smile are, in very truth, an ecstasy and a vision—the mother, I say, can imagine what must have been the joy of Mary in watching the passing and the mark of time upon Him Who was the most beautiful of the children of men.

True, the prophecy of Simeon hung over her: but the fears for the future enter into all the delights of all maternity. The little one smiling into his mother's face may, in after years, go astray, may demand payment and interest for every throb of bliss he once brought her. It is the heritage of the curse—Sin! Sin! There it is, the little cloud, no larger than a man's hand, deep down upon the horizon's rim.

But in the trials that were to come upon Mary's All-Beautiful One, she saw, it is true, suffering, affliction, desolation: and yet the one dread thing, the one real horror—sin—that was spared her, the sinless Mother of the sinless Child.

And constantly following with loving eye this peerless Son, as He put forth year after year those exquisite traits of age and grace and wisdom which made Him visibly the loveliest being that ever came into this world of ours, one would have thought that Mary, dazzled by the vision, might have been tempted to say, *Show Thyself to the people*. But Mary knew that God's ways are not our ways; that God, when He wishes to do a great work does it in the seasonable time: and so she waited in peace, watched in love, and prayed in patience.

It was a time of solitude and silence. For the Christ-Child it was the novitiate of the Redemption; for Mary it was the novitiate unto that sea of sorrows wherein she was so soon to be plunged.

The life at Nazareth has thrown a halo about silence, and bestowed a blessing upon its observance. Silence is the atmosphere of prayer, and prayer is the secret of sanctity. The world laughs at the hidden life. It thinks the poet *but* a poet when he sings:

“More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,”

and so the world goes its jingling way of dollars and cents. Yet (to borrow from the same poet) like a fountain rising night and

day these prayers rise gratefully to the throne of God, and are answered in showers of grace which bless and purify the world.

Night and day like a fountain rise these voices of the silence; for the thousands and thousands who leave the world to consecrate themselves to God have learnt well this lesson of solitude; and even those lovers of Jesus and Mary and Joseph who are engaged in purely secular matters seek from time to time an hour stolen from the busy throng, where alone and in commune with God, they may make themselves in some sort like Jesus and Mary and Joseph, who, hidden as they were for so many years, have glorified the world, and changed its very history.

A YOUNG HYPOCRITE.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S.J.

“**T**HIS way, Father,” said Sister Ambrosia, bowing me into one of the wards of St. Vincent’s Hospital.

A glance about the room, and I needed no words or introduction to discover the object of my visit. I had received word that morning that a very small boy with a very large head was seriously sick, and that he had asked most earnestly to see a priest. Now there was only one boy in the ward; and, young and inexperienced as I was, I could single out a boy in a group of men, even without the distinguishing characteristic of a very large head.

He was lying back on his bed, this little lad of eight years, his wan face pretty, gentle, eager and expressive. There were dark rings about his eyes; and as I drew near he put aside a little red book and coughed. I knew that cough. How sad to hear it from one whose every limb and pulse should be alive with the buoyancy of happy youth.

He reached out a thin wasted hand to me, and his eyes shone with pleasure and reverence.

His quick movement caused the red book to fall to the floor. I picked it up, and, as I replaced it beside his pillow, I observed that it was Father Faber’s “Tales of the Angels.”

“Ah, my little man,” I said, “so you’re not too ill to read.”

“No, Father,” he answered in a voice that was pitifully

weak and hollow. "It's about the angels, Father. I like to read about them; especially now."

"Why, now?" I enquired.

"Because, Father, they say that maybe I'm going to die. And, of course, I'm anxious to—to feel at home, if I get a chance to go—"

The little man broke into a cough here, and finished his sentence by pointing a slight finger towards the sky.

Seating myself beside him, I put him a few questions with a view to finding out his knowledge of the Catechism. I was really astonished at his answers.

"Willie," I said presently, "if you die, do you know Who is to be your Judge?"

"Jesus Christ." His voice sank into a reverential whisper.

"And wouldn't it be nice, were you to receive Him now that you are alive, into your heart—not as your Judge, but as your dearest Friend, as your fondest Lover, as the Author of all grace?"

Willie sat bolt upright, and his face flushed into the semblance of joyous health.

"O Father," he cried, "do you mean to say that I can make my First Communion?"

"I do, Willie."

"Me, a little bit of a fellow only eight years old?"

"That's just what I mean. If you were well, it would be different. But our Lord is very, very good, and He loves His little ones more than we can imagine: and when they won't grow up to receive Him, He is glad to come to them beforehand. He can make them very happy; and so, Willie, you must get ready now for the happiest day of your life."

"When shall it be, Father?"

"Let me see: to-day is Monday. Suppose we say next Friday. It is the First Friday, the day of all the month when the Sacred Heart is most generous."

The little lad sank back upon his pillow, and his wan face, still touched with the flush, spoke exceeding happiness.

"Here," I continued, handing him the Badge of the Sacred Heart, "wear this, my dear boy."

He took the Badge, pressed it tenderly to his lips, and then

blushed for his want of reticence. In the matter of piety, American boys are reticent: thereby hangs many a tale, many a sad misunderstanding.

"Now, Willie," I continued, "wear that on your bosom, and ask the Sacred Heart to cure you."

"I'd rather not, Father: not just yet, Father. *Please*, Father, not just yet."

"Why? Do you wish to die?"

"I don't care for that, Father: but I don't want to be cured: I want to make my First Communion."

There was a boy for you! He feared, not entirely without reason, that were he to recover, he would be obliged to wait for several years before receiving his God.

I checked a smile, gave him my blessing, and departed.

For half an hour on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I visited my eager little friend, and explained to him the great Sacrament of love. He was an apt pupil, and so sweet and reverential was his face, that as I spoke I felt my own heart burn with love for Him Who had won so sweetly the affection of this innocent child.

Once or twice, it seemed to me that Willie was growing better. I expressed this opinion to him on Thursday. Willie at once became exceedingly disturbed.

"Oh, Father, is there any danger of my getting well?"

"There is no immediate danger," I answered gravely.

Then I heard the little fellow's confession, and left the room feeling as though I had been walking with God.

On Friday morning, I came with the Blessed Sacrament. Willie looked troubled, fearful, as he kneeled beside his bed.

"Father, I can't do it."

"Why?"

"I—I'm a hypocrite, Father: it's no use." The little man's eyes filled with tears.

"What's your trouble, Willie?"

"Father, everything is wrong. I'm getting well—I know I am. I knew it yesterday. The doctor said I was out of danger: and I—I could n't tell you. The Sister said I didn't have to. Oh, it's too bad. I do wish I was dying."

"Willie, listen to me," I said sternly. "You may possibly

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE WITH THE SACRED HEART.

BY A PROMOTER.

HAVE we ever fully realized the efficacy of a child's prayer with the Heart of Him Who said: *Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?* Well, we shall see from this narrative what a mere child obtained at the precious time of his First Communion.

In a certain city of South America there lived a wealthy family noted for hostile sentiments towards everything pertaining to religion. The father of the family, Mr. D—— hated everything Catholic and particularly Catholic education. This hatred was not concealed from his fellows. Still he wanted his little son Alphonse to receive a good education, and hearing that the Jesuit College was the best in the city, he sent him there.

As the boy was old enough to make his First Communion, the Fathers prepared him for it, and he made it that first year with a fervent endeavor to imitate the piety of St. Aloysius, praying most earnestly for the conversion of his parents and sisters. From that time he made rapid progress in study and his conduct was most edifying. His parents, pleased with his application, had no objection to make even when they heard of his advance in virtue, and of his frequent reception of the Sacraments.

Alphonse continued to pray most earnestly for his dear mother, and it was not long till she was induced to attend a sermon given to the Christian mothers. In this the preacher spoke in very strong terms of the responsibilities of parents, and of their duty of giving their children a Christian education. His words produced a great impression on her, and touched by grace she resolved to place her daughters at school with the religious of the Sacred Heart—a resolution which she at once carried into effect, withdrawing them from the Protestant Academy which they had attended.

This proceeding produced a most profound sensation in the city, and persons even went to the convent to inquire whether the rumor could possibly be true.

The girls were about fourteen and fifteen. Young as they were, they had seen a deal of the world, had attended fashionable

balls and theatres, read the novels of the period, and heard the questions of the day discussed. They hated the prospect of a Catholic education, and could not endure the thought of a boarding-school, as they had always had their own way and knew nothing of submission. It cost them a great deal to comply with the school regulations; but the Superior, having the good of their souls at heart, granted them no exemptions. They knew nothing of religion, had never been to Confession, and would never have thought of going were they not at the convent. The good nuns prayed most earnestly for them, reciting hundreds of times a day the aspiration: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." Well, from the day of their entrance, their progress was noticed.

At first through politeness, then from real virtue, they overcame their repugnances and became model pupils of the school. They made their First Communion about four months after their entrance, having studied the Catechism from beginning to end. From this time their progress in virtue was marked, and they passed from one sodality to another until, at the end of the year, both were aspirants to be Children of Mary. They were not to return to school, but when their father came to take them home they begged so hard to be allowed to spend another year at the convent for their Child of Mary's medal, that he consented. He yielded all the more willingly as he saw that the children, formerly haughty and self-willed, had become simple, docile, and had an air of genuine piety and gentleness that was charming.

They left school quite happy at the thought of returning, and, reunited to their family, were enjoying their vacation, when a revolution broke out, bringing a great sorrow to their home. Their father was chief of the opposition party, and the government officials were searching for him. Now discovery meant death. He was compelled to seek a hiding-place, and sent at once to ask the Superior of the convent to receive his three daughters, the two we have mentioned and a younger one aged ten; he knew they would be entirely safe under her care. The day after their arrival at the convent, the government troops broke into their house, but their father had already taken flight, and they were safe in their convent home.

During the vacations how fervently these dear children

prayed to the Sacred Heart for their father's safety, and how earnestly they thanked our Lord for their own great blessing in being pupils of the Sacred Heart! A month later a new grace from this Divine Heart came to gladden theirs—their mother received Holy Communion at the convent,—the first time in many years,—kneeling between her two daughters.

Their father had to pass through many perils and more than once narrowly escaped being caught. This caused his devoted children to redouble their prayers, and their confidence never let them doubt for a moment that he would be saved. Providence so arranged it that he spent the greater part of his time with a pious Catholic family, who did him much good in matters of religion. The sons of these good people were pupils of the Jesuits and the daughters were at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and in this way Mr. D—— was able to keep up a correspondence with his wife and children.

Taking occasion of this, one of the religious induced him to promise to receive Holy Communion at the convent if he escaped, and this promise he fulfilled when the revolution was over. The happiness of his daughters was complete. And what shall we say of little Alphonse's joy when the great desire of his heart was realized, and all the favors asked on the day of his First Communion were granted?

Truly the prayers of a child's pure heart ascend to the throne of God, and win from the loving Heart of Jesus graces and blessings for all whom It loves.

Would that we could gain all souls to Thy Kingdom, O loving Heart of Jesus!

A few weeks ago, we received the joyful thanksgiving of a Promoter, whose prayers had been answered by the recovery of her dying brother. To-day the same Promoter writes weighed down by affliction: but a few days ago the same brother was carried home, having died from the injuries sustained in a railway accident, which left him only forty minutes, enough to make his peace with God. In a true spirit of faith, his bereaved sister takes even his death as one of God's special mercies.



THE newly-elected General of the Society of Jesus, Very Reverend Father Luis Martin, is, by virtue of his office, President of the *Prima Primaria* and of all the Sodalities affiliated to the Roman Primary Sodality. Father General's autograph signature is affixed to each valid Diploma of affiliation, for to him belongs the right, confirmed again and again by decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs, to admit new Sodalities to a share in the privileges and favors granted the Roman Primary, the Mother and Mistress of all Sodalities.

*

Sodalists, then, who share in these favors, as members of affiliated Sodalities, will be interested in knowing how greatly Father General esteems the Sodality and what hopes of good, present and to come, he places in it. During his recent visit to England and Ireland, Father General took occasion to speak of certain special works which should be regarded as the most important ministries of the Society of Jesus. In the first place he commended the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, preached in missions and explained in retreats, as the chief means of doing good and of procuring the greater glory of God. The establishment and direction of Sodalities he ranked next in importance, not merely on account of the good done to individual members of the Sodality by their cultivation of habits of prayer and their frequent reception of the Sacraments, but for the sake of the extremely great good that would result to all those upon whom the influence of their good example should be brought to bear.

*

Father General spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in Ireland; he had the consolation of giving Holy Communion, during each of his three Masses on Christmas Day, to a very

large number of the faithful in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Upper Gardiner St., Dublin. On his return to London, the following day, the officers of the London Sodality of the Immaculate Conception assembled in the Sodality Hall and presented an address of welcome to his Paternity. The address was written in Latin and read by the Prefect of the Sodality, Mr. Kegan Paul, the London publisher, who was accompanied by Mr. S. Ward, Secretary, Mr. O'Connell, Treasurer and Rear-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Major Trevor, Major Parkington, Lieut. Clutton, Dr. Bridger, Mr. Lyall and Mr. Eyre, Consultors of the Sodality. The following is a translation of the address :

*

VERY REVEREND FATHER,—We, the Prefect and officers of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, canonically erected at the London house of the Society of Jesus, approach your Paternity with cordial greeting on the occasion of your visit to our country, and with congratulations on the high and responsible character in which you come.

To your Paternity it must be a satisfaction that, immediately upon your election as General, you tread the soil sanctified by the blood of Blessed Edmund Campion and those other martyrs of the Society of Jesus, who, in England's darkest days, died that the Faith might live ; to us it is a comfort that now, in the days of our hope, we welcome the successor of St. Ignatius and ask his blessing.

Your coming, Very Reverend Father, encourages the missions of the Society ; stirs up the young men trained in your Colleges, to make yet greater exertions for the salvation of souls and for the conversion of England ; and, as we especially are bound to recognize, adds a new stimulus to our own work. The Sodality, of which you are the President, is a most powerful aid to a holy life for those Catholics who enjoy the privilege of being Sodalists ; it helps them, first, by the Masses celebrated in the Sodality chapel, at which the Sodalists assist and receive Holy Communion ; it helps them, too, by its services at the close of each week, for by these their souls are strengthened and edified in morals and in Faith. We believe, Very Reverend Father, that none of your spiritual children are more loyal than we, who are Sodalists, to you and to Holy Church.

If, on this your auspicious visit, we dare beg a favor of your Paternity, we would ask you to permit our Father Director to join some members of the Sodality, who are to take part in a national pilgrimage to Rome on the occasion of the Episcopal Jubilee of His Holiness. No one can so fitly represent us as he to whom we owe so much.

Trusting that the life of your Paternity may be blessed to the greater glory of God and the honor of His Immaculate Mother, we as your faithful children, commend ourselves to your prayers in the spirit of the Society of Jesus.

*

At the close of the address, Father General replied in Latin. He thanked the Sodalists for their welcome and spoke of the great work the Sodality has in view. Sodalists must put in practice outside what they have learned in the meetings from the Father Director. Their daily duties bring them to various places in which the Director is seldom or never seen; they meet many who are strangers to him, among whom they can exercise a useful and glorious apostleship, not only by wise words of counsel, but also, and most of all, by the example of a holy life. Father General expressed his determination to encourage, to urge forward, and to promote in every way, the work of the Sodality as one of the distinctive missions of the Society of Jesus. He then gave his blessing to the Sodalists, and greeted each one of them, in turn, as they were presented to him by the Father Director.

*

From the *Fordham Monthly* we extract the following account of "Sodality Day" at St. John's College, Fordham, New York :

Few festivals of our Blessed Lady are more devoutly celebrated at St. John's than the Feast of the Purification. For years it has been solemnized as the special holiday of the Sodalities, and has been honored by the boys with unusual manifestations of reverence for the Mother of God. The celebration of the Feast began in the College Chapel at the dawn of day. Two Masses were heard by the boys, the first being a Mass of general Communion. At 9.00 A. M., the Reverend Rector, assisted by the Moderator of the Sodality, received ten of the senior students as Sodalists. After the reception, Solemn High Mass was sung.

At 6.30 P. M., the bell summoned us to the College Hall, where a Literary Academy was to be held. On the stage stood the statue of our Lady, in the midst of lights and lilies and all sorts of beautiful flowers. The words of greeting to Father Provincial, with which Charles McCafferty, '94, closed the Salutatory, called forth a resonant round of applause. Wm. A. Ferguson, '94, read an essay on "The Queen of Heaven," which did not fail to strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the audience. L. Louis Tracey, '95, on "The Queen of Earth," was listened to with great attention. J. Howlin Farley's poem, entitled "Our Queen," was decidedly well done. The musical part of the programme consisted of hymns in our Lady's honor, the best of all being the Magnificat, which was sung by the whole college in true old Fordham style.

When the reading and singing were over, Very Rev. Father Provincial arose and spoke words of congratulation to the Knights newly-enrolled under the banner of our Blessed Mother. Touching the work of Sodalities as witnessed by him in Europe, and particularly in Spain, Father Campbell dwelt on the edifying custom maintained by Spanish Catholic gentlemen of every walk of life, who league together under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, as lawyers, physicians, journalists, and, in the exercise of their respective professions, keep alive the love of Mary to which they bound themselves at college, and preserve the inheritance of all true Sodalists by being ever ready for the defence of God's Church and the protection of His poor; wherein these noblemen, for such they undeniably are, manifest in the eyes of all men the solidity of their piety, as well as their fealty to the promises of earlier days.

We hope to publish at an early date the names of the Sodalities in this country which have been aggregated to the *Prima Primaria*. This will afford the Reverend Directors of Sodalities a ready reference list by which to guide members who in leaving a parish or school desire to have their names transferred to the roll of another aggregated Sodality.



ANNIVERSARIES. THANKSGIVINGS. OUR LADY'S CROWN.

THIS year of grace, 1893, should be made memorable in the annals of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, for it marks two notable anniversaries. Two hundred and fifty years ago, this spring, "after the melting of the snows," the precious relics of René Goupil, who had been slain by the Iroquois in the preceding autumn, were hidden by Father Jogues, his companion in captivity and the witness of his death. Father Jogues' own words describing this event have been preserved to us.

"After the melting of the snows, I betook myself to the place pointed out to me, and gathered together a few half-gnawed bones, that had been left by the dogs, the wolves and the crows; the head was cleft in several places. I kissed these holy relics with respect, and I hid them in the earth, in order that, if such is God's will, I may one day enrich with them some holy and Christian soil." Would that these relics, through the prayers of our Lady's devoted clients, might be found during this year.



This year, too, is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of an event that should interest every Catholic in the Archdiocese of New York, the first visit of a priest and the first administration of the Sacrament of Penance in the City of New York, then New Amsterdam.

By the aid of the Dutch traders, Father Jogues escaped from captivity at Auriesville, then Ossernenon, and sailing down the Hudson reached New Amsterdam, where he remained during the month of October. He met there two Catholics, one a Portuguese

woman and the other an Irishman ; the latter availed himself of the opportunity given him to go to confession. Thus it was that Father Isaac Jogues was the first priest who exercised the sacred ministry in the great metropolis. Catholics of New York will not allow this anniversary to pass unnoticed.



A marked increase in the number of acknowledgments of favors received through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs has been observed in our correspondence during the past three months. For the glory of Our Lady of Martyrs, we shall quote from some of the letters of thanksgiving, sent to the PILGRIM during the present month.



"I send a small token of my gratitude to our Lady for the favor granted me, a good position." "I send a thank offering to Our Lady of Martyrs for my restoration to health." "I promised to send an offering to Our Lady of Lourdes, over thirteen years ago, for a favor received, but I failed to send it. I hope Our Lady of Martyrs will accept the sum now for the same blessings." "In fulfilment of promise, I offer a public thanksgiving for the conversion of a young man to our holy Faith, and for two temporal favors granted me through Father Jogues' intercession ; the enclosed is sent in thanksgiving to Our Lady of Martyrs." "I wish to return thanks in the PILGRIM for a temporal favor received through a novena to Our Lady of Martyrs, I promised a donation to the Shrine, and I now fulfil my promise." "I promised Our Lady of Martyrs to give a portion of a temporal favor asked for, to her Shrine, if the favor were granted. I now keep my promise." "In fulfilment of my promise, I send an offering for the Shrine for a favor asked and obtained from the Blessed Virgin." An "'Exile of Erin' sends a gift for the Shrine, in fulfilment of promise made for the recovery of health." "I prayed and promised a small donation for the Shrine as soon as my business should reach a certain amount. To the surprise of everybody, thanks be to God and our Blessed Lady, it has nearly reached the amount I set. As our Lady is better to be trusted than I am, I will not wait any longer. I will always

contribute to the Shrine as long as my business is prosperous enough to allow it."



The gifts of jewelry and precious stones for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs have been so numerous that we have decided to set a limit of time after which no more jewelry will be received. To give sufficient notice, we have fixed upon the 1st of May as the date for closing our Lady's "jewel-casket." Packages of jewelry that may be sent after that date will be returned to the owners or disposed of as they may desire. We cannot promise that any jewels reaching us after the date named will be used for the crown. Careful record has been made of the names of those who have contributed jewelry, and they will be placed on a Roll of Honor and inserted in the crown as a perpetual memorial of our Lady's generous clients. We should be grateful to those whose initials only were sent with gifts for the crown, if they would send us their names for this Roll of Honor.



During the past month, gifts for the crown have been received from New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Hartford, Buffalo, Savannah, Jersey City, San Francisco, Scranton, Mobile, Columbia, S. C.; La Conner, Wash.; Wabasha, Minn.; Long Island City, Flushing, New Dorp and Lockport, N. Y.; Roxbury, Waltham and Dorchester, Mass.; Houtzdale, Pa.; Rockford, Ill.; Carey and Sardinia, Ohio; North Vernon, Ind.; Montello, Wis.; Mt. Hebron, Md.; and Lebanon, Ky.



As we stated in the March PILGRIM, almost all the gifts sent for the crown have a value, in the minds of those who offered them, that far outweighs the sum of their original cost. From the many letters of explanation that accompanied packages of jewelry, we select for publication the following letter which comes to us from an Eastern State.

LETTER FROM A SMALL BOY.

February 22, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:

I am a little fellow, eleven years old the tenth day of this month. It was God's will to take my mother from me eleven years ago the twenty-fifth of this month. When she was dying, she left me her jewelry. I now make an offering of this jewelry to the Mother of God, Queen of Martyrs, to help make her crown. I hope and trust she will watch over me through life, and obtain for me the graces and blessings that will enable me to grow up good, and be an honor to my Church and my parents. I ask her also to obtain for me the conversion of one who is very near and dear to me.

I am your child in Christ,

J. D.

The intentions of this boy of eleven are recommended in a special manner to all who are interested in the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

In acknowledging contributions to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y., we shall henceforth publish only the initials or the assumed names of the contributors.

In thanksgiving:

M. M., Philadelphia,	\$1.00
C. V. S., Bynum, Md.,	1.00
—, Wilmington, Del.,20
—, Carbondale, Pa.,	1.00
League Promoter, Philadelphia,	1.00
M. H., Maine,	5.00
"Two Friends,"	8.00
M. P. D., Leadville, Colo.,	2.00
League Promoter, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia,	10.00
"Client of the Sacred Heart," Halifax, N. S.,	1.00
Promoter, City Point, South Boston,	30.00
M. B., New Albany, Ind.,	1.00
—, St. Paul, Minn.,	5.00
"Exile of Erin," New York,	3.00
E. Q. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1.00

Asking favors:

B. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1.00
—, Woodland,	2.50

Quebec the servant of God received orders to join a party of Algonquins during their winter hunting; an excellent school for becoming familiar with these tribes and their language, but withal a very rude and mortifying one. It meant nothing less than living six months in the manner of these savages: undergoing the fatigue and incessant privations to which they were accustomed. How fortunate it is that sufferings cost little when borne for God! With joy the brave missionary hastened to take up his staff and depart (October 20, 1625).

The forest life has been minutely described by Father le Jeune, another missionary. These are his words:

"Our wigwam is built anew at each encampment. Its foundation is a large opening made in the snow, on which is placed a light framework of branches covered with strips of birch bark sewed together. Small branches of pine spread on the ground serve as floor and bed.

"The size of the cabin combined with the smoke makes it impossible for one to stand upright. . . . We have always either to take a recumbent posture, or to squat on the ground after the manner of savages.

"This dungeon . . . has four great inconveniences—cold, heat, smoke and the dogs. As for the cold, you have your head on snow with only a pine branch between, and often only your hat. The icy wind enters through a thousand crevices. The opening above, serving both as window and chimney, was so large that at night I could see the stars and the moon as plainly as though I had been in the open country.

"The cold, however, did not trouble me as much as the heat. A small place like our cabin is easily heated by a good fire, so that I was sometimes scorched and roasted on every side, the hut being too narrow to get away from the heat. To right or left I could not go, for my neighbors the savages were beside me. Should I attempt to go backwards I would meet with the wall of snow and bark which was the limit of the enclosure. To stretch out is impossible; the place is so narrow that my legs would be in the fire. . . . I might say, though, that the cold and the heat are not utterly unbearable; but I confess that the smoke is a real martyrdom; it makes me weep, though my heart be neither sad nor sorrowful. . . .

"Sometimes I have to put my mouth to the ground that I may be able to breathe. . . . Often I think I shall become blind. . . . My eyes burn me as if on fire. . . .

"I know not whether I should complain of the dogs, for they do me good service; though they expect from me a return in kind. Not being able to live outside the cabin, the poor beasts come in to sleep, sometimes on my shoulders, sometimes on my feet. . . . Being hungry, they prowl everywhere within the hut . . . they walk over our heads and our bodies so often and so importunately that, tired of calling and chasing them, I often cover up my face and let them go where they will. . . . Whilst we eat, they poke their noses into our porridge. . . .

"Our food is another source of trouble. When the chase is successful, the supply is abundant; but savages know not how to provide for the morrow. They eat gluttonously and, whilst anything remains, without any regard to prudence, as though there were no evil days in store for them! . . . Then, when the weather prevents them from going out or when game is wanting, all are obliged to pass days without other food than the shoots of trees, tender bark or a kind of moss, known to modern travelers under the ironical name of Rock Tripe, which they have tried to cook. So when I have the skin of an eel for a day's rations I feel that I have made a good breakfast, dinner, and supper.¹

¹ *Relations* of the Missions of New France for the year 1642—Cited by the Rev. Father Martin "*Le Pere Jean de Brébeuf, sa vie, ses travaux, son martyre* : Much is borrowed from this interesting life.

NOTE.—The Jesuit *Relations* comprise 41 small octavo volumes, prepared generally by the Superior of the Mission. One was published each year, the last having been issued in 1672. Protestant writers beyond suspicion (Bancroft, Sparks, Parkman) have borne testimony to the value of this collection, the most important and often the only material for early Canadian history. "With regard to the condition and character of the primitive inhabitants of North America, it is impossible to exaggerate the value of these *Relations*. I should add that the closest examination has left me no doubt that these missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that the *Relations* hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents" (Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America," Preface).

March 25, 1893, is the three hundredth anniversary of Father John de Brébeuf's birth. All those who are interested in our American martyrs should not fail to pray, on that day, for their Beatification.

For the Japan Missionaries :	
J. F., N. Y., per <i>Catholic News</i> ,	\$10.00
For the Eastern Missions :	
—,	10.00
For the Indian Missions :	
T. R., per Madame Elder, R.S.H.,	2.00
For the African Missions :	
—,	1.00
For the Propagation of the Faith :	
K. J. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1.00
For spreading Devotion to the Sacred Heart :	
K. S., St. Paul, Minn.,	5.00



Here is a result of our Catholic Education which it would be hard to exhibit at the World's Fair :

BARDSTOWN, *February 15.*

REVEREND FATHER :

I send this dollar for the Ursuline Nuns in the Rocky Mountains. I won it in school last month.

Respectfully, —.

The generous benefactors who have been sending money for these devoted Sisters should rejoice to learn that they have relieved their very great misery. The following tells its own story :

PRYOR CREEK, MONTANA.

TO THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART :

Please beg of the Sacred Heart some help, as we are in great need. One of our Sisters is quite sick, and not as much money as would buy a cracker, nor can we think of procuring a doctor. Oh, a little help !

Most gratefully yours in the Sacred Heart,

MOTHER ST. THOMAS.

Still another appeal comes from the Madura Missions, where the natives, 160,000 of whom are now Catholics, are actually dying of famine. Some of the Missionaries have sought the bishop's permission to sell the very chalices in order to relieve the hunger of the poor of Christ. The details sent us are heart-rending, and we will publish them in the April *Messenger*, because they are so edifying, full of instances of heroic fortitude.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

TO judge from the number of letters daily received at the Central Direction asking for prayers for those who have been long away from the Sacraments, it would seem unnecessary to point out to Promoters and Associates the most timely object of our prayers during this season of special grace. Perhaps it might encourage some to pray with more confidence could they but read the communications also received daily, announcing the triumphs of grace which have brought some souls to the holy Altar after years of indifference and, in some cases, after an apparent loss of faith.



"A lady friend of mine," writes a zealous Promoter, "for some reason or other grew careless about her religious duties, and neglected, if she did not despise, the pious practices of her earlier years. Well nigh *forty-five* years had passed since she sought grace in the holy Sacraments, and her faith in Confession, to say the least, seemed greatly shaken. I have prayed and worried without one cheering ray of hope. Three years ago I began to recommend her to the prayers of the League, and month after month, I sent in a petition for her conversion. . . . At last my prayer has been heard. . . . *She has received the Sacraments.* She is a memorable instance of God's all patient love, for which I can only say, eternal thanks and praise to the Adorable Heart of Jesus!"

This is but one of the hundred memorable instances we receive monthly. *The Messenger* never fails to publish similar proofs of God's love for the prayer for the stray soul. He wishes that the sinner be converted and live.

Lent and Easter-tide are the great Mission periods, and the Mission is for the most obstinate sinner the irresistible invitation to the tribunal of God's mercy. Whilst the Missioners and Pastors are engaged in preaching, instructing and hearing confessions, it is the duty of Promoters and Associates to extend the invitation of God's ministers, to re-echo the call to His Church and to His Sacraments. In this way they can assist the dispensers of the word and of the graces of God; in no way can they more truly prove themselves sincere Promoters of the interests of Jesus Christ; in no way can they extend more effectually the Kingdom which He came to establish amongst men. Promoters, bring but one wayward soul to a Mission service, and you are sharing in the work of Him Who left the ninety and nine to bring the one to repentance.

The Mission can last but a few weeks; the practices adopted during the Mission can and should last always. The daily attendance at Mass; the attendance at evening and at the special devotional exercises, which at this time are held in almost every parish church, the special fervor with which membership is sought in one pious society or another, are all fruits of the Missions, which are worth every effort of our zeal to maintain. As Promoters move constantly among their Associates, they need never fail for an opportunity to bring souls nearer to God by inducing them to grow more familiar with His house and with its holy ceremonies.

A special work of reparation during Easter-time is the Communion offered by Promoters and Associates who have already fulfilled their Easter-duty, in reparation for those who neglect to approach the Sacraments during this time. Promoters and Associates who offer this second Communion in reparation may gain the Plenary Indulgence expressly granted the League by Papal Rescript of April 20, 1882.

The March Council-meeting will afford the best opportunity for calling attention to this Communion and the Indulgence attached to it.

We take this opportunity to thank our Local Directors, Secretaries, and Promoters for the zeal they have displayed during the past year in spreading the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, the official organs of the Apostleship of Prayer.

The importance of both these publications as a means of keeping alive the spirit of the League cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Even in parishes in which the League has not yet been established pastors have been very glad to recommend them as first-class literary and illustrated periodicals of Catholic devotion.

We also wish to express cordial thanks to those of our Rev. Local Directors who have kindly undertaken to place *sample copies* of the *Messenger* and PILGRIM among the Promoters and Associates.

Abroad, a great many Promoters have, after the example of the collectors for the Propagation of the Faith, formed sets or clubs of subscribers to the *Messenger*, and this of itself is a great propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

I send \$10.00 for two old subscriptions to the *Messenger* and for four new ones. I will distribute the sample copies as judiciously as possible. I have been much interested in the *Messenger* and have often urged our Promoters to become subscribers, and have handed my own copies around among them.

Sincerely yours in Corde Jesu,

REV. J. J. FLANAGAN, Local Director,
Holy Name Church.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

I have distributed all the *Messengers* you sent me, among the Associates; they are delighted with them and I hope you will gain many additional subscribers.

Yours truly in Christ,

REV. J. C. BIGHAM, Local Director,
St. Bridget's Church.

AUSTIN, TEX.

Please send me a few specimen copies of the *Messenger* and LITTLE MESSENGER. Several Associates of the League have spoken to me about subscribing to one or the other, and have asked to see a copy.

The League is prospering here wonderfully, and interest grows in it every day, so that I think there is no doubt of a goodly number of subscribers to the *Messenger*.

Very respectfully,

MRS. T. F. TAYLOR.

The following may give a practical hint towards making the Promoters' Councils attractive :

EDINA, MO.

DEAR CENTRAL DIRECTOR :

Please send me the *Apostleship of Prayer* by Father Ramière, the *Adorable Heart of Jesus* by Father de Galliffet and a copy of the *Holy Hour*.

Now please understand me—every time the Promoters meet, I give some spiritual reading and for that purpose I want the books, if they are suitable for that purpose.

Yours in Corde Jesu,

REV. C. MOENIG, Local Director,
St. Joseph's Church.



We do not know that any happier selection of books for spiritual reading at Promoters' Councils could have been made.

The Apostleship of Prayer,* by Father Ramière has been justly called an "epoch-making" work. It is certainly one of the most noteworthy and lucid explanations of a part of the Christian religion that reaches furthest into the lives and inmost sympathies of men. As such it has a perpetual interest for all who desire to know their religion and to explain practically to others, the great duties which are not for time but for eternity.

*The Adorable Heart of Jesus** is and ever will remain, the standard work on the subject, the one to which we must refer for the theological foundations and the historical origin and progress of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is beautifully written, full of solid piety, but free from any exaggerated or high-flown sentiment. It carries its own evidence of being the work of one who was himself inspired with an intense love for the Sacred Heart.

THE THANKSGIVINGS OF A MONTH.

January 18, 1893.

We return special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return to his duties of a man, who for fully sixty years had neglected the Sacraments. This is the fourteenth case of long standing during the last three years, since the establishment of the League in these parts.

Personally I wish to return thanks for continued help in the erection of a new church—my cross and my crown—possible in the near future.

A Promoter, in a letter full of joy, writes to this Centre :

"Please return thanks in the PILGRIM for a favor obtained from the Sacred Heart, through the prayers of the League. I had offered up many

* For price list of these admirable works see 3d page cover.

Masses, my works, and sufferings for this intention, that my husband would give up the society to which he belonged. Not being a Catholic Society, it has always worried me; and after speaking to him several times, without obtaining any hope of success, I concluded to say no more,—recommending the matter meanwhile to God. After making a novena to St. Joseph and the Mother of Jesus, with the promise of publishing success in the *PILGRIM*, he one day surprised me by telling me that I need not worry, since he was no longer a member of that society.

So it is my happy privilege to thank the Sacred Heart for this great favor.

SAINT MARY'S SCHOOL, MARTIN'S FERRY, OHIO,

February 22, 1893.

DEAR FATHER :

We return thanks to the dear Heart of Jesus, for two special favors obtained from the Holy League, through the intercession of our Lady of Lourdes. We expected forty-five feet of water to reach our city during the flood. We were notified to prepare for it, as no human power could save us. The Pastor and people had recourse to our Blessed Lady, asking her to intercede for us with her Divine Son. We placed a Badge of the Sacred Heart upon her altar, promising her, if she would save our city from the flood, we would publish our thanks, and have the holy Sacrifice of the Mass said for the intentions of the Sacred Heart, for the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Our prayers were heard and our petition granted.

We also return thanks for the cure of a child who had been given up by the physicians. Her parents thought she was dying. We recommended her to the Holy League, the same night she began to recover, she is now entirely well.

NEW YORK, *February 2, 1893.*

DEAR EDITOR :

I promised the Sacred Heart to have the subjoined favor recorded in the *Messenger*, but through carelessness neglected to do so, and ever since I have been recommending a very particular intention, but as yet have not had my petition answered. So I thought I would fill my contract with the Sacred Heart, and maybe then my request will be granted.

One evening last October I went up to my room, and on lighting the lamp discovered that the cover had burned off the bureau and had only stopped at the medal of the Holy Face, which was on a pair of beads on the bureau, and there was everything there to feed a fire, but thanks to our dear Lord for delivering us. Nobody saw it or knew anything about it and it had burned all the veneering off the front of the bureau. Our entire family join me in sending their heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart.

A PROMOTER.

LOS ANGELES, *January 26th, 1893.*

Please mention the following in the *PILGRIM*.

There was a young lady so sick that the doctor attending said that nothing but a miracle would restore her to her health. A Promoter, however, placed her under the protection of the League; she is now well. If such were required, written testimonials could be sent by the attending physicians and those interested in the girl's fate.

I would like to make mention here of the thanksgivings rendered to the

Sacred Heart. Untold good has been done by the prayers of the League. Young and old have returned to the practice of their religious duties. First Communions have been made. Families have been reconciled ; in one word we thank the Sacred Heart publicly for all the good done since the establishment of the League.

PROMOTER.

REVEREND FATHER :

I desire to record publicly my thanks to the Sacred Heart for a signal favor. For some years I was grievously ill ; and at length, when the three physicians who had used every device to cure me, had given me assurance that medical aid was powerless, I prepared to enter into eternity. The doctors promised me but a few days.

It was then that I betook myself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and besought It to grant me recovery, promising, if heard, to publish the favor, and to do all in my power to make the Heart of Jesus better known and loved. And my prayer was heard, and I am now able to go about, and attend to my occupations.

Your humble and obedient servant,

BROOKLYN, *February 6.*

DEAR FATHER :

Please thank St. Joseph through the PILGRIM for a signal favor to a person addicted to drink for over three years. This person could not give up drinking, and, in fact, did not wish to give up. His mother, while she lived, used every loving device to bring him to better courses. After her death, he became still more intemperate, lost his business, and involved himself and his family in debt. To such depths did he debase himself, that he would go about begging for the price of a drink.

A few days before last Christmas, his sister asked him to put a cord of St. Joseph about his waist, and say the prescribed prayers. He laughed at the idea ; but that same evening, while still under the influence of liquor, he asked for the cord.

"I will put it on," he said, "and see whether St. Joseph will make me stop drinking."

The cord was accordingly put around his waist, and, falling on his knees, he recited the prayers. A few days after, he went to Confession, the first time in three years, and since then he has never tasted liquor.

I write this in the hope that some other heart-broken mother or sister reading this account, may not yield to despair, but go on praying for the loved one gone astray, in the hope that at some time the prayers may be heard.

This man has also stopped swearing, goes to Mass and vespers regularly, and frequently thanks God that grace has brought about what to human effort would have been impossible.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

A Steadfast Christian Hope.



O lose all hope is so unnatural that men, with few exceptions, will endure the most trying hardships if they can but delude themselves into the belief that there is some possible chance of relief. To

lose a true Christian hope is very easy, and alas! but too commonly a sin of an age, which is bent on making men seek the highest and final pleasures of soul and body in the material, passing creatures of this world.

Christian hope is the virtue which fixes the heart on the goods of the world to come. *For where thy treasure is, there thy heart is also.*¹ As God Himself is the greatest good of the soul, whether still in a state of trial in this world, or in a state of happiness in heaven as a reward of trial properly borne, so the grace of God in this life and the vision of His Face in heaven are the proper objects of our hope. Now, a steadfast Christian hope is one like that of the Prophet David, which makes us declare in the very midst of trials: *It is good for me to stick close to my God, to put my hope in the Lord God.*²

It is good for us to stick close to God and to the things God has promised us, to His grace, to His Church, the treasury of His graces, to the Holy Sacraments, the very fountains of His grace. And the more men drift away from all these, let us remember: *behold they that go far from Thee shall perish.*³ By clinging to God's favor in this life we put our hope in the Lord God, and that hope is unailing; it is the sure means to perseverance itself; it keeps God the God of our hearts, and the God that is our portion forever.

As the confidence which arises from hope is a necessary condition of a fruitful prayer, so prayer renews our hope and strengthens our confidence not only by securing for us the object of our prayers but also by obtaining for us new stores of the grace which makes us "stick close to God." We are to pray for this steadfast Christian hope not only for ourselves, but for our brethren also, and for those who have never known the light of true hope.

¹ St. Matthew, vi. 21.

² Psalm lxxii. 28.

³ Ibid., 27.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

NINTH YEAR.

MAY, 1893.

No. 5.

A MAY SONG.

BY REV. H. K. W., S.J.



HO would not sing for May ?

The purple vault ; the softly blowing
breeze ;

The budding copse ; the gleam of
foam-touched seas ;

The ever-lengthening day,

And brightening dawns that fling
A sudden wealth of bloom through mead and wood,
Of flowers that fearing April's changeful mood
And chills of earlier spring,

Hid beneath close-drawn leaves
Their tender buds ; but now all trustful yield
To May's mild influence, till every field
Wears the rich robe she weaves.

And so from year to year,
Stirred by the wonder of this strange, new birth,
By the reviving glories of the earth,
The poet's voice full clear

Sounds through the quickening land,
Singing of azure sky, of greening wood,
Of flowery mead, of sweetly-falling flood
Upon a silvery strand ;

Till in a nobler lay,
Turning to her whose sinless birth did bring
New life to sinful man, he soars to sing
Our Lady's month of May.

THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.

THE hidden life at Nazareth, flowing on so calm, so serene, suffered but one interruption, when the child Jesus, at the age of twelve, showed Himself for a brief space, in such wise that those that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom.

But while they were wondering, Mary, the sweet mother, was sorrowing ; Jesus, her beautiful child, the child Who had advanced under her very eyes in grace, in age, and in wisdom was lost.

And yet, in one sense, Mary did not lose Jesus, for the real, the appalling loss of Jesus can befall only those who separate themselves from Him by mortal sin.

It is difficult for the devout mind to contemplate this sorrow of the Virgin Mother, this *physical* separation, without falling into some consideration of what it is to be morally separated from Christ. It is quite possible to be near Jesus, nay, to kneel within a hand's reach of the Word Incarnate, as He exists in the sacramental veils, and yet be separated from Him by a gulf such as only Infinite Power can bridge. That gulf is the gulf of sin.

Consider a child who has received the white robe of baptism, the robe of innocence. Clothed in that shining garb, he is united to Christ by faith, by hope, by charity, and by a chain of virtues which so beautify his soul in the sight of God's holy angels that he is an object of love and delight,

an object meet, indeed, for their reverent and devout contemplation. This child wears his white robe securely till he reaches the age of reason.

Then indeed the battle begins. He is thus far the dear brother of Christ, he is united closely to Christ; nothing created save his own will, can bring about a separation from that source of all grace. The child may fall into slight faults, into venial sins, deliberate or indeliberate; indeed, it is very sure that some slight faults will cast their shadows on his pathway; but so long as, by God's grace, he deliberately yield to no sin that he knows to be mortal, he still continues bright and glorious, and beautiful beyond the reach of imagination.

As the child advances in years, temptation grows stronger, the fight rages more fiercely; prayer, restraint, watchfulness become more and more necessary; at times the boy may be led to think that he is left to his own unaided strength; he may feel so intensely the promptings of passion, that the presence and counsel of his guardian angel, the prayers of the Church, militant and triumphant, the intercession of the angels, the powerful enginery of the Sacraments, all those supernatural aids, employed so ceaselessly in his behalf, may fail, in such moments, to make their presence *felt*, though they are, nevertheless, still assisting him. If he but knew how angels and saints and priests and religious are all praying for that innocent soul of his; how the Precious Blood of Jesus is lavished for his sake, how the Holy Spirit is indwelling in a most special manner within his soul as in a tabernacle, to hold it against the power of the world, the flesh and the devil; how the Heart of Jesus is burning with love for him, and consumed with the desire



that the soul It loves so much may remain free from mortal stain :—did he know all this, did he realize it all, he would doubtless have shrunk in horror from any thought which might bring to nothing all these mighty aids. And God be thanked for it, there are men and women, who, piercing with the eye of faith the fleshy veils of sense, do realize this, and who, in fear and trembling, yet brave with the strength of God's grace to inspire their bravery, pass from year to year, and from this life to the other, wearing their innocence as

“ The white flower of a blameless life.”

Such souls are the glory of the Sacred Heart, the followers of the Lamb *who sing a new canticle*.

But to return to the soul we have under consideration, an unhappy day comes when the temptation, routed, it may be, many and many a time, returns with fresh force. Where did it get that force? Perhaps the boy has been reckless in his reading, and thus excited his imagination into an unhealthy sensibility; perhaps he has been careless in the choice of his companions; or, it may be he has neglected his prayers, and become remiss in approaching the Sacraments. All these and other circumstances of the like nature may have combined to weaken him and to strengthen the temptation.

And this temptation, how alluring it seems! It is a question of a mortal sin, yes—but what a fascination it has! The pleasure will last but a minute, a second, pass off with the rapidity of a glance, a turn of the hand, the suddenness of a thought. How keenly our curiosity comes into play. The struggle grows fiercer, and stronger, there is a moment of indecision, and then——

It is all over. Jesus is lost. The soul one moment ago so beautiful, is now black and foul: one moment ago the tabernacle of the Trinity; now the temple of Satan. That soul has lost all that was worth keeping. It is utterly unloveable; and were it not for the grace of Christ, it could never again shine with the splendor and bask in the beauty of God. The child has had his will, but at what a cost: better, a million times better, that the boy had not awakened to that blackest day of his life.

How different was Mary's loss. No distance could separate her lovely soul from her divine Son. Yet the physical separation, under any circumstances, must have filled her with sorrow.

She was His mother, and like the true mother's, her immaculate heart was heavy with grief. This sadness was a part of Mary's novitiate. She felt the separation, it may be piously supposed, as though her Son had really withdrawn Himself from her in anger and in punishment, and Mary was in desolation.

This trial of desolation comes occasionally upon nearly all who give themselves generously to the service of God. The sweetness and loveliness of His service pall, and the world grows bright and inviting with a mock splendor. At such a time, the soul, like Mary, must seek Jesus, and seek Him sorrowing; and seeking it shall find, and its sorrow shall be changed into great joy; and in the finding it shall realize, oh how sweetly! how much better is one day in the courts of God, than a thousand years in the tabernacles of sinners.

A DISMANTLED SHRINE.

BY E. C. S.

IN a small village in the south of France one bright June morning, Marie Ribot and Jean Mignault were married just before Mass, and the unusual number assisting at the ceremony, proved that, although no longer young, the couple were well loved.

Marie and Jean had been lovers since their youth, but Jean's father had been bedridden for years, and his mother depended upon him, her only unmarried child, to make the home comfortable. Marie was too conscientious, to tempt her lover to shirk a duty, so she loved on, and waited, knowing that God disposes all things well. Death finally came to M. Mignault, and, as with feeble upraised hand, he invoked God's blessing on the son who had sacrificed so much for him, Jean felt that the future would be brighter for this blessed memory.

bounds. He took great pleasure in attending the priest when he carried Holy Communion to the old or infirm. The villagers thought he looked like one of God's angels as in cassock and surplice he passed through the village streets with bowed head, ringing a little bell, to warn the people that the Lord was passing. Prayers and blessings followed the child, and all that saw him felt that he was specially chosen for some fruitful work.

Although after he was seven years old, he dressed like the other children of the village, he wore outside his jacket a silver medal of the Immaculate Conception, which had been given him by the Curé, on the day of his first Communion. When, however, for some fault, his parents reproved him, or when he had yielded to impatience, which was indeed very seldom, he would put the medal inside his jacket, till he had been to confession.

When Jean was fifteen years old, his uncle, who had heard that he was a bright scholar, offered to take him to the city, and put him in the way of earning a good living. This seemed to his parents a splendid opportunity, for although they had never ceased to pray that Jean might be a priest, the means were wanting and his relations, who could help, were unwilling to do so. "Better send him to work," they said "that he may provide for you, when you are old."

Pious Jean was sorely grieved when told of the good start his uncle wished to give him in life, but said meekly :

"I will do whatever you think best, but let me say nothing about the offer, till we have made a novena, asking the Blessed Virgin to obtain for us light to know God's will."

The parents, deeply touched by the submission and simple faith of their child, embraced him tenderly, and the novena was begun at once in honor of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The day the novena was ended, the good Curé called Jean to him after the Mass and said :

"I have good news for you my boy; an old classmate of mine, who is now in America, has generously placed at my disposal a sum sufficient to pay for your education, and other necessary expenses, and you are to start for St. Sulpice as soon as possible, I will see your parents this evening and

make the necessary arrangements. They have prayed for this for many years dear Jean, and I bless God that you are to have your heart's desire."

This classmate was a distant relative of the good Curé and they had been close friends, but finding that he had no vocation for the priesthood, he had settled in America where he made a large fortune, forgetting, it would seem, his old friend, until a serious accident threatened to deprive his only son of the use of a limb. Then, knowing the great piety of the good Curé, he had written, begging for Masses and prayers, which were freely given. The young man was restored to health and the grateful father sent five thousand dollars to the Curé, to be used as he thought best, for God's glory, and thus was Jean's novena answered.

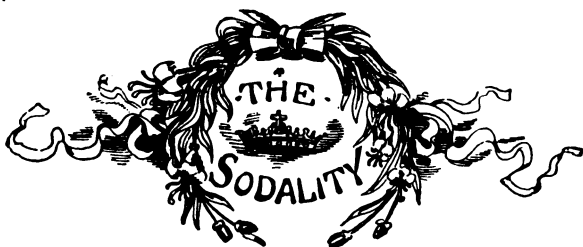
Years rolled on, and Jean Mignault was ordained a priest of God, and obtained permission to say his first Mass in the village church, where he had been baptized.

The joy of his good parents was deep and heartfelt as they welcomed their good son, and blessed God for the happiness they were permitted to enjoy; the relations who had been unwilling to help, were still proud to have a priest in the family, and they came from far and near to offer congratulations; the villagers who had known and loved him well, welcomed him with reverence and pride, but perhaps no one was happier than the dear old Curé.

"Now," he said, "I can die in peace, for this zealous young Levite, will fill my place."

The night before Jean was to celebrate his first Mass, he dreamed he was vested, and knelt at the foot of the altar, pouring forth his gratitude to God and the Blessed Virgin for his great happiness, when looking up, he saw in a blaze of glory, the little shrine so dear to his childhood.

Instead of the statue, the Blessed Virgin stood, holding in her hand a little cap and jacket, and smiling sweetly said: "Pieux Jean, have I not repaid your love for me in good measure?"



MAY is the Sodalist's month. Special Feasts of our Lady may make certain days of the year attractive to them ; but our Mother's own month, with its fair skies and temperate airs, with its repeated morning and evening devotions, make May of all periods of the year most grateful to the Sodalists' longings and most dear to their remembrances. If Catholics everywhere have learnt to spend the month of May with Mary, it is because the Sodalities of Mary have taught them the lesson and set them the example.

*

We are very favored in the variety of resources which Catholic devotion puts at our command. We spend the month of March with Joseph, the month of June, with Jesus, October with the Angels, November with the Holy Souls. We are like the favorites of fortune and society, we change about from month to month, and enjoy a new atmosphere, new company, new environment. Wayfarers as we are, we roam about freely, never at a loss to find welcome and entertainment from some one or other heavenly patron.

*

But because May is Mary's month, and because Sodalists of Mary have made it hers, we rightly call it the month of our Sodalists. Special Sodality gatherings, receptions, celebrations, processions, all lend a new charm to the sweetness of the daily or weekly May devotions. These pious exercises take so firm a hold on us that to interrupt them, or to live for a time in a parish or neighborhood in which they are not held, is like breaking the established custom of our lifetime. Even a brief attendance at them is enough to give us

The Bona Mors Association.



THE Crucifix plays an important part in the life of every Christian. It is the image which sinful and careless Christians like least of all to contemplate; for it is a direct rebuke to sin and lukewarmness. It is, on the contrary, the most grateful of all sacred images for fervent and saintly souls; it is their greatest comfort and encouragement in the trials they sustain for justice' sake. Even heretical Christians are for the most part disposed to treat with respect this reminder of the death of Christ and proof of His eagerness for our redemption.



Important as the Crucifix is during life, it is the one object of Christian piety to which the soul departing strives to cling, even when the fingers are relaxing in death. The dim eyes strain to study it, as though expecting a glance of recognition in return from the image of Him Whom the soul is next to meet as Judge; and the lips, now purified by the cleansing rite of Extreme Unction, press with fond reverence the Wounds which can sweeten even the bitterness of death. Hence it is a common thought with spiritual writers, that if we are to measure rightly the importance of the Crucifix in life, we must meditate upon what it will be for us in death. As we trust that the Crucifix will be the support of our hope in the death of our body, why should we not increase our confidence in it now that we can make it our hope and our remedy against the death of the soul, which is sin? The death of Christ on the Cross is not only a reparation but a remedy for sin. It is the source of all the grace which must lift us up from despair when we have fallen, encourage us to meet bravely the temptations to fall, and stimulate us to new efforts to confirm our wills in good habits. This is the lesson of the image of Christ on the

Cross. We keep that image before us and we venerate it, because Christ was nailed on the Cross not for His own sake but for ours.



In his meditation upon sin, Saint Ignatius introduces this principle in a remarkably dramatic manner. The soul has begun by striving to realize that the body is its prison, and that it is moving about as if in a world of desolation and savage corruption. With this prelude, the sins of our early life are brought up in array against us, and their multitude, their heinousness, and, above all, their sad effects are made the subject of a prayerful study. Then the reflections are made which most bring home to us our own worthlessness and misery in the sight of God, until it would seem that there could be no more hope, no more brightness in our life. Then, with all these motives to despair in our own helplessness before us, the Crucifix is raised before our gaze, and we are told to speak to Him Whose image we behold, not in words of terror, but in words of love; not in accents of despair, but in words of hope.



Hope makes even the gloom of Good Friday grow bright before the sunshine of Easter Day. Hope would have the Crucifixion itself less cheerless, could the bystanders have remembered the prophecy: *Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up*, and, *that He spoke of the Temple of His Body*. The bystanders did not remember it. We should remember it, and as we pass from Passion to Eastertide conceive so lively a faith in it, and in the power of the One who uttered it, to raise up the temples of our bodies also, that the crucifix, though an image of death, will become for us a pledge of life.

RECENT AGGREGATION TO THE BONA MORS.

Baltimore, Md. St. Gregory's Church, Baltimore.



NEEDS OF THE SHRINE. OUR LADY'S CROWN.

The primary need of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs is a Church large enough for the congregations that desire to make a pilgrimage to the site of the "Mission of the Martyrs."

At present, "the little oratory on the summit of the hill," large enough to accommodate the priest and server with, at most, four worshippers, is the only building erected. The members of the great pilgrimages that have gone to the Shrine, year after year, since it was opened in 1885, have knelt in the open air to assist at Mass. Fortunately, the weather was fair on most of the pilgrimage days. Once, only, has there been rain during the actual pilgrimage.

A "Shelter" where the pilgrims may break their fast, after Holy Communion, or where they may wait in prayer and recollection, if the church be occupied by others, is an urgent need of the Shrine. If provided, it will help very much to make the Shrine a favorite place of pilgrimage.

The erection of this material part of a frequented Shrine has been encouraged by the Bishop of the diocese in which Auriesville is situated, and by nearly forty Archbishops and Bishops in the United States and Canada.

The third need is a Religious House which will provide for the spiritual wants of the pilgrims. In this house, the priests in charge of the Shrine would reside, at least, during the months most suitable for pilgrimages. Possibly, too, in time a House of Retreats might be established: for this latter work, the location of the Shrine is especially fitted.

The quiet that reigns in the peaceful valley of the Mohawk and the natural beauty of the spot in which stood the old "Mission of the Martyrs," are well calculated to help in

procuring those lasting results that are produced in souls by the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. But until the pilgrim-church is built and the residence adjoining it provided, other undertakings, however promising in themselves, must be postponed.

The widespread interest taken in the Shrine, proved by the number and variety of gifts for the crown, sent from so many different localities, is a great encouragement to us to continue a work which we firmly believe is destined to do much good for the Catholic Church in America.

We commend the Shrine and its needs to the prayers of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, to whose zeal Providence has entrusted this work by confiding it to the care of the Central Direction of the League in the United States. We ask the Associates to pray earnestly, during this month of Mary, that our Queen may deign to remove the obstacles that hinder the completion of the work begun in honor of her sorrows and in commemoration of her devoted servants, Isaac, Rene and Kateri, the Missionary, the Martyr and the Lily of the Mohawks.



As announced in the April PILGRIM, our Lady's jewel-casket will be closed on the first day of May: all gifts of jewelry and gems received before that date will find a place in the crown; gifts received after the first of May will be used for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, but we cannot promise them a place in our Lady's golden crown. In closing the jewel-casket we wish to express our admiration and our thanks. Admiration, excited by the generous spirit of sacrifice and of real devotedness to the Queen of Martyrs which was manifested by the prompt response made to a simple suggestion published in the PILGRIM; thanks for the many good wishes for the success of the work, expressed by the donors of these gifts. On the feast of the Seven Sorrows, the Lenten commemoration of Our Lady of Martyrs, Friday in Passion Week, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for all benefactors of the Shrine, past and present, but more especially for all those who have contributed to the making of Our Lady's Crown.

FATHER JOHN DE BREBEUF,

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS

BY REV. FRED. ROUVIER, S.J.

III.

ARRIVAL AMONG THE HURONS.

SUCH was the life of Father de Brebeuf during seven long months. Though he could not fail to recognize its cruel sufferings, his zeal did not abate ; in fact, it was enkindled anew and burned with fresh fire. When he returned to Notre Dame des Anges, the residence of the Jesuits at Quebec (May 27, 1646), he longed just as ardently as ever to go to the Huron country.¹

This consolation was not to be longer deferred. Some months later when the Huron fleet, having completed their exchanges, set out once more to ascend the St. Lawrence, they bore with them in one of their frail canoes, the Apostle of their nation. This he was truly to be ; for, although when he arrived in the land of the Hurons there was not a single Christian to be found, when he died, there were about 8,000.

It was a painful journey ; more than once during the long travel of nine hundred miles the hands of the Missionary were bruised by paddling ; more than once was he obliged, like his companions, to carry the baggage and even the canoe itself on his shoulders. "We could do no more," wrote he, "but God allowed us to taste the delights of Paradise."²

¹ Father le Jeune, in the relations of 1633-35, speaks of the fashion in which the Hurons wore their hair, a fashion which was the origin of their name among the French. With some, it was loose on one side, and tight braided on the other ; again, it was shaven, leaving one long and cherished lock or more ; while with others it bristled in a ridge across the crown like the back of a hyena. "Quelles hures !" exclaimed a Frenchman, from which came the name of Huron. According to Lalement, their true name was Onendant ; Champlain called them Ochateguins. The modern Wyandots are a remnant of this lost people.

² Parkman, in his history of the Jesuits in North America (p. 46), gives the following description of these annual trading visits to Quebec. "In July, the St. Lawrence was alive with the canoe fleet. A hundred and forty

At last they arrived. Father de Brebeuf as well as Father de Noue, his companion, remained at the village of St. Joseph (Ihonatiria), whilst Father de la Roche d'Aillon established himself at Coragoua. These two religious, however, did not remain long with the Hurons. Some months later they returned to Quebec, the first named discouraged by the difficulties of the language, and the latter recalled by his superiors.

From that time, Father de Brebeuf remained alone in the midst of the savages, completely and painfully isolated, but his God was with him. From the poor Jesuit's crucifix did He silently teach him the love of sufferings, and, above all, He was with him in the Blessed Eucharist. Each morning, the King of Kings came down into the poor Missionary's hut. From the miserable altar whereon the sacrifice of Calvary was renewed, He passed into the heart of His servant and filled it with ardent love ; a divine visit very necessary for Father de Brebeuf's comfort and strength against discouragement in presence of the apparent sterility of his rude labors ; for alas, though the man of God sowed with indefatigable zeal, he reaped nothing.

In vain did he devote himself in every possible manner, giving his days and his nights to the care of the sick ; in vain had he translated the catechism of Father Ledesma : the hearts of the savages remained unsoftened ; or rather, their hearts were touched by his charity, but their souls remained invincibly closed to the Truth.

canoes, with six or seven savages, landed at the warehouses beneath the fortified rock of Quebec, and set up their huts and camp-sheds on the strand now covered by the lower town. The greater number brought furs and tobacco for the trade ; others came as sight-seers, others to gamble and to steal, accomplishments in which the Hurons were proficient, their gambling skill being exercised chiefly against each other and their thieving talents against those of other nations.

"The routine of these annual visits, was nearly uniform.

"On the first day, the Indians built their huts, on the second, they held their council with the French officers at the fort ; on the third and fourth, they bartered their furs and tobacco for kettles, hatchets, knives, cloth, beads, iron arrow-heads, coats, shirts and other commodities ; on the fifth, they were feasted by the French ; and at daybreak of the next morning, they embarked and vanished like a flight of birds." ("Comme une volie d'Oiseaux." Le Jeune, Relation, 1633.)

To all the Father's efforts, the Hurons, chained to their sad errors by their licentious lives, answered in the same words :

"Your customs are not ours, your God cannot be our God."

Thus in discouraging unfruitfulness did the days of the Missionary pass. The only good within his opportunity was, from time to time, to baptize some dying child. In these little Angels which he sent radiant to Heaven, he seemed to see the first-born of an elect people, and would not allow himself to be discouraged.

An unexpected order came, however, to arrest his labors ; he was recalled to Quebec. What had happened ? And why desert this field at the very moment when the soil was fairly broken ?

* * * * *

Exposed to the secret ill-will of the merchant company which really governed New France, the Canada Mission was seriously in danger. Father Lalement, the superior, in order to save it, vainly sent Father Noirot to Paris for aid. For the same purpose, he was preparing to go to Europe himself, and, before leaving, he desired to re-assemble the Fathers at Quebec and to provide for possibilities which were unfortunately soon to be realized.

This was the reason of Father de Brebeuf's recall.

The adieus of the Hurons to the Missionary were touching.

These poor people, hitherto so heedless, seemed to comprehend the loss they were about to sustain. "You are going to leave us, *Echon*," said they sorrowfully, "and we do not yet know how to adore the Master of life as you adore Him. If we do not know your God we take Him to witness that it is not our fault, but yours, because you leave us so soon."¹

¹ *Echon* was the name given to Father de Brebeuf by the Hurons. Each Missionary received from them a like name. These savages called those whom they wished to honor, "my uncle," "my nephew,"—doubtless to signify to them that they were not looked upon as strangers. Often, however, these terms became ironical, as when they used them in addressing prisoners of war who were being led to torture.

FAMINE IN THE MISSION OF MADURA.

THE letters which have come to us from Right Rev. Bishop Barthe and the priests of the Madura Mission need no word of comment to present the pitiful story they tell. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus help these devoted pastors, who are asking not for themselves but for the little ones of His flock !

Letter from Father Caussanel, S.J., to Bishop Barthe :

MONSEIGNEUR, P. C. :

I have just returned from visiting the sixty villages dependent on Tuticony. It is impossible for me to describe the extreme misery I witnessed everywhere as a result of the famine which has been caused by four years of great scarcity. . . . Everywhere I witnessed the same heart-rending scenes ; everywhere I was surrounded by our famished Christians telling me the same harrowing tale, and, alas, their haggard countenances, the wildness of their looks, the piercing cries of the poor babes in their mothers' arms, more eloquently than any words, bore but too true witness to their misery. " All hope is gone," they say, " we can only trust in God and in the Holy Church, for we have nothing to live on." There is no security on the roads, for since the famine began bands of robbers have been going about pillaging the villages and laying hands on everything they can find in the way of cattle and provisions. I have seen several poor creatures who had been left half-dead on one of the high roads after they had been robbed of the little money they possessed.

Over thirty villages have asked to receive baptism, and there are many catechumens in them sufficiently instructed to be admitted into the Church. Famine has nothing to do with this request ; they have been making it before the real hardship of the famine was felt.

What are we to do ? My resources being already too small to save a quarter of the old Christians from dying of hunger. Should I baptize these new postulants the pagans will be scandalized, because they will say, it is not true that the Church helps her children in time of need.

As I am writing these lines, over three hundred famished creatures are at my door asking for alms, amongst them, two poor old women dying from starvation.

I remain your most humble son and servant,
A. CAUSSANEL, S.J.

Letter of Father Verdier, S.J., to Bishop Barthe :
MONSEIGNEUR, P. C.:

I have read the foregoing letter with the deepest emotion. If you will give me permission, I will sell the chalices and ostensoria to help these villages. Famine is spreading in every direction, and the villages mentioned above are in need of immediate assistance.

I remain your obedient son in Christ,
L. VERDIER, S.J.

Letter from Bishop Barthe to Father Boutilant, S.J. :
DEAR REVEREND FATHER, P. C.:

Last year, as you are aware, a great part of our Mission suffered from great scarcity, but this year the whole of the Mission is threatened with a severe famine. Public prayers have been offered up in all the churches and chapels during the last month, but as yet the Sacred Heart of Jesus has not answered our prayer. May His holy will be done ! The orphanage of Adeicalabouram, already overburdened with children, will have to take pagan children from all parts, if the famine continues. Do your utmost to find benefactors who will help us to receive these little ones and open to them the gates of heaven. Those who aid us will exercise a magnificent apostleship amongst our Indians.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus bless you and all the benefactors of our Mission !

✠ J. M. BARTHE, S.J.
Bishop of Trichinopoly, India.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

DEAREST MEMORY—SWEETEST HOPE

By S. M.

MY first Communion ! Ah, what tender thrill,
Steals o'er my heart with blest and holy power,
Like some sweet chord, once touched and sounding still,
As oft returns the memory of that hour.
Throughout the days, since then, on wings of light,
How swiftly have the happy moments fled !
But none have brought me, in their onward flight,
A joy that o'er my life such peace has shed,—
Such glad, and deep, and full,—such heavenly peace
As then was mine, when first within my breast,
Bidding its waves be still, its tempests cease,
My Jesus came to be its loving guest.
How gently stirred the early morning air !
The dawning light its tenderest shadows cast,
The very flowers, low-bent, as if in prayer,
Seemed whispering to Jesus as He passed ;
And lower still my spirit bowed and sighed,—
“ My sweetest Jesus ! 'neath Thy loving smile,
When shall I with Thee evermore abide ? ”
He softly answered, “ Yet a little while.”

“ A little while ! ” Yea, Lord, 'tis quickly o'er,
“ A little while ” to bear the cross for Thee

- . Along the way where Thou hast gone before,
And borne it long and lovingly for me.
Endure, my soul! the weary day will close,
The circling hills their evening shadows cast,
And, lulling all thy longings to repose,
The night will fall—the “little while” be past.
Most loving Jesus! Thou my joy replete,
Oh, let me, in that moment dark and lone,
Embrace Thee in one last Communion sweet,
And pour my glad thanksgiving at Thy throne.

—*St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo Co., Ind., Jan. 1893.*



“Honor Our Lady, Queen of May” is the practice laid down for the first of May in our monthly Calendar of Intentions and Practices; “Love the Rosary,” “Wear the Scapular,” “Ask Our Lady’s help,” are the practices recommended respectively for the 5th, the 15th and the 24th days of this beautiful month, which is fittingly terminated by the reminder to “Thank Our Lady for this month’s graces.”

So we are to pass the month of May, closely united with Our Lady, as from day to day we unite our prayers, works and sufferings with those of our Lord in intercession for the General Intention of the month, the conversion of heretics and unbelievers, and for the particular intentions for which so many souls in need are craving prayers.

The Apostleship is doing its proper work when it is thus promoting the ordinary and favorite devotions of the faithful, the Rosary, the Scapular and the May services. No one can be in league with the Heart of Jesus who is not bent on practising and inducing others to practise devotions so dear to the heart of Mary. It is idle to proclaim ourselves Apostles of prayer, associated with the Heart of Jesus, if we are not familiar with the prayer which combines all prayers, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin; with the practice of wearing her scapular, which insures for us her powerful intercession; with the gatherings, the hymns, the sacred office and the benedictions of the Holy Sacrament in honor of Mary, Queen of May.

Though we never fail to offer the fruits of our days in union with the immaculate heart of Mary, we should unite our prayers and works with hers more intimately, during the month which is set apart for her honor.

The Morning Offering itself will enable us to unite our hearts with hers and the daily decade will naturally lead us to grow more familiar with her Rosary. The new Rosary tickets, which we publish for the first time this month, have all the attractions which clear type, firm paper and artistic illustrations of the mysteries, can offer to recommend a practice which has so much in itself to compel our devotion. The labor and expense which they will entail are to fall on the Central Direction only, not on our Local Directors or Promoters. They are our offering, somewhat more worthy of Our Lady than the Rosary tickets hitherto used, to the cause of devotion to Mary the Mother of God, and we shall consider ourselves more than requited if they increase the love of her Rosary.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

The Promoters' receptions have become so important and so numerous that we have felt called upon to publish every month a list of the Local Centres to which diplomas and crosses have been sent for the worthy candidates for the Promoter's office. This list is printed for the first time on page 355 of the *Messenger* for April. It is a record which will be followed with great interest by everyone who knows the true test of activity in the work of the League, the devotion of trained and tried Promoters.



Readers of the PILGRIM have learned before this the practice of making spiritual pilgrimages to the shrines of our Lady, during the Month of May.

One shrine is chosen each day. In the morning we propose to honor Our Lady as she is honored by her clients who are able to go in pilgrimage to that shrine. We determine the pious practices, short prayers, etc., we are to perform.

During the day we turn our thoughts to the shrine, from time to time, thanking our Lady for the wonders wrought there, and begging her to bless us and to make us share in her good gifts. In the evening we offer what we have done during the day, and beg our Lady to accept it. A list of shrines will be published in the May *Messenger*.



The great Eucharistic Congress which is to be held in Jerusalem under the presidency of a Cardinal Legate, during the month of May, should engage the attention of our Promoters and secure their prayers for its success. All who are desirous of spreading the reign of our Eucharistic King should beseech Him to bless this Congress and those who are to take part in it. The Congress will be held May 15-21, and our Holy Father, eager to engage our sympathy and prayers in its behalf, has extended the grant of the indulgences and other spiritual benefits attached to the pilgrimages made to Jerusalem during this Congress, to those who, unable to join the pilgrimage in person, aid the pious work by their prayers, their zeal and their alms. The indulgences are all applicable to the Holy Souls.



In the many letters published in the April *Messenger* about the League in Indian Missions, nothing is more noteworthy than the eagerness with which these neophytes practise the Communion of Reparation. In more than one instance they come from a distance, in spite of bad weather, poor roads and a scant fare. They camp outside the church, and are satisfied when, wearing their badge and singing their Indian hymns, they kneel around the Holy Table and receive our Divine Lord. What must our Lord think of it? Was it not in reference to such simple piety that He once cried out: *I confess to Thee, O Father, O Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father, for so it has seemed good in Thy sight.*—St. Luke x., 21.

"What has held our handful of Associates together," said a newly appointed Local Director to us lately, "is the Communion of Reparation." He was about to reorganize a Centre which had been somewhat neglected. He found that the only regular communicants of the parish were those who, as Associates of the League, had adopted the practice of Communion of Reparation. It kept them together, because to appoint the days for this communion the Promoters naturally sought out the Associates of their band ; by uniting them so frequently at the Holy Table, it kept them attached to one another and to the common source of their devotion, the Heart of Jesus.

Who will say their Reparation has not been the cause of the great comfort which our Lord will be pleased to take in this reorganized Centre ?



The pupils of colleges, academies and schools should practise the beautiful devotion of the six Sundays in honor of St. Aloysius. There could be no more blessed ending of the scholastic year. The fruits of the devotion recommend it not only to pupils, but to all young Catholics, to whom St. Aloysius has been given as a special patron by the Holy See. Preservation of innocence, light to know one's vocation, love of Mary our Mother and the sanctification of studies and other employments are fruits of this devotion, which lead even adults to practise it every year. Sunday, May 14, will be the first of the six Sundays. Promoters should recommend the practice, especially to the younger Associates in their bands; there is no better means of multiplying the habit of frequent Communion in a school or parish. A full explanation of the practice and the prayers proper for its service are given in the short life of the Saint published at our office.



May is a time for First Communions in parishes and schools. The long and arduous preparation of the year in Sunday Schools and Catechism classes is rewarded about this

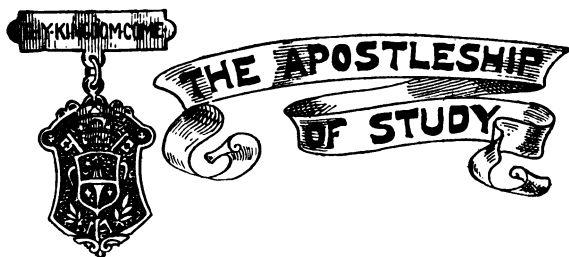
season by admission to the Holy Table at which so many eager young minds and hearts learn the the full meaning of Christ's invitation: *Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.* Here is a work for our Promoters and Associates. How vain it is to pray *Thy Kingdom Come!* unless we help that kingdom in the hearts of the little ones to whom Christ points as to His kingdom actually existing on earth? Even though we take no part in their catechetical training, we can contribute our share to their fervent first reception of the Holy Eucharist by manifesting our interest and sympathy with them in that solemn experience of their lives.



It may not be untimely, at this season of frequent Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, to remind Associates of the custom and the benefit of wearing the Badge of the Apostleship in public. In the Rescript of June 14, 1877, designating the Badge as the proper insignia of the League Associates to wear it at all times and to let it appear, *i. e.*, to wear it publicly, in public ceremonies, at prayers of the League in public, in processions, or before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. The indulgence for wearing the Badge in sight is 7 years and 7 quarantines.



The General Intention for May, the conversion of heretics and unbelievers, is most worthy of the zeal and prayers of our Associates, not only because it is an interest of the church throughout the world, but chiefly because it concerns the welfare of the church and of so many souls in our own country. In making it known to Central Directors, the Moderator General of the Apostleship has emphasized strongly the fact that the conversion of America, and particularly of the United States, should be the object of the prayers of the Leaguers of every nation.



QUERIES.

HOW are we to confer all six decorations on pupils who have but one or two years to spend at College.

They might be conferred at intervals of three or of four months. All six need not be conferred. But as a preparation for the great privilege attached to the last and highest Decoration, viz., the Papal Blessing on the day of its reception and at the hour of death, for the father, mother, brothers and sisters, as well as for the winner of this Decoration, it is proper to confer one or two at least of the Decorations granted to the lower grades. These might be chosen according to the virtue most desirable for the candidate; the Blue for devotion to our Lady; Purple for penance; Violet for faithfulness; Red for devotion to the Sacred Heart; White for purity. Ordinarily, for pupils who have only a year to prepare, the first and fourth are chosen as indicative of the devout spirit they should cultivate toward our Lord and His Mother.

DEAR REV. FATHER :

Many if not the greater number of school children are wearing the Decorations of the Apostleship of Study the whole time while at school. It is a little question but I would be pleased to have an answer through *THE PILGRIM*. *Should the children wear the ribbon always or may the pin be worn without the ribbon?* It is the love of finery in this case that beckons them on the way of piety, but it is impracticable in our city of grimy soot to keep anything neat and clean.

There is no need of wearing the Decorations all the time. Even should the piety of the pupils prompt them to wear their clasps and colors in school and out, they need not expose them too much. The colors are an essential part of the Decorations, and they express the virtues peculiar to the grades of their wearers. It is scarcely fair to require those who have merited their Decorations, either to deprive themselves of the distinction they confer, or of the emblematic lessons they constantly give.

It will be well for those who have charge of the Apostleship of Study in colleges or academies to bear in mind that the Indulgences and Papal Blessing attached to the Decorations of the highest degree are granted also to the father, mother, brothers and sisters of the scholar to whom they are awarded. These high spiritual rewards are granted not only on the day on which the Decorations are awarded, but also at the hour of death.

What is specially worthy of notice is that the Papal Blessing should be conferred by a priest, the Local Director, confessor or chaplain, since he is usually the confessor of the pupils. It may be conferred privately or publicly, according to the formula given in chapter V. of the *Childrens' Manual*. Why not, therefore, have it conferred publicly, either in the closing chapel services or at the public exhibitions which usually terminate the year? Since it may be conferred upon all entitled to it by one and the same formula, some such occasions as these, which bring parents and pupils together, would make the granting of it more certain and more impressive. Diplomas which record the award of this highest Decoration, although not necessary for obtaining it, are a helpful reminder of its significance and value.

We invite reports of the work of the Apostleship of Study in our schools and colleges, making special mention of the results of its practices, the hours of play, of silence and of study, and of the emulation which it produces among the pupils both in studies and in conduct.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Conversion of Heretics and Unbelievers.

CONVERSION is not merely a change of mind, but also a change of heart; it is not merely the adoption of a new belief, but the active profession of a creed, and the consistent practice of all that creed requires. It is the submission of one's entire being to divine Truth and divine Law.

Unbelievers recognize neither God's Word nor His Law; heretics have false views of both. Both unbelievers and heretics make their own poor intellects the measure of divine doctrine and authority, instead of looking to God's revelation and mastery to exalt their ignorance and dependence. Conversion, therefore, requires such a change of mind and heart as to give up the selfish adherence to one's own views and attachments, and adopt God's thoughts and ways of doing things. It is, in a word, such an abandonment of one's mental and moral habits and such an adoption of a new, a heavenly, a divine mode of life, that it is called by the words new creation, regeneration, a new birth into the life of all who are born of God.

Grace is the principle which begets this new life in souls, and the nourishment which supports it. Light to know how limited human knowledge is; candor enough to admit a man's weakness; courage enough to own before men one's dependence upon God, and strength of will to embrace the duties which God requires of us—these and all the manifold awakenings of intellect and impulses of will are needed before the souls of heretics and unbelievers can shake off prejudices, generously admit their errors, and bravely defy the human respect which keeps them from an open profession of the Truth and a humble submission to the law of God.

Prayer is the source of every grace; and the prayer which is combined with sincerity is infallible in obtaining what it demands. The sincerity which should prove our prayer for the conversion of heretics and unbelievers is a life which will help instead of hindering them from turning to God, and leaving their present error and unbelief for His Light and His Truth.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

NINTH YEAR.

JUNE, 1893.

No. 6.

MARY, SEAT OF WISDOM.

A MAY SONNET.

BY REV. J. F. X. O'CONOR, S. J.



MARY! Dawn of our eternal day!

From thee arose the Sun, the world's true light,
Who changed to glorious morn our sinful night.

Send me, thy child, while treading on life's way,
Of faith, and hope and love, one guiding ray
To melt the clouds of vengeful error's spite,
That truth undimmed may ever cheer my sight;
For how could darkness be where thou dost stay?

Then guide me, when I write, that I may learn
To wield the pen, the Apostle's mighty sword;
And teach my heart with holy zeal to burn,
That, fighting bravely in the cause of right
And truth, I seek alone, my soul's delight,
The purest glory of my God and Lord.

MARY, THE MODEL OF MOTHERS.

IN the April number of the PILGRIM, we considered the sweet tranquility of the hidden life at Nazareth, and in May the one single manifestation made by Jesus during all those hidden years.

It was on this latter occasion that Jesus uttered those words, so often mis-interpreted by those who would do away with all devotion toward the Blessed Mother, "*Know you not that I must be about my Father's business?*" This utterance of the child Jesus was far from being a reproof issued from the loving Heart of Jesus. He would prepare His mother for what was to come. He wished her, during the quiet, gentle years of prayer and contemplation which lay between His appearance in the temple and His public life, to prepare herself for the sublime share which was to be hers in the public life.

And now the time had come when Jesus was to leave His Blessed Mother. Where He went she was not to follow. His Father's business, that sublime work whereof He had given her warning, called Him to His public life. In the happy days at Nazareth, Mary was the model of all mothers; and her hidden life with the dear Christ-Child in the humble village was to add a new dignity to the office of motherhood. But now that the moment of parting had come, Mary was called upon to represent a new type of motherhood.

To many a Christian mother comes a day when the child, loved and cherished with a tenderness and care that from the tenderest years to the first dawn of maturity have never abated, is called by God to leave home and family, and the many ties that bind him to all the years that have gone before, now to give that promising life entirely to God. And the fond mother, whose every meat and drink it has been to have the beloved one by her side, to shower unceasing attention upon that tender soul, is now brought face to face with the fact that God requires her treasure for Himself.

And if this mother has studied and loved the Virgin Mary,

she realizes with the clear vision of faith that she is now to become like unto Mary in a most special manner, and as Mary, not without many a heart's pang, bade farewell to her dear Son with a perfect immolation, so the Christian mother in tears and sadness, it may be, generously gives up her darling one to the sublime and sacred service of God.

Then comes the parting—bitter, indeed, in the act ; but oh, so sweet and consoling in the retrospect. The pains of separation may last for years, yet they are softened and beautified by the noble virtues which gave her strength for the sacrifice.

There is yet another class of mothers, who, in a particular manner, are made like unto Mary, the Mother, who in the fulness of her love is forced to open unto the knock of pallid death. For days and nights has she bent over the tiny face, and watched with tears and sighs the lines and shadows of pain that pass over the tiny face. How hungrily has she sought for the tender infant smile which broke so readily over the loved features before illness and pain set their signet upon the little life. How her heart throbs with pleasure when the innocent eyes look upon her with loving recognition, and the tender little arms stretch forth eagerly to her, and the little lips utter their feeble cry of love. These are the gleams of sunshine that relieve the last hours. A moment comes when the poor little face is composed in a lasting quiet, when the eyes may no longer look upon the object of their love, when the poor wasted hands are folded upon the bosom, when, in a word, the poor mother not able to believe the evidence of her racked senses, sobs over the casket, whence the priceless shining jewel has been taken. Poor broken-hearted mother !



And yet, if she but recognizes that death, who thus rudely broke in upon her happiness, is the royal ambassador of God; that it was He whose *fiat* quieted the little form before her; that, in God's inscrutable designs, the "Reaper whose name is death," had plucked her own little flower for a garden where there is no withering of beauteous buds—then surely the loss shall become a gain; and the mother, though carrying through life a wounded heart, yet in the very wound will hold enshrined, as in a gracious tabernacle, the memory and the love of her little angel.

And every memory, and every thought of the departed one will turn into an aspiration, a sigh for that blessed land where there is no parting, where all is peace. And thus the mother, resigned to the loss, becomes spiritualized, and elevated above the dross and pitch of every-day life. The departed child she can never forget, and yet so long as she remembers it, so long shall she remember and be drawn to that other land beyond.

For many a mother, this rude visit of death has been an awakening. He comes, this seemingly pitiless monster; he comes and in his parting takes away the little life. He takes the giddiness, the vanity, the attachment to earth, which have unconsciously, it may be, stolen into the mother's heart, and leaves in their place high and holy thoughts, which are to bless the mother through long days and long years, until of the sad separation is born the sweet, the blissful union, beyond, forevermore, the reach of Death's awful hand.

THE LEGEND ON THE LOCKET.

I WAS in my first sleep, when the sound of the door bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and, after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall, as I

opened the door, made me pity the delicate looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes, with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiancy about her hair seemed to glow in some painted yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in, when she addressed me :

"Father, can you come with me at once, my mother is dying; and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat, as she made answer.

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick about a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp: she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly: you needn't be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later, we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so slight and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snow flakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed, under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked: more like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God, than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow and trouble and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket, fashioned in the shape of a heart.

She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers, released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.

"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend: my eyes are very good but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father—now look."

How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend—

Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father." And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence, as I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes, seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His Sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve, O so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in the soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life; but the hand of death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made

her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love, such as I have rarely seen, received the last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned toward a little box at the further end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked. She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress," I said. She whispered, and there was love in her tones :—

"My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued. "She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed, she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed : I no less amazed, was staring at a golden heart shaped locket fastened to the bosom of a child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God tell me where is your daughter. Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips and say

Cease ! the Heart of Jesus is with me.

She died a year ago."

Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.

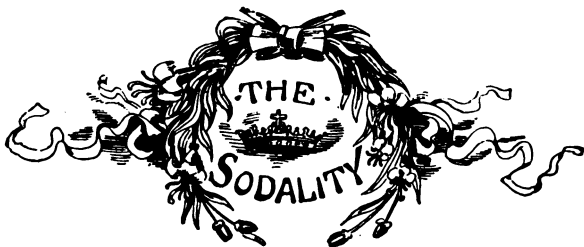
Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you my darling,—

"Cease ! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

Edith and she were again united.



ONE of the facts that strike our attention, either at the ordinary Sodality meetings or at the special anniversary services, is that the instructions given to Sodalists are very different from those which are given to the congregations usually assembled in our churches. The instructors speak to their Sodalists in a more familiar tone ; they discourse upon topics which suppose some acquaintance with the common observances of Catholic devotion ; and they recommend practices which the ordinary Christian would deem either entirely beyond one's powers, or, at least unnecessary.

*

Every Spiritual Director of a Sodality will readily explain this fact. Even before meeting with the members of his Sodality, he knows that they stand in the special relation to him of helpers in any good work he may wish to undertake for the good of his parish. Should he need material resources they will be quick to notice his needs and urge them, with a full sense of their importance, upon those of his flock who hold aloof from Church societies of every sort. Should he need spiritual co-operation his Sodalists will be as quick to recognize this need also, and to contribute the aid of their prayers, their encouragement, their good example. The frequent meetings in church, the part they take with him in their devotional services, their frequent reception of the Holy Sacraments from him, make Sodalists one in sentiment and one in aim and method with their pastor, and this unity assures him of a ready response on their part to his every enterprise for the welfare of his charge.

It may not occur to some of our Sodality directors that the weekly or monthly Sodality instructions may be given with very great profit on subjects not purely religious, but rather historical or ethical, which have a bearing on religion. A Sodality which has the good fortune to hear its director every week has lately heard from him a series of instructions on Iconoclasm, and on the Reformation miscalled of the sixteenth century, all with a view to urging upon the hearers the importance of the Catholic practices which these heresies assailed. Catholic truth assumes a very great importance when it is shown from the history of the world, that some of its very simplest teachings, the worship of images and the benefit of Indulgences, were dear enough to the Church to make her cut off those who would not admit them, and dear enough to her children to make them die rather than forsake them.

*

A musical director of one of our large city churches lately called our attention to the aid given by Sodalities in training the members of a parish to congregational singing. The hymns they know so well, they sing easily even when apart from other Sodalists. They do not readily forget the airs which are associated with their Sodality meetings, and hence they become the most effective aid a director can have in making a congregation overcome the timidity and confusion usually displayed when congregational music is first attempted. There can be no full share in our services until our congregations can unite in the music which forms so large and important a part of all our ceremonies. Time and care spent in training a Sodality choir are never lost; just as it proves to be the greatest incentive to their devotion, so, through their influence, it may become the chief attraction for the entire congregation to attend more frequently at our church services.

*

Directors of Sodalities which have been aggregated to the Prima Primaria through this office will help the work of the Sodalities very effectively by attending to the circular we have lately addressed them.

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE,
MANGALORE, INDIA, February 26, 1893.

DEAR REV. FATHER:—Your *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS are doing much good to the young people of my Sodality. They read them with pleasure, and find them very interesting.

I am sure, my dear Father, that all the English-speaking people of the whole world are greatly indebted to you for such interesting, pious, and sound reading. Thanks to your *Messenger*, the devotion to the Sacred Heart has very much increased among our pupils. We have a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart in our church. A lamp is always burning before it, and scarcely a day passes without the offering of some flowers or candles. Boys are seen at all hours of the day praying before it; they not only honor the Sacred Heart, but they love it as the centre of all their devotions. It seems to me that the great aim of the "Apostleship of Prayer" is to draw the whole world to a holy familiarity with the Blessed Humanity of our dear Lord and Redeemer. Your beautiful *Messenger* does much in this line. I thank you, in the name of my whole Sodality, for the good you are doing to our souls.

Allow me to subscribe to your *Messenger* whilst I am Director of the Apostleship of Prayer in this college. We are poor, but we wish to contribute our mite to your great work.

Faithfully yours in Corde Jesu,
STANISLAS DE BONIS, S.J.

OUR LADY'S SCAPULAR.

SEVERAL years ago, a party of a dozen men went down to the scene of a wreck, a few miles from St. John's, N. B. Only one returned; he was the only Catholic of the party, and he attributes his almost miraculous deliverance to the protection of our Blessed Mother, whose scapular he wore around his neck.

While the men were on the wreck a violent storm arose which prevented them from returning to land. The wreck soon went to pieces. For several hours the unfortunate men

clung desperately to pieces of the wreck, but one after another relaxed his hold and was swept away by the angry waves, until only one remained. He, to his dismay, found himself slowly drifting out to sea.

It was now nearly six in the evening and with the daylight all hope seemed fading away. The only land within sight was a tall cliff, which arose almost perpendicularly out of the sea, about six miles off. But our Blessed Mother was watching over him. The storm had been gradually subsiding and, when his strength was all but exhausted, he was picked up and brought back to St. John's. He is still there, well known to the writer and to many of the MESSENGER readers.

GOOD-NIGHT, MY JESUS.

M. E. H.

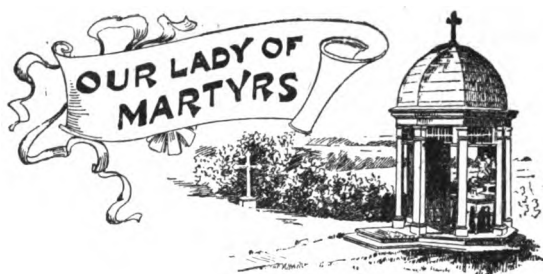
JESUS, dear, the day is over,
Now I leave my labor light,
And before I seek my slumber,
Come to say a sweet "Good-night."

Would that I might tarry near Thee,
Rest before Thy lonely shrine ;
Thou would'st whisper loving secrets,
And I'd tell Thee all of mine.

But I cannot linger, Jesus,
I must leave Thee for awhile ;
Now bestow on me a blessing,
And a fond, approving smile.

I will leave my heart beside Thee,
It will rest securest here,
And within Thy fond embraces,
It will grow to Thee more dear.

So "Good-night" once more my Jesus,
Grant, no matter where I be,
All my thoughts and all my dreaming,
Be of Thee and only Thee.



WHITSUNTIDE ANNIVERSARY. OUR LADY'S CROWN.

This issue of *THE PILGRIM* will reach our subscribers about the Feast of Pentecost, which this year marks the 250th anniversary of the painful scenes witnessed by Father Jogues, then a captive at Ossernenon (Auriesville).

The Iroquois were devil-worshippers and cannibals as well ; during the preceding winter they had not eaten any of their prisoners, and in spring, to atone for their neglect, they slew two bears and devoured them, crying aloud at the same time : "Justly dost thou punish us, O Aireskoi, for it is long since we have eaten our prisoners. We have offended thee, because we were content with their death, but if any now fall into our hands, we promise thee to treat them as we do these bears." They were soon able to fulfil their promise. A captive Huron woman, who had been prepared for Baptism, was chosen as the victim. While the savages applied fire to her body the older chiefs cried out : "O Aireskoi, we offer thee this victim which we burn in thy honor. Be satisfied with her flesh and make us victors over our enemies." Then they threw the poor creature into the midst of a vast flaming pile.

Father Jogues ran to her with a cup of water in his hand, spoke the last comforting words, and baptized her while she was still conscious, thus depriving the demon of his chosen victim. As soon as the sufferer died, her body was taken from the flames, cut in pieces and divided among the different villages, to be eaten in honor of Aireskoi.



In closing our Lady's jewel-casket, we desire to thank the Catholic mother and her sons, who have given to so many

clients of Our Lady of Martyrs an opportunity to prove their love and their devotedness, by the sacrifice of objects held dear for the memories with which they were associated. In the great majority of cases, the jewels sent us for our Lady's crown were keepsakes from friends or relatives now departed, and, on this account, were treasured with a tenacious love which the desire to honor our Lady, alone, could overcome. Yet the sacrifice in every case was made with joy. That it was freely made, there is no need of asserting, for from the first proposal of the project in the December, 1892, PILGRIM until the closing of the jewel-casket, no word written of it could imply that there was the slightest obligation imposed upon those to whom THE PILGRIM presented the plan proposed.



The first suggestion of the crown came to us from the mother whose sons gave their prize medals as the first offering. THE PILGRIM presented the project to its readers and to clients of Our Lady of Martyrs, adding that the crown should, as far as possible, be made of articles of personal adornment.

The enthusiastic reception which the project met with, and the many different sources whence the jewels came, have been duly announced. In this final account, we desire to state that as the day set for the closing of the casket drew near, the number of gifts increased and the anxiety displayed by the late comers, lest their offerings should not find place, more than made up for the delay that had preceded the sending of their gifts.



And now that the casket is closed, we commend to all clients of our Lady the numerous petitions that have been sent with the gifts for the crown. These requests were presented in the Mass that was said on the Feast of the Seven Sorrows, for all benefactors of the Shrine. They have been remembered in holy Mass, again and again, and commended to the prayers of the League. May our dear Lady deign to hear and to help all those who have united in honoring her;

M. of L., Yazoo City, Miss.	\$ 3 00
W. H., Boston, Mass.	1 00
A. C., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00
H. McF., Lincoln, Neb.	1 00
P. A. Mc., Minneapolis, Minn.	1 00
T. I., Salt Lake City, Utah	1 00
—, St. Joseph, Ottumwa, Iowa	1 00
M. M. L., Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00
E. A. A., Philadelphia, Pa.	5 00
Associate, New York, N. Y.	2 00
M. B. M., Philadelphia	1 00
J. L. R., Abbeville, S. C.	1 00
H. F. J., Boston, Mass.	5 00
A Petitioner, Fall River, Mass.	1 00

FATHER JOHN DE BRÉBEUF.

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

BY REV. FRED. ROUVIER, S.J.

III.

ABSENCE AND RETURN.

THE order to return to Quebec was too peremptory for Father de Brébeuf to allow himself to listen to their entreaties. He arrived at Quebec the 17th of July, 1628, where a new trial awaited him. Champlain, after having defied the enemy as long as he had powder and caps, was finally obliged to surrender Quebec to the English, July 19, 1629. Even in his extremity he succeeded in dictating his own conditions to the conquerors.

One of these stipulated the free return of the Missionaries into Europe, on board the victorious fleet. Father de Brébeuf, like his companions, was thus obliged to leave the land where he had hoped to die. The hour of darkness was upon them. The angels of Canada, seeing the heroic phalanx set sail for Europe, could well veil their faces, for hell was triumphant. Should it always be so?

No, God did not turn His Face from the land where one day the Papacy was to find chivalrous defenders. He did not abandon those souls in which Christianity was to take deep root. Three years later, the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye restored Canada to France, and on June 5, 1633 a cannon salute announced joyously to Quebec the arrival of a French squadron.

It was Champlain, who, after Duplesses Bochard, his lieutenant, came again to take possession of Canada in the name of the King, whilst Fathers de Brébeuf and Masse, who were on board, returned to take possession in the name of God.¹

The Apostle returned to the combat with renewed resolution. During the three years, passed partly in the college of Rouen, partly in the college of Eu, in the position of Procurator, he had bound himself by new promises to Jesus Christ. On January 30, 1630, he had pronounced the solemn vows of spiritual coadjutor at Rouen. "I felt," wrote he a few days before, "a strong desire to suffer for Christ . . . I offered myself and said, make me, O Lord, a man after Thy own heart. Nothing now shall separate me from Thy love, neither nakedness, nor the sword, nor death."

The following year saw that other declaration written and signed with his blood, in which his thirst for suffering was still more keen, and which was as the gauge of his future martyrdom: "Lord Jesus, my Redeemer, Thou didst purchase me with Thy blood and Thy most precious death. Therefore I promise to serve Thee for my whole life in the Society of Jesus, and never to serve anyone but Thee. I sign this promise with my blood, being ready to sacrifice it all to Thee as willingly as I do this drop.

JEAN DE BRÉBEUF, S.J.

The valiant Missionary had no better chance of shedding this generous blood than among the Indians, so that it was but natural, that, as soon as he had landed, his eyes and his heart should turn in that direction.

He might well believe for a moment that God Himself

¹ Father le Jeune, the new Superior of the Mission had preceded them in New France.

had prepared the way for his return to those cherished forests.

In the beginning of August 1633, some weeks after his arrival in New France, he was, indeed, about to leave for Lake Huron, when at the instigation of a chief, the docile instrument of hell, he was suddenly refused entrance into the canoes. The light fleet set sail and soon disappeared from the horizon, leaving on the shore the apostle whom they had repulsed, but whose powerful prayers and paternal benediction nevertheless accompanied them. These benedictions and prayers began to bear fruit a hundredfold in the following year.

Father de Brébeuf had in the interim, governed the mission for six months, always consecrating the most of his zeal to the Indians whom he could find scattered around Quebec. When the trading season came he went to Three Rivers before the Hurons, in the hope of returning with them when their barter was concluded. Though once more met at first by a refusal, his hopes were not frustrated this time, and Father de Brébeuf had the happiness of setting out on the 6th of July, 1634, accompanied by Father Daniel and a young Frenchman.

The journey lasted thirty days, and the voyage was so rough that Father Brébeuf wrote to his Superiors: "I found myself sometimes so low that my strength could stand no more." This is easily understood in reading what he says of this fatiguing journey. "In danger fifty times a day of being upset, or of being thrown against the rocks; by day you are burned by the sun; at night you become the prey of insects. Sometimes you mount five or six rapids in a day, and in the evening have for sole nourishment a little corn cooked with clear water; for bed, often sharp and rugged rocks, and ordinarily no other shelter but the stars, and all this in perpetual silence. But," adds the intrepid workman, "what joy to pass these rapids and climb these boulders, to him who has before his eyes the loving Saviour harrassed with tormentors and mounting Calvary, bearing His cross!

"Truly the discomfort of the voyage is easy to bear to him who thinks upon the Crucified; what consolation to see

oneself abandoned by the Indians, languishing in sickness or dying of hunger in the woods, and being able to say to God, 'It is to do Thy Holy Will that I am reduced to the state in which you see me.' "

THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF FATHER DE BRÉBEUF.

The Canadian *Messenger* reports the following cures through this heroic martyr's intercession.

REV. DEAR FATHER.—I fell ill six months ago. I had sharp pains in my spine, and a frequent rush of blood to the head, and even when placed near a good fire I suffered constantly from cold and chills. Several religious communities and members of my family joined with me in a novena to the Canadian martyrs, Fathers de Brébeuf and Lalement. One of their relics was sent me, and on the eighth day of the novena on which day I received Holy Communion, I was cured.

My friends asked me if I thought my cure was effected through the intercession of the martyred fathers. I told them that I was not sure, since so many worthy persons had prayed for my recovery. It seems to me that God punished me for my want of faith and confidence, for I had a relapse, and was worse than before. I begged the holy martyrs to forgive me for what I had said, and immediately began a second novena, at the expiration of which I found myself again relieved of my sufferings.

Mrs. ———, aged 64, had been suffering for fourteen years from violent pains caused by defective digestion. Seven or eight doctors had been consulted, and all declared that they were powerless to relieve her; she had what they called paralysis of the bowels. About the fifteenth of March I brought her the relics of our Canadian martyrs. She began a novena and received Communion. As soon as she was in possession of the relics her sufferings became intense, and this lasted for three days. The crisis was so violent that she thought she was at the point of death. She asked our Lord to let her suffer, but to grant the canonization of His

ST. PETERS' MISSION, MONTANA,

April 8, 1893.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—How can I thank you. I did not imagine I could make any one help us; I threw myself entirely on the Sacred Heart, and the love of that Heart can never abandon those that call on Him. This must be the reason why we got such generous help. Words are not enough to thank you. Prayer is all I can give, and I will give that most fervently for all the kind friends who have helped us in this trial. Thanks to the dear Heart of our Lord, for Sister is getting better.

I remain most gratefully, your humble servant in the Sacred Heart.

APRIL 16, 1893.

REV. FATHER:—I have offered my Holy Communion for you and the good people who have helped us. Our Lord will never let His own want. Sister is in Helena at the hospital, and it will take months of care and rest before she is well again. I am still at the Mother House and do not know for how long, as I am not very strong. Last year was very severe on us; its privations and sickness did not fall on the children but on ourselves. Our trip to the Mission from St. Xavier's, fifty-one miles over the mountains, caused us great suffering. Wet to our knees, we had to walk in the mud for over five miles each day, to relieve the horses; at night we camped on the open plains, exposed to the wind and storms. When we arrived at Pryor we were pretty well broken down; we found there not even a blanket, and for some time our beds consisted of a fur coat and a blanket which we brought with us. Did I tell you one-half of our distress and poverty when we opened the Mission, and for a great part of last year, you could hardly believe it. Thank God we were happy in spite of it, and there was not one word of complaint heard; nothing ever gave us more joy than last year's experience.

Well, dear Father, with sincere gratitude, I remain in the Sacred Heart,

Your humble servant,
SR. ST. THOMAS.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

IN JUNE.

THE beautiful feast of Corpus Christi opens the month of June. The Blessed Sacrament will receive all the special worship which will mark this first day of the month of the Sacred Heart.

Nothing could be more timely. The Sacrament of love naturally directs our thoughts to the symbol and organ of the love which has prompted our Lord to spread before us the sacred banquet of His Body and Blood. As we approach the altar rail, or bow down before the God of the Tabernacle exposed or borne about in solemn procession, we are reminded that the Heart of Jesus, which throbbed with love for us at the Last Supper, is still beating with that same unending act of love, and craving in return our love for His sacramental presence.

This timely occurrence of the feast of Christ's Body is of a special interest to us as Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. It should call our attention to the great object of our pious work. In leaguering together in zeal and in prayer with the Heart of Jesus, we offer our prayers, works and sufferings to that divine Heart, "in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," in which Christ prays and immolates Himself on our altar. Every Morning Offering unites us with Christ in the Blessed Eucharist ; in the sight of the eternal Father our actions become linked with the actions of His

divine Son, our sufferings with His sufferings, and our prayers with the prayer He is now actually offering for us in Heaven, where He is *ever living to make intercession for us*.

In declaring ourselves Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, in repeating that declaration—as we do every time we make the Morning Offering—we take a real, an active and an intimate part in the life of Christ in the Eucharist. Whatever His prayer may be, that for the moment is our prayer : be it *Thy kingdom come !* or, *Father forgive them !* or, *That they may be one, as Thou and I are one !* we join with Him, now demanding His Father's glory, now imploring mercy for His enemies, and again urging with Him the great prayer of His love for unity, for mutual charity, for true brotherly love.

As the Morning Offering unites our prayer with that of Christ in the Eucharist, so also it unites our works and our sufferings with the Eucharistic work and suffering of Christ. What virtue the Body of Christ operates in souls ! What a great solace and encouragement His Real Presence is ! The very same virtue, the very same solace and encouragement, in our own degree, we may extend to our neighbors, if we make the thoughts of Christ in the Tabernacle our thoughts, and if men see His ways in our ways. As surely as the priest may dispense His sacred Body and Blood, so surely may we dispense the influence of that Body and Blood in our lives.

Christ adopts our works and sufferings as His own. Lest we should be content with the dignity of sharing in His works and overlooking His sufferings, the practice of the Communion of Reparation calls attention to the indignity which He deplures as offered to Him most of all in the Sacrament of His love. Corpus Christi should remind us that it was on the octave of that day that Christ first coupled the devotion to the Sacred Heart with that of the Blessed Eucharist : "Behold the Heart, which has so loved men . . . in return, I receive nothing from the majority of men but the ingratitude of their contempt, irreverence, sacrilege and coldness for the Sacrament of My love."

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

WE might have called these points the points for Promoters' meetings ; because in many Local Centres no distinction is made between the meetings at which Promoters receive their supplies and the Councils at which they receive the instructions of their Director and deliberate upon measures conducive to the interests of their Associates. The Hand-book makes this distinction very clearly. On page 64, in the latest edition, Directors are advised to form such Councils, to limit their membership, and to adopt some definite order of business, in order to reap the full benefit of such gatherings.



Whether Promoters come together in specially chosen Councils or in general meetings, they should never be at a loss for points of timely interest to the Apostleship of Prayer, knowing that whatsoever they may choose to deliberate upon in the interest of devotion to the Sacred Heart will be blessed by the special favor of Christ Himself who will be in the midst of them. Should the Director choose to urge upon their zeal the points which he deems of most vital importance to their work or to the other works of the parish, they may well consider his interest itself a proof of our Lord's special favor.



In the May Councils or Meetings the interests of the Heart of Jesus in June will naturally be the subject of instruction and deliberation. The great devotion itself to the Heart of our Lord and the obligation of Promoters to recommend it to others, even though they should not care to cultivate it by the aid of the special practices of the League ; renewed fidelity to the Morning Offering, and to the distribution and use of the Rosary Ticket ; accuracy in registering the names of new Associates and in making out their certificates of admission ; promptness in returning the reports which the new Rosary sets put into the hands of each Promoter ; diligence in assigning dates for the Communion of Reparation ; zeal

in urging a more frequent reception of this Holy Sacrament, which no Associate will refuse in the month of the Sacred Heart ; and finally, but not the least troublesome nor the least meritorious task of arranging to provide Associates with their League supplies during the summer months of travel and change of residence ;—these are only some of the means which zealous Promoters should employ, more especially at this season, to extend the kingdom of Christ in the souls of men.



Perhaps no ceremony of the League gives a greater impulse to its work, and consequently to devotion to the Sacred Heart, than the Reception of Promoters. Too much care, therefore, cannot be expended upon the preparation for these Receptions. Since they are usually held in greater numbers at this season, it is important that timely notice be sent to the Central Office, together with the list of candidates who have proved themselves worthy of the Cross and Diploma of the Promoter's office. The leaflet, which we send with every parcel of Diplomas, gives the most attractive programme for the ceremony of the Reception. In some Local Centres, Directors take occasion to prepare for this ceremony by conducting a triduum of evening instructions and services.



Let no Promoter or Associate cease to pray and to labor for the return of negligent Catholics to the Sacraments, now that the Easter season is drawing to a close. To reassure those whose prayers may begin to lack confidence, we can only repeat what we have stated so often : at no other period of the year do we receive so many thanksgivings for conversions of this kind. They are surely worth praying for ; the tone of triumph that rings in every report of such conversions is a stimulus to the faith of all their readers.



If the Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which should begin the first day of June, can not be made publicly in some churches, no Associate will miss this opportunity of making

it privately. A renewed fidelity to the simple practices of the League, the Morning Offering, the Daily Decade and the Communion of Reparation, would be the best practice possible for such a Novena. For those who have time to read or meditate upon the special prerogatives of the Heart of Christ, we can recommend the Meditations of Fr. Boero of the Society of Jesus, usually printed as an appendix to the Meditations of Fr. de Ponte, and also in a separate manual. For those who desire a thought for every day in the month of June, the manual composed by Rev. John J. Murphy, S. J., and published by Sadlier, of New York, will be found most satisfactory.



The Holy Hour, prayers for the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary, the practice of the Six Sundays in honor of St. Aloysius, the Consecration of Children, the Consecration of Families, the preparation of children for their first Communion, are some of the practical devotions which Promoters should be ready to explain to their Associates during the month so especially consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. June is the Promoters' own month, the time when they should most of all take to themselves the eleventh promise—their promise:—"Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out."



Associates will be glad to learn that the League prints and the *Messenger* and PILGRIM are to form part of the Catholic exhibit in Chicago. We are grateful to the kind Associates who are helping us to make this display in a manner worthy of our work. Thanks to the prayers of Catholics in every part of the country, the Catholic school work to be exhibited is more than satisfactory; we need to pray still that it may so impress non-Catholics that they may freely admit that we are justified in sustaining the schools which produce such results.



The League Census Reports thus far received from our Rev. Local Directors are very encouraging. The large num-

ber of League Associates practising the *Communion of Reparation* is particularly comforting. Reports from many Local Centres show that nearly two-thirds of the Associates there enrolled practise this Third Degree of the Apostleship of Prayer. We hope, when all the League Census Reports shall have been returned from the Local Centres, that the aggregate number of Communions of Reparation (the real fruit of the League) will be proportionately great.

Blank Census Reports will be sent Local Directors or their appointed secretaries upon application.



APOSTLESHIP OF THE PRESS.—As to the urgent needs of an active Apostleship of the Press, the following letter speaks more than volumes :

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR REV. CENTRAL DIRECTOR :

Your kind donation of *reading matter* reached us safely, for which please accept grateful thanks.

Many calls reach us for Catholic books outside our own institutions. The jail officials have given us a compartment in the prison library for Catholic books, papers, etc.

Two of our Sisters spend several hours every Sunday (first Sunday of the month excepted) with the prisoners, persuading the Catholics to go to confession, giving a Catechism lesson, etc. Before leaving each prisoner we give him a book or paper. After a visit or two, if a Catholic, he is ready to be attended by a priest.

The prisoners are very fond of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, the pictures of which they paste on the walls of their cells ; there the condemned prisoners kneel when preparing for death.

Begging your holy prayers for our works of mercy, and thanking you again for your kindness, we are, with gratitude and deep respect, in Jesus Christ,

SISTERS OF MERCY.

All this tells us there is a great field for permanent work in this direction, viz., the spreading of edifying and re-

ligious reading matter among the poor and unfortunate. To bring this work about, we are cheerfully willing to do our part by giving subscriptions to the MESSENGER at greatly reduced rates when intended for charitable institutions.

It may be well to call attention to the fact that the work of distributing good Catholic literature is ably conducted by the General Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Secretary of this Council announces that they can reach 10,000 persons, the inmates of prisons, asylums and hospitals, to whom a good word and a pious page are like a ray of light from the outer world.

THE LEAGUE IN CONVENTS AND ACADEMIES.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Besides answering the questions contained in the circular sent us, we desire to give you some account of the League meetings held at this Local Centre on the first Sunday in each month. Owing to the zeal and attention of the Reverend Local Director, this day proves to be one of great fervor. We have a General Communion in the morning. The League meeting is opened with a hymn in Latin sung by the choir ; an exhortation on the intention of the month is given by the Rev. Director. This is followed by the Act of Reparation, recited aloud by all the Associates, after which the usual prayers are said, and one of the League hymns sung. The monthly meeting always closes with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The League has been productive of the most beneficial results. There has never been an abatement in the zeal and fervor with which the Associates first embraced it, and we attribute a great deal of the good that has been accomplished to their devotedness. All in our house are Associates, and those who were enrolled here and have since gone out, are faithful still. On the day of general Communion the Badge is worn visibly by each one.

MT. ST. JOSEPH ACADEMY,
SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

We have enrolled 570 Associates, about 400 of whom have promised the daily Decade and the monthly Communion of Reparation. The third Sunday of the month is set apart for the general Communion of Reparation. Heretofore, the Sisters have acted as Promoters, each for her own class, but now some of the pupils have been selected to perform that office. Our novices and the pupils are arranged in bands of thirty, and in this way they practise perpetual Reparation, each one receiving Communion on the day appointed at the beginning of the month.

ST. LEONARD'S HOUSE,
SISTERS OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS,
WEST PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

All the members of our community practise the three Degrees of the League. We find devotion to the Sacred Heart increasing among our children, and we have been much consoled by the zeal they have shown with regard to the first Friday Communion of Reparation. During the vacation, when, owing to distance, great inconvenience had to be incurred, strenuous efforts were made in order to receive Communion on the first Friday.

URSULINE ACADEMY,
OAKLAND, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

We have now 126 Associates of the Apostleship in this house; all of them practise the daily Decade and sixty belong to the Third Degree, offering the Communion of Reparation weekly or monthly. Days are designated for the the Communion by bands.

The Sisters act as Promoters. We have not, as yet, been able to have the Apostleship of Study established among our pupils.

ST. PAUL'S ACADEMY,
SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY.
ST. PAUL, OREGON.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

In November 1891, the League was established in our own Academy. Ninety-five persons have been enrolled. All the Associates practise the First and Second Degrees, and thirty-one make the general Communion of Reparation monthly.

On the first Friday of each month the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in our chapel. On that day, as well as on the Sunday set apart for the Communion of Reparation, the Associates wear their Badges visibly and edify us by their piety and recollection. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, hymns to the Sacred Heart are sung by the pupils during the Holy Sacrifice. After reading to the Associates the beautiful incident of "A Postal Clerk and the Nine Fridays," from the *Almanac*, all present, except two, resolved to secure for themselves the priceless gift promised to those who fulfil the requirements of this novena. The first Sunday of the month has been appointed by our Local Director for the General Communion of Reparation.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Since the League was established in the Academy, 1046 Associates have been admitted ; 345 of them practise the daily Decade and 135 have promised the Communion of Reparation, at least monthly. Fifteen of our Promoters have received the Indulged Cross and the Promoters' Diploma, and three are now 'in probation' for the same honor. The Apostleship of Study is established in the Academy, and the children have endeavored to merit the Decorations which have been conferred upon them by the Reverend Central Director.

The Apostleship of Study is deeply indebted to the Religious in charge of this Academy for arranging the ribbons which add so much to the beauty of its Decorations,

FIRST VISITATION CONVENT,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

The first Friday and the third Sunday of each month are days of Communion of Reparation for nearly three thousand Associates of the League attached to our Local Centre. 1665 have promised the daily Decade. On the third Friday of each month at 4.00 P. M., there is a meeting of the Associates, at which the League devotions are practised. Sixty-three of our Promoters have received the Diploma and Cross; nine are now on trial.

CONVENT OF MERCY,
VICKSBURG, MISS.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Some of the Associates received at this Local Centre have removed to other places, others have died; of the 450 enrolled here we have 400 Associates. Nearly all of them practise the Second Degree and all, with very few exceptions, make the Communion of Reparation. The first Friday is designated as the general Communion day, there are League devotions for the Associates on the same day. Thirty-four of our Promoters have received the Diploma and Cross, and we have thirty-one now 'on probation.' The Promoters' Council meeting is held on the third Monday of the month. The League has done wonders here in Vicksburg.

CARMEL OF ST. JOSEPH.
BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

Our community has been aggregated to the Apostleship or Prayer for years past. Two of the Sisters, in turn, offer the Communion of Reparation each day. After Mass on the first Friday our Reverend Chaplain reads the Act of Reparation and gives Benediction; we have Exposition for the community. As we are not a teaching body, our devotions are private. All of us have special devotion to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord. Our vocation requires us to make reparation for the sins of the world, hence we trust that our prayers may promote the interests of the League.

O Cor Amoris.

No. 1.

Rev. J. B. LESSMANN, S. J.

Andante.



1. O Cor a - mo - - ris vi - cti - ma,
2. Cor dul - ce cor . . . a - ma - bi - le,
3. Je - su Pa - tris . . . Cor u - ni - cum,



Coe - li per - en - - ne gau - di - um,
A - mo - re no - - stri sau - ci - um,
Pu - ris a - mi - cum men - ti - bus,



Mor - ta - li - um so - la - ti - um, Mor - ta - li - um spes
A - mo - re no - stri lau - gui - dum, Fac mi - hi sis pla -
Pu - ris a - man - dum cor - di - bus, In cor - de reg - nes



ul - ti - ma, Mor - ta - li - um spes ul - ti - ma.
ca - bi - le, Fac mi - hi sis pla - ca - bi - le.
om - ni - um, In cor - de reg - nes om - ni - um.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Christian Fathers and Mothers.

THOUGH fathers and mothers do not beget, much less transmit or create, the souls of their children, they are still answerable for their souls before God. As surely as they are instrumental in bringing souls into existence, so surely are they responsible for bringing these souls into the life of grace by Baptism, and for keeping and developing that life of grace so long as it depends upon them.

What a glory it is of parents that they can raise up an offspring to Christ, sons of God, adopted and entitled to a brotherhood with Christ, co-heirs of His, members of His Body, builders of His Kingdom and dwellers therein ! What an ineffable honor it is that the fathers and mothers of families represent to us the august relations of the Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. So much did Christ himself esteem the union of Christian fathers and mothers, that he deigned to adopt it as the best means of expressing the union which exists between Himself and His Church. Next to His priests rank Christian parents, whom He has dignified with the priestly privilege of being the ministers of that sacrament which unites them together with a view to bringing up a generation of children to the Church, His Spouse.

Our prayer, then, is that Christian fathers and mothers may know their true dignity, recognize their vocation and their obligation to raise their children in the fear of God, cherish the chances of sacrificing themselves in the interest of the charges of God, the Father of all, and be rewarded by Him, even upon this earth, not only with the satisfaction which arises from a duty accomplished, but with the best fruits of their sacrifices—the piety, docility and sincere Catholicity of those whom they raise up for God,

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

NINTH YEAR.

JULY, 1893.

No. 7.

A VISIT.

BY REV. JOHN JOSEPH MALLON.



WITH love more true than friend's for friend,
I come to visit Thee, O Heart ;
And here before Thy image spend
A prayerful moment where Thou art.

Sin-consciousness and worldly care
Will weigh less heavy, and I know
Thy yoke is sweeter made by prayer,
My burthen lightened when I go.

There seems a story in Thy Heart,
In silence whispered oft to me,
That wounds should open wide and smart
Till oil of love be poured by Thee.

That shades and silences may fall,
When broods the twilight of the night,
And trail a darkness over all,
But lo ! Thy love-light burneth bright.

The little lamps that shadows cast
Portentous on the pictured walls,
My heart still holds, and grim and ghast
Flicker life's dangers, slips and falls.

But still I know that I shall be
 Safeguarded where those dangers are ;
 If faithfully I pray to Thee,
 Thou wilt not let me wander far.

I place a prayerful bud of time,
 In Thy sweet shrine where life is life,
 Whose flame nods, like a thing sublime,
 Approving suffered care and strife.

MARY, MOTHER OF THE CHURCH.

WHEN our Divine Lord ascended into Heaven in company with the brilliant host of the saints whom He had delivered from Limbo, it was His will that His Blessed Mother, though she was the Queen of Saints, should remain for some years in exile from her heavenly home ; her throne above angels and saints was to remain vacant till her mission on earth should be accomplished, when she would occupy her place in glory with all the more honor to herself and joy to the hosts of the Blessed.

Our Lord's intention of leaving His Blessed Mother for some time on earth was announced, at least implicitly, in the memorable words by which, with His dying breath, He coupled the names and lives of Mary and the beloved disciple. *When Jesus saw His Mother and the disciple standing, whom He loved, He saith to His Mother : Woman, behold thy Son. After that He saith to the disciple : Behold thy mother.* These words would have had but little significance if Mary was soon to be taken to the abode of the Blessed. Her stay was prolonged that she might be a mother to him who, of all the disciples, was the dearest to her divine Son. The favorite disciple of Jesus saw his Lord and Friend being torn from him by the rude hand of the executioner, and it was in this trying hour that he received the precious legacy of Christ's own Blessed Mother, who would, in some degree, supply the place of his absent Master.

But it was not to John alone that Mary was given as a

mother: she was made, at the same time, the mother of Christians of every future age and of every clime, and doubtless the reason why she was left so long on this earth after the Ascension of her Son was that she might exercise her spiritual motherhood at a time when the disciples of Jesus stood most in need of her motherly ministrations. Mary was to be the mother of the infant Church, blessing it and cheering it by her presence, aiding it by her powerful intercession, enriching it by her stores of heavenly wisdom, and, though she was unconscious of it herself, planting the first germs of that devotion to herself which afterwards became so notable a feature of the early Church.¹

The relations of Mary with the Apostles and the first Christians and the life she led during this closing period of her earthly career is a subject on which we are little accustomed to meditate, and yet it is one that has an indescribable charm for those who have once given it thought. In the first place, how deep must have been the veneration in which she was held by the Apostles. If they revered the Virgin Mother during the lifetime of the Saviour, how great must have been their reverence for her after the descent of the Holy Ghost, when they possessed so deep an insight into the stupendous mysteries in which she had borne so prominent, nay, so essential, a part? But the Apostles not only venerated the Mother of God: they felt the utmost deference for one who was possessed of such extraordinary gifts of grace. They consulted her in their difficulties, they had recourse to her for enlightenment in the ways of the spirit, they invoked her powerful intercession in moments of trial and persecution for the Church. If in more recent times it



¹ See PILGRIM, Jan., 1893, for the testimony of the Catacombs.

has been given to saintly women like St. Bridget and St. Catharine of Siena to counsel and direct the rulers of the Church, may we not presume that such was the privilege of Mary,—though it was less a privilege for the Mother of God to direct the Apostles than it was for them to receive her direction.

In all this we see the justification of the title with which we salute our blessed Lady in the Litany—Queen of Apostles ; for, although she possessed no jurisdiction either over the Apostles or the faithful, nevertheless, her supreme dignity as Mother of God, her incomparable holiness and her extraordinary supernatural gifts enthroned her high above the princes of the Church. But she was Queen of Apostles in more than this, and above all in the apostolic zeal that prompted her to do all in her power to spread the kingdom of her Son on earth. True holiness always begets a zeal for souls. Those who love God cannot but love those who are made to His image and likeness, and for whose salvation the Son of God shed the last drop of His precious blood. As Mary's love for her divine Son was incomparably greater than that of the Apostles, her zeal for souls was correspondingly greater than theirs. If it was not her province to preach the word of God, her powerful intercession gave ten-fold efficacy to the words of the preacher ; though, indeed, there must have been many ways in which Mary added her own active ministrations to the work of the Apostles, especially among those of her own sex. Mary must have been the centre of that group of maids and matrons who were brought under the yoke of Christ ; in her they found a mother and a friend, and in the words of sympathy that fell from her lips, in the heavenly sweetness of her countenance, and in the burning charity that consumed her, they must have found more than enough to compensate them for the loss of those from whom they had been so rudely severed in consequence of their Christian faith.

On these and on all others who had the privilege of seeing her, the presence of the Virgin Mother must have wrought an irresistible spell. Fortunately, the description of the Blessed Mother given by Denis the Areopagite is still extant.

Having been admitted, through the kindness of St. John, to an interview with our Blessed Lady, he afterwards wrote to St. Paul, who was then at Corinth, and after describing the all but heavenly splendor of our Lady's presence, he utters these remarkable words: "I call to witness the God who dwelt in the Virgin that if I had not been instructed by your divine teachings I should have taken her for a goddess, for the glory of the Blessed could not, it seemed to me, surpass the incomparable bliss I felt at that moment."

Besides what may, in some manner, be called the public life of our Blessed Lady, there was a private and hidden life, a life in the interior of Mary's soul, upon which no eye but that of the Almighty was permitted to gaze, a life that was unceasingly nurtured by the dews of divine grace and ripened into loveliest maturity under the eye of God. Mary's life was preëminently one of contemplation, and there was one image that riveted her thoughts and was the centre and fountain-source of her whole interior life—the image of her divine Son. Again and again her thoughts reverted to the acts and words of the Saviour from His Conception to His Ascension. Now, as in the days of His Infancy, she "laid up all these things in her heart."

As every change of April sky
Is imaged in a placid brook,
Her meditative memory
Mirrored His every deed and look.

As suns, through summer ether rolled,
Mature each growth the spring has wrought
So love's strong day-star turned to gold
Her harvests of quiescent thought.

Often, too, in company with the holy women, did she visit the spots that were hallowed by the presence of her divine Son, and lived over again the life at Bethlehem and Nazareth, and in the dusty highways traversed by the Saviour during His three years' preaching of the word. And in the midst of her contemplation her thoughts would be frequently

raised to that throne on high whence her Son and Lord gazed down upon her with love tenfold greater than when she beheld Him face to face. Contemplation, in Mary more than in all the Saints, was constantly adding fresh fuel to her love, and love was intensifying her desire "to be dissolved and to be with Christ."

There was one moment daily when Mary's love must have been raised to sublimest ecstasy—the moment when, at the "breaking of bread," her divine Son, shrouded by the Eucharistic veil, came down from Heaven and took up His abode with her in whose womb His Sacred Heart had felt its first throb of human life. Who can conceive the bliss of that moment? Who can picture the delight of the angels as they beheld their Lord enthroned in this, His fairest of temples? Who can wonder at the transforming power of the Bread of Angels which made even her exterior presence so god-like to the eyes of men?

Such, dear reader, was the life of our Blessed Mother during the years of her exile here on earth. Such was the life of her who was given us, not only as our intercessor, but also as our model and exemplar in all things, but most of all in her love and devotion to her adorable Son.

THE VOCATION OF EDMUND FIELD.

BY L. W. REILLY.

IT was a quarter past five on the evening of the commencement day. The speeches had been delivered, the poem read, the prizes awarded, the diplomas conferred. The band had long since wrapped up their instruments and departed. The crowds that had made the college hall bright with many colors, and resonant with innumerable sounds, had gone to their homes and left the place to silence, to wilted flowers and to torn and scattered programmes. The successes, the failures, the disappointments, the applause, the excitement and glory of the occasion had passed into history.

One of the graduates of the day was walking up and down one side of the college quadrangle with Father Paul Cass, professor of rhetoric, in whose class he had been the previous year, and for whom he entertained cordial feelings of affection.

"I haven't had an opportunity until this minute, Ed., to congratulate you on your oration," said the priest. "I do it now with pleasure. I liked it the best of all."

"Thank you, Father," was the answer; "you know how dear to me is praise from you."

"The sentiments were elevated, the diction choice, the delivery effective. The gestures delightfully few, all of them graceful and appropriate. I was really electrified by your quotation from William Winter that 'life is a mystery deeper than death.'"

Edmund put out his hand to his old professor in token of his gratitude for the compliment, and received a warm clasp in return.

"Life's indeed a riddle," went on the priest, taking hold of the rosary at his girdle as he spoke, "and only those who look up to the sky with faith can solve it. But *minora canamus*. I'm sorry that you did not get the first prize for philosophy."

"So am I. Indeed, I worked hard for it, and I feel disappointed to have come in only second best. However, Phil. Dwyer deserves it; he was the one rival I feared—and the silver medal looks mighty fine. What I regret next to its loss is that a Marylander should bear it off from all New York."

"Yes, that is a vexation for the representatives of the Empire State. Still, it is past help now. Where do you expect to spend your vacation?"

"I start to-morrow for a month's visit to my Uncle Charley on his Colorado farm."

"To-morrow! Are you not coming to the retreat of the graduates next Monday?"

They had reached the middle of the walk. The priest stopped suddenly and faced the young man, who grew weary under the steady gaze that was fixed on him. He was slow

to answer, and instead he turned his eyes to the ground and twirled his cane in his indecision.

"Are you not coming to the retreat?" repeated Father Cass.

"No, Father."

"Why not?" he asked in a somewhat sharp tone; but before a reply could be given he resumed the interrupted tramp and continued:

"After all, I suppose there's no need—you've made up your mind already about your vocation."

He looked inquiringly at his companion, but the latter did not respond to the rising inflection with which the supposition had been made. Evidently he was loth to discuss the matter, and the priest took the liberty of a friend to probe that reluctance.

"Have you fixed on your state in life, Ed.?"

"Well, no, Father—that is, why—you see, mother says—I mean that—O you know, Father, that I've had an idea for some time back of studying for the priesthood. But, as father says, Charley has followed his bent toward electrical engineering, and as Walter wont leave 'the road' or the drug that he is drumming for, I *must* go into the store to help take care of mother and the girls."

"What does your mother say?"

"Between ourselves, she'd like to see me on the altar. Still she doesn't care to oppose father in the matter, and she says: 'Never mind, Ed., a person can save his soul in the world as well as in religion.'"

"And what do you say?"

The lad—he was nineteen—jabbed his cane against a blade of grass that was sprouting between the flag stones, before he answered:

"I'm—not—sure—of—what—to say."

"Come to the retreat, then, and let the Holy Ghost tell you."

"N—no, Father, I've—bought my ticket for the train to-morrow. Besides, I'll come around yet in good time."

"Let the ticket go, and come around on Monday."

There was no answer.

"Ah, there's the bell. That means supper. Well Ed., since you *will* go, I wish you a safe journey and an invigorating holiday. Write to me from the Rockies, and come see me as soon as you get back. Good-bye, my dear boy, and God bless you."

"Good-bye, Father."

The young man turned toward the door that opened on the street. The priest made his way toward the refectory. "Life is a riddle," thought the latter to himself; "I'm sure that Ed. is called to the counsels. Will he heed that call?"

The success of Edmund Field in business had been as notable as his application to it had been close. He had developed the fine retail grocery trade built up by his father, and had added to it the direct importation of teas and coffees. Then he had opened a wholesale department, and the firm became "Field & Son." Two years later, he had, with his father's consent, sold out the two establishments and gone into distilling methylated spirits for varnishes, etc., in which enterprise he had tripled his capital in a very short time. When, however, a change in the tariff-laws had begun to affect his receipts, he had bidden farewell to wood alcohol and had started a brass works for the making of fancy lamps, gas fixtures, and similar goods, and, for the sake of gas fuel, had located the foundry at Pittsburgh. His father took charge of the salesroom in New York, Walter left the drug house to become traveling agent for the new concern, and Edmund became the general superintendent at the factory. The venture prospered from the start. Sales were brisk, credits short and profits large.

For a while after Edmund was graduated, he visited the college frequently. As a member of the Alumni Sodality, he went there at least once a month, and often between times he called on Father Cass. Gradually, however, as his business interests became pressing, his visits fell off, and after he went to reside in Pittsburgh, they became rare, irregular and brief.

On one of these rare visits to the college Father Cass happened to inquire:

"Are you contented, Ed., in your present state?"

"I'm—making money, Father," was the equivocal reply, made with an undertone of feeling that relieved it of impertinence.

"Yes, but what's money to happiness?"

"Nothing Father, nothing—dead sea fruit. But I don't have time to play Maud Muller. What might have been must get out of the way of what is. I'm so beset with responsibilities and work that I have no time to brood. Lately, however, I've been troubled with insomnia, and sometimes in the awful stillness of the night, as I lie awake, worrying over this order, or that new pattern, or the last bad debt, I wish that I was out of the whole business. The old feeling that seemed once to draw me to the priesthood comes back to me, and then I feel sorry I did not attend the graduates' retreat. But," and he heaved a sigh, "the break of day calls me rudely from these dreams."

"Are they to be nothing but dreams, Ed.?"

"I'm afraid so, Father, I'm afraid so, I'm afraid so!"

After that visit Edmund called at the college no more.

In the following April Mr. Edmund Field and Miss Frances Preston were married in All Saints' Church, Chicago.

Father Cass received cards for the wedding but was unable to be present. He sent a little present, with a note of congratulation and joyful wishes. He sighed, however, as he wrote the message, and as he folded it for the envelope, he said to himself: "Life is a riddle. May God in His great mercy pity those who do not read it aright!"

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation, Mr. Philip Dwyer, cashier of the Metropolitan Bank, was walking up Fayette street in his native city of Baltimore. He was a member of the Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and was well known as such in all the poorer quarters of the parish. He was on a round of visits to his "clients," as he called the destitute families to whom he had to carry relief. As he hurried along he was thinking of that commencement day, a quarter of a century gone, when he had carried off the gold medal of philosophy, and had won such thunders of applause by his speech on an "An Ideal Life." With a grim smile he

muttered: "I'm a fine specimen of philosopher, aint I? And I'm leading an ideal life, counting the cash, aint I?" Then he recalled his class-mates—Frank Hickey, Will Russell, Morgan Wall, Joe Ryan, Ray Jenkins, Ed. Field and the rest—some of them dead, most of them lost to sight, a few still held to him by loving bonds of friendship. "Happy days," he murmured to himself, "happy days!"

Just then a voice, calling him by name, disturbed his reverie.

"Oh, Mr. Dwyer!"

He looked around to find a saloon-keeper beckoning to him from his door. He went back to where the man was standing and asked what was the matter.

"My beat, you know, a man that sweeps out the place for his drinks, is stove in up-stairs."

"What did you say happened to him?"

"He's stove in, broke up, ye know, dead sick."

"Well?"

"Well, I got 'im a doctor last night, and he says he's too sick to move, and he's out of his head most of the time, an' he's coming back to see 'im this morning."

"What is his name?"

"That's more 'n I know. I call him Tom for short an' sometimes Jerry."

"Is he colored?"

"Colored, naw. He was white wunst, but ever since I've known 'im he's ben's red's an Indian, specially his nose, ha, ha!"

The witless laugh grated on Mr. Dwyer's sensibilities, and annoyed with himself for having asked the idle question about the sick man's race, he hastened up-stairs to a front hall-room on the third floor, to which he had been directed. He knocked at the door, but getting no answer he gently walked in. The man lay on the bed either asleep or unconscious. He was, indeed, a wretched specimen of humanity—degraded and repulsive, with matted hair and unkempt beard, with dirty face and neck and hands, a wreck, a ruin, a victim of intemperance, and of sensuality of the lowest type.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Dwyer.

Seating himself on the only chair in the room, Mr. Dwyer took hold of the man's wrist to feel his pulse.

Just then the poor wretch opened his eyes, looked for an instant in a stupid sort of a way at his visitor, and closed them again in lethargic unconcern.

"Can I do anything for you, my friend?"

The heavy, bleared and bloodshot eyes opened again slowly, as if it required an effort of the will to raise the lids, but no answer was made, and the man relapsed into his condition of semi-stupor.

"Can I do anything for you?" was asked again in a louder tone.

As if it took time for this inquiry to be understood, the invalid lay passive for full half a minute; then he feebly shook his head.

"I'll get Dr. Cuttard to see if he can't be taken to the hospital, and if not, a nurse must be had for him here," thought Mr. Dwyer. "Perhaps a *Bon Secours* can be obtained to stay with him by day, and the Conference will have to look out for him at night."

"Would you like to see a clergyman?" he asked aloud.

The same pause, the same effort to understand, the same feeble shake of the head. This was discouraging. "If I only knew to what religion, if——;" but before Mr. Dwyer could get any further in his thoughts, the eyes of the sick man seemed to brighten, his head nodded assent, and he whispered, huskily: "Yes, a priest!"

"Good-bye; I'll be back directly with one," cried Mr. Dwyer, as he hurried to the door. Rushing down the stairs, he walked briskly to the corner and turned up Charles street almost on a run, saying to himself: "There's no time to lose. I do believe that that poor man is dying."

He had just crossed Saratoga street when he met Father Nosco coming toward him.

"You are just the one I want," he exclaimed; "there's an urgent sick call on Fayette street."

They hurried to the place, and ascended the stairs. They entered the room of the sick man. There they found the

doctor whom the saloon-keeper had called in. He shook his head gravely when Mr. Dwyer asked if there was hope.

"No," he replied, "he'll be dead in less than an hour."

The man was again in a state of coma. He would never regain consciousness in this world. The end was near.

Because he had expressed a willingness to see the priest, Father Nosco gave him conditional absolution, and administered to him Extreme Unction. Hardly had the last prayer been said, when his breathing became more labored and stertorous. His agony was sharp but hard. Finally, with one long gasp, as if heaving a profound sigh, he expired.

"May God have mercy on his soul!" prayed the priest.

"Amen!" said Mr. Dwyer.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society took charge of the remains and gave them Christian burial in Bonnie Brae.

A week after the funeral, the saloon-keeper entered the Metropolitan Bank one morning, and, approaching the cashier's window, handed him an old, worn-out, and soiled pocket book, which he said he found concealed in the old tramp's bed. When the cashier examined it he found some newspaper clippings about tramps, time-tables, etc., a torn postage stamp, a business card of the firm of Field & Son, Brass Works, Pittsburgh, Pa., and a silver medal with this inscription on one side of it:

PRESENTED
to
EDMUND FIELD
Second Prize in Philosophy.

On the other side was the name of the college with the date when the medal had been won.

Trying to conceal his emotion, Mr. Dwyer thanked the saloon-keeper for his thoughtfulness in bringing him this clew to the identity of the poor tramp, and promised to notify at once the man's family and to send them the medal.

A suspicion that he had known the man somewhere had lingered in his mind ever since he looked upon the lifeless

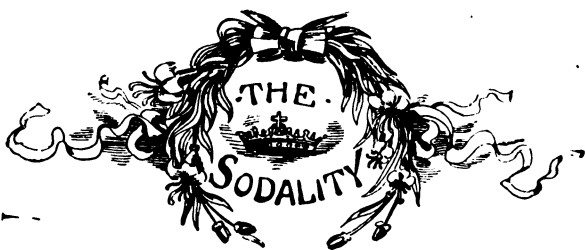
features from which death had removed all that was repulsive, leaving them refined and almost classic in their outline. The suspicion was now changed into a certainty; the name on the medal brought back to his memory the face of his brilliant rival in the class of philosophy; the resemblance to the dead face was too close to be mistaken.

A few inquiries revealed the following sad story of the life which was so full of promise on the commencement day twenty-five years before:—

Ten months after Edmund Field's marriage, his wife died. Her death seemed to make him lose heart in his business. For a while he talked of selling out his share in the factory to his father and brother and becoming a gentleman farmer. To his mother, he remarked one day, that he wondered if there was still a chance for him to be a priest. He laughed, however, as he spoke, as if he were in jest. This mood lasted for about three months. After that he drifted to the opposite extreme, became feverishly active at his work and gradually gave up the practice of religion, by leaving off the saying of his daily prayers, neglecting to hear Mass, and staying away from the Sacraments.

In less than a year after the death of his first wife, he had entered into a mixed marriage. His new spouse soon made his home life a misery. He began to slight his affairs. Then misfortunes multiplied around him; his health failed; his business collapsed; his father was killed by the shock of the bankruptcy; he himself took to drink; his wife abandoned him and secured a divorce; his mother died with a broken-heart over his downfall; he went from bad to worse, he sunk through dissipation too low to find employment; he disappeared from the sight of his acquaintances; he died in a strange city, unconscious, and he was buried among the unknown dead in Bonny Brae.

When Father Cass was told by Mr. Dwyer of the fate of his old pupil, he said: "Poor Edmund! He took I fear, what was for him the wrong road to solve the riddle, why a vocation to one state of life can not be safely disregarded, to take up another. We may hope for him, because we're not sure, but,—well, may God have mercy on his soul!"



THERE is no society, whether secular or religious, but needs occasionally to compare its practice with its profession ; and if a society professes to be the same in all respects as it was at the time of its inception, it is important that its present status—its aims, its methods, its spirit—be brought into comparison with the condition of the society in the beginning of its history. This rule applies to the Sodality as well as to other societies : its one means of maintaining its primitive spirit is by conforming its practice to its acknowledged standard of excellence and efficiency. And where is this standard to be found? Clearly, in the constitutions of the Sodality and in the pages of its history.

*

All the Sodalities now existing in the world identify themselves, in one way or another, with the Sodality founded three hundred years ago in the Roman College of the Society of Jesus, the Sodality known as the *Prima Primaria*. This is evident, in the first place, from the fact that the rules and constitutions found in the Sodality manuals are, in the main, identical with those of the *Prima Primaria* ; it is evidenced, too, by the fact that in the celebration, in the year 1884, of the tercentenary of the Roman Sodality, all the Sodalities in the world took part, regarding, as they did, the *Prima Primaria* as the mother Sodality of which they were the offspring. Moreover, by far the greater number of Sodalities are aggregated to the *Prima Primaria* by diploma, which diploma is granted by the General of the Society of Jesus. Now, all the Sodalities thus aggregated are obliged to observe the constitutions and rules of the *Prima Primaria*.

This obligation is clearly implied in the Bull *Omnipotentis Dei* of Gregory XIII and in the *Bulla Aurea* of Benedict XIV; for in these Bulls it is explicitly stated that the General of the Society of Jesus has the sole direction of the Sodality, including the power to modify, or even to abrogate its constitutions, and, on the other hand, the General of the Society has never approved any rules or constitutions but those of the *Prima Primaria*.

*

If the above statement of the case is correct it follows that, if the Sodalities would be true to their profession, they must shape and model themselves on the standard presented by the constitutions of the mother Sodality, and that, as a first step in this direction, the members of the Sodalities, especially the officers, should master the constitutions and rules in all their details. The 18th of the Common Rules prescribes that they be read publicly on the occasion of the election of new officers, and the prefect and other officials are enjoined to read the rules of their respective offices even more frequently. A faithful observance of this rule will contribute not a little to the preservation of the primitive spirit and practice of the Sodality, especially if the reading of the rules be accompanied by some explanation and exhortation on the part of the Director. We may remark here that one or other of the rules of the Sodality would occasionally form an excellent subject for the Directors' weekly instructions. We are aware that some of our American Sodality manuals do not print the rules in full, certain clauses, and even entire rules, being omitted, presumably because they were deemed unsuited to the actual circumstances of our American Sodalities. These omissions, which we shall take occasion to point out in future articles, can hardly be reconciled with the declarations of the Sovereign Pontiffs mentioned above.

*

Besides the constitutions of the Sodality its history must claim a part of our study, for only in its history shall we find

the high ideal presented by the constitutions carried into actual practice. Fortunately, the means of availing ourselves of this are placed within our reach by the short history of the Sodality published on the occasion of the tercentenary.* The history of the Sodality will teach many a valuable lesson to our Sodalists. There is one especially to which we would here direct their attention, and that regards the deep religious spirit in which it had its origin. Exceptional piety, exceptional pursuit of perfection was its one great object, and was the life and soul of the Sodality in the days of its primitive fervor. Let us glance for a moment at the circumstances connected with its rise and early history. A young Belgian scholastic of the Society of Jesus, professor of a class of grammar in the Roman College, desiring to foster in his pupils a love of prayer and spiritual reading, assembles his pupils after class to recite some prayers and listen to a chapter from some spiritual book. After a while they are joined by members of the other classes, and by degrees they are formed into a regularly constituted society. Their one bond of union is their desire to aid one another, by their prayers and good example, to progress in Christian perfection. Moreover, a certain *esprit de corps* springs up among them: they consider that the very fact of their being members of the Sodality obliges them to set a good example to their companions. As a matter of fact the members of the Sodality were, in a religious sense, the elite of the Roman College, and of other colleges in which Sodalities were established.

*

The facts above detailed contain their moral for the Sodalities of the present day. And the moral is chiefly this, that the high purpose and character of the Sodality should determine what manner of persons are to be received into it and retained in it. The Sodality is not precisely a reformatory, or a temperance society; its object is not precisely the correction of vicious habits, nor even to furnish an occasion for

* Published by T. J. Noonan, Boston.

the recital of prayers once a week by persons whose daily conduct belies their weekly profession of piety. Its object is the practice of exceptional virtue under the tutelage of the Queen of Heaven, and hence, a test of fitness for admission should be the evidence furnished by the lives and conduct of the candidates that this object will be steadily pursued. We are aware that persons of less edifying habits may have the best of motives in asking admission to the Sodality, but that does not obviate the necessity of a trial being made of their virtuous intentions and of their admission being deferred till they shall have shown themselves worthy of being enrolled under the standard of our Mother undefiled.

"OPEN TO ME YOUR SACRED HEART!"

Annie Mc——, a poor child whose mother had recently died, was taken by the Reverend Mother Stanislaus, the superior of the Hamilton Loretto Convent at the time, and kindly provided for and educated. She desired to become a religious, and was studying for a teachers' certificate, when she took *la grippe* last winter. Since that time she became an invalid, and a very great, though silent, sufferer.

Her chief devotion was to the Sacred Heart, and she died on the first Friday of January, on the morning of the 6th. She awoke about three o'clock, and suddenly sitting up in her bed, she cried out, "O Sister! I am dying." Then throwing up her arms she exclaimed, "O Lord! open to me your Sacred Heart!"

After the priest had administered the last Sacraments, she turned to him and said, "May I not take my vows?" This rather surprised the priest; but he immediately went to ask permission of the Bishop, who granted the request, and this fervent soul, who had so longed to be a religious, now recited in a loud distinct voice the formula of the vows.

When it was over she was the picture of happiness, and said she would like to die now. He told her that she might die now. The Mass bell rang; while the choir was singing "O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould be, to die for love of Thee?" she breathed her last,—*Canadian Messenger*.



RELIC OF FATHER JOGUES, S.J. THE CROWN. AUGUST
PILGRIMAGES.

In the July, 1892, PILGRIM, we said that "no relics of Father Jogues are left to us except his original manuscript entitled *Novum Belgium*, which is religiously preserved in the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal." The following letter, written by the Canadian Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer for English speaking Catholics will prove interesting to all those who are praying for the beatification of Father Jogues.

THE GESU, MONTREAL, May 13, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER, P.C. :

The nearest approach to a relic of Father Jogues in our possession, or in the possession of any one else, as far as I know, are his two autograph manuscripts in our Archives, the one a description of New Netherland (*Novum Belgium*) dated from Three Rivers, August 3, 1646, and the other an account of the captivity and death of René Goupil, bearing no date. I send you enclosed a small clipping from the latter manuscript.

The souvenir or relic is a portion cut from the paper upon which Father Jogues wrote his account of René Goupil's imprisonment and death. It is mounted on a card edged with gold and securely fastened by a scarlet silk thread, the ends of which are passed through the card and secured by an oval seal, upon which are impressed the letters I. H. S. surmounting three nails and surrounded by rays.

FATHER JOHN DE BRÉBEUF.

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

BY REV. FRED ROUVIER, S.J.

IV.

BACK AMONG THE HURONS.

PAINFUL as the voyage had been, Father Brébeuf's first act on reaching the Huron country was to fall upon his knees and bless God for the graces he had received on the way. He had come back to the very village which he had left six years before. The poor Hurons were as joyful at his return as they had been sorrowful over his departure. He was soon installed at St. Joseph's, for so the village was called, in a cabin so wretched that he knew of none in France that would enable his friends to conceive how miserably he and his fellow-missionaries were lodged.

In these headquarters Mr. Brébeuf began to evangelize the natives. They were really like children and he had to treat them as such. The portable mill and clock of the missionaries were matters of profound admiration for these uneducated natives. They were used to attract them, and when a number were gathered together, Father de Brébeuf explained to them some one of the christian truths. He went also to see them in their cabins, particularly when they were sick. But hell was on guard and watched jealously over the souls which might be snatched from it; the work of conversion made no progress.

Nevertheless the influence of Father de Brébeuf increased each day. An epidemic which gave him occasion to spend himself for all, the title of captain or chief which he received from the grateful Hurons, the quality of delegate with which he was invested by Champlain, a drought which ceased at his prayer; and above all the tranquil courage which he displayed on the occasion of an Iroquois invasion,

in reassuring the people and putting the villages in a state of defense,—all contributed to augment his authority.

But though his authority led the Indians to admit Father de Brébeuf into their councils, it was not yet enough to render their hearts docile to his teachings. Owing to the proverbial inconstancy of these tribes, it was even powerless to entirely guarantee the days of the Missionary. "Our lives hang but by a thread," said Father de Brébeuf, "and if in whatever part of the world we may be we should expect death at any hour, and should have 'our soul in our hands,' it is particularly so in this country; for, besides the fact that our cabin is hardly better than straw and could take fire at any moment, notwithstanding our care to prevent accidents, the malice of the savages keeps us in perpetual fear in this regard. An enemy can burn us out or split open our heads. Then we are responsible for the fruitfulness or sterility of the soil, under pain of death; we are held to be the cause of the drought, and if we cannot bring rain, they have no further use for us. . . . ¹"

The next year opened under most favorable auspices. Three new Jesuits arrived at the mission: Fathers Charles Garnier, Isaac Jogues, and Peter Chastelain. They largely filled the void made by the departure of Fathers Davost and Daniel, whom Father de Brébeuf had sent to Quebec with some Huron children who were to be educated there.


The Canadian Missions had been solemnly consecrated to the Immaculate Conception on the eighth of December, 1635, which seemed to have brought a blessing on the work undertaken among the Hurons. The benedictions of heaven, however, are seldom without their accompanying cross here below. Hardly had the new comers arrived than they fell sick, and from cabin to cabin contagion spread throughout the country. This proved a happy scourge which opened the gates of Paradise to many dying ones, for the missionaries were able to baptize more than twelve hundred persons.²

¹ Memoirs on the Huron Mission.

These jesting words were not at all exaggerated, as the year 1639 proved.

² Letter of Father Isaac Jogues to his brother Samuel, Capuchin.

ST. JOHN BERCHMANS



SANCTUARY SOCIETY

THE PILGRIM for 1892 had a series of papers setting forth the manner of organization, the practical working and the aims of an admirable society for altar boys; and now comes a most encouraging report from the Reverend Director of the society organized at the Church of the Gesù, Philadelphia, where the rules and practices of the society, as set forth in the PILGRIM, have been fully carried out.

The St. John Berchmans Sanctuary Society, as the Archbishop's written approbation in the Sacristy shows, was organized at the Church of the Gesù four years ago. At present it numbers forty-three members; of these thirty-three have made their First Communion; nearly all of them have received the beautiful certificate of admission or diploma of the society, and those who are now nearing the end of their six months' probation will enjoy the same privilege upon its completion. Some pious ceremonies accompany the presentation of the diploma. Every member is provided with the leaflet of Rules and Prayers. The society meets every Wednesday evening at 7.45 o'clock. A short instruction on some devotional subject is given by the Reverend Director, who presides at all the meetings. After instruction come "Points of Discipline." Defects in deportment and in the manner of serving Mass, and irregularities with regard to attendance for services during the week are noticed, mildly reproved, and counsel is given as to how they are to be corrected. The meeting closes with the Five Prayers, as in the leaflet.

On the second Sunday of each month, at the 7.15 o'clock Mass, the members of the society receive Holy Communion in a body. They are vested in cassock and surplice, and they kneel in the sanctuary during this Mass. After the Mass, a short thanksgiving is made in common. Since the St. John Berchmans Sanctuary Society was organized at the Gesù, the altar boys have become deeply impressed with the great dignity of their office and filled with the desire to make themselves very angels of the sanctuary. Among the fruits of their training is an eagerness to serve the holy Mass; a most regular attendance at all the church devotions; an edifying deportment and a pious recollection, for the greater glory of God, while they are in the sanctuary.

[We again commend this admirable society to all those who have charge of altar boys. —EDITOR.]

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Most Needy Mission.	For the Madura Mission.
J. L. M., Syracuse, N. Y. . . . \$1 00	N. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . \$2 00
"Person in Need," — Mass. . . . 5 00	Promoter (Holy Family Centre), Chicago 2 50
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For the Ursulines of the Rocky Mountains.	"Child of Mary," Marlboro', Mass. 1 00
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We prefer that contributors to the Missions should send their donations direct to the stations they wish to relieve.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

SINCE it is not always feasible to hold the usual monthly Councils of Promoters during July and August, it is all the more important to provide in the June Council for a proper distribution of the Rosary Sets and for a means of recording the Intentions during these months. Should the officers of a Council foresee that a summer absence from their own neighborhood will prevent them from attending to such duties, they should designate others for the task, so as not to overburden Local Directors, or perhaps leave the Associates, who depend upon them, without this important means of observing the various practices of the League.



Although the Imitation tells us that, "they who go abroad very often rarely become holy," a truly apostolic soul will grow holier and make others holier in spite of the distractions attendant upon moving from place to place. When away upon vacation, our Promoters and Associates meet with many Catholics who know but little about devotion to the Sacred Heart, and who have no opportunity of learning how the League advances that devotion or of following its practices. A word in season, a little instruction or direction will often result in establishing a Local Centre in

places where no other kind of devotional society is possible. It is not too much to say that one-fifth of the Local Centres established during the year owe their origin to the discreet zeal of our Promoters and Associates when moving about in search of rest and relaxation during the vacation months.



It cannot be repeated too often that the report which is now printed on the first leaf of the Rosary Set is to be returned, not to our office, but to the Local Director or Secretary. This report is entirely for the convenience of the Local Centres; whilst it enables Secretaries to keep an accurate account of the number and needs of Associates, it will also serve to show Directors the Promoters who are faithful to their duties, and the Candidates who are proving themselves worthy of their Cross and Diploma. When formerly these reports were printed on separate slips, they did not always find their way into the hands of Promoters. Now every Promoter is provided with one. To meet the requirements of certain Centres, we still print the separate slips.



Fidelity to the routine of a Promoter's office is not nearly so important as the spirit of devotion which is brought to the work. Without this spirit the routine is for the most part unprofitable. It is only half the work of a Promoter to put a Rosary Ticket into the hands of an Associate; the other and more important duty is to call attention to the numerous observances which the simple Rosary Ticket recommends. It comprises in briefest form the entire work of the League; the Morning Offering, the mystery for the Daily Decade, the days for the general and for the individual Communions of Reparation, and the Patron's day on which Associates can gain a Plenary Indulgence by approaching the Holy Table. Besides, it makes known the Intentions and the many Indulgences which Associates can gain by fidelity to these practices. If well acquainted with a Rosary Ticket no Promoter should ever be at a loss for topics of interest when meeting with Associates.



A point of great interest to every Associate is that the daily practices recommended on our Calendar for July are eminently suited for the circumstances in which most of our Associates are placed during the summer time. In vacation season we need to be reminded at the outset to "seek God always," to have a "care in the choice of companions," to "keep in horror of worldliness," to cultivate a "spirit of sacrifice," to "renew the Morning Offering," "to frequent the Holy Sacraments," and "seek the greater glory of God."

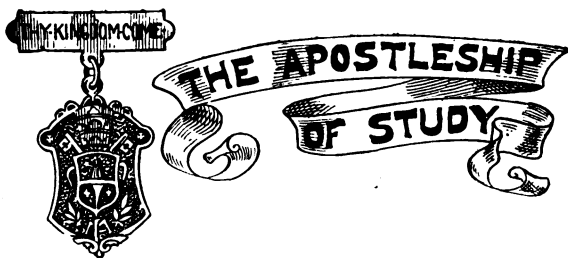


It may have escaped the notice of Promoters that the Rosary Tickets now designate the days of their monthly patrons. It would not be difficult in the course of a year, to learn something of these patrons as their names occur from month to month. The patrons for July, St. Ignatius and St. Mary Magdalene, are so well known, that but few of our Promoters will need to inquire about them. The sentences for the Fruit designated on the July tickets this year have been selected from the writings of St. Ignatius, with a view to making known his spirit of zeal for the sanctification of his neighbor.



A Local Secretary writes to inquire whether the Promoter's Cross, which is usually of bronze, loses its Indulgences when washed in silver or gold. There should be no confusion on this point. The washing or plating of the Cross does not affect the Indulgences attached to it.

Another Local Secretary writes to suggest that the picture of the Sacred Heart, which is printed on the new *Calendar and Monthly Intentions*, might be saved and put to some good purpose. The suggestion is worthy of attention; the print itself is very attractive, and there is no reason why it should be discarded when the month is over.



THE little branch of the great Apostleship of Prayer,' as Father Cros, the founder of the Apostleship of Study, better known as the Pope's Militia, used to call it, has been making great progress during the past scholastic year. Since September last it has been organized in more than 150 colleges and academies, and the number of decorations which are now being called for proves how effectually its practices have incited scholars of every grade to better conduct and more diligent application.

Now that chaplains and superiors of the schools, in which the Pope's Militia has been organized, recognize the propriety of conferring its decorations in public, and, if possible, at the closing exercises of the year, it is important to insist upon the unique privileges attached to these honors, namely, the extension of the Papal blessing and of the plenary indulgence at the hour of death to all the winner's relatives of the first degree. Many a young scholar will think little of a prize which rewards no one but the winner; not one will fail to esteem most highly the award which comes from so exalted a source as the Holy See and which benefits those whom the fortunate candidate loves most.

A timely suggestion to teachers who have adopted the practices of the Pope's Militia to secure the discipline and diligence of the class-room, is that there is no reason why the hour of silence, the hour of study, and the hour of recreation should not be observed by their pupils even during the months of summer vacation. It may seem somewhat utopian to expect an hour of study daily from the boy or girl who looks upon vacation as a time when study should be prohibited; but it should be remembered that nothing fasci-

nates the young mind so much as order and system, and that the day divided into periods such as the three practices of the Apostleship of Study naturally make, would at least relieve the monotony which even young idlers suffer from during the summer season.

It is not too late to inculcate devotion to St. Aloysius, the patron of the Pope's Militia, as the special devotion of all its young Associates at this season; whilst the indulgences granted to its practices are an incentive to a devout and regular reception of the holy sacraments, even when the many opportunities afforded by school life are missing, his model method of preparing for our divine Lord, and his wonderful habit of recollection for days after receiving Him, should never fail to impress the youthful mind and heart. If there is one road to sanctity more direct than another it is a study and imitation of the holy Aloysius in his devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

A SAILOR PROMOTER.

DEAR FATHER CULLEN:—On my arrival home, after one of my recent trips, I was relating to my mother and sisters an incident that happened to one of my members of the Apostleship of Prayer in connection with the Badge of the Sacred Heart.

Well, dear Father, this man was one of my first members; but, on account of a strike in our company, was obliged to leave, and, in the course of time, went to England, and joined another company's steamship. On joining the Apostleship, I presented him with a Leaflet and Badge of the Sacred Heart. Instead of wearing the Badge about his person, he used always to hang it at the head of his berth. I have seen it hang there myself many times while we were together in the same ship, for I had occasion very often to go into the fore-castle, where he lived. After leaving the ship, and joining the other one, he still adhered to his old practice of hanging his Badge at the head of his berth, although all his other shipmates in the fore-castle were non-Catholics,

About the beginning of last month he came on board to see me, and I was not a little surprised, for I knew he should have been on his home-bound voyage to Liverpool. On seeing him, I said :

"Well, Michael, what is the matter? Have you left your ship?"

He said : "No, sir ; we were in collision the night before last, and we got our bows cut clean away, and only for the iron bulk head, or water-tight compartment, our ship would have gone down ; but we managed, with great difficulty, to get the ship back to London and into dry dock, and the shipbuilders are putting a new bow into her."

Now, the bow, or part of the ship that was cut away by the other ship, is the very place where the sailors live, and, strange to relate, that every berth in the forecabin was knocked into atoms, with the exception of this man's berth, which was left uninjured, with the Badge of the Sacred Heart still hanging there. And, were it not for the timely notice this man gave, the watch below would most assuredly have been killed in the berths.

On the following day the Board of Trade surveyors, Lloyds' surveyors, and the owners of the ship went down to examine her to see the amount of damage done, and were very much puzzled to know how this one berth could be left standing uninjured, and all the others carried away and destroyed.

"But," said he, "I could have told them ; for my little Badge of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was hanging in its old place."

I said to him, "Why did you not do so?" and he said :

"Well, you know, sir, I being a poor sailor, and, perhaps, they a lot of men who do not believe with us, I knew they would only laugh at me."

Dear Father, it was very grand to hear that poor sailor tell his story with such fervor and faith, and that to the Sacred Heart of Jesus he and all in the ship owed their lives.

I remain, yours most respectfully,

A SAILOR PROMOTER.

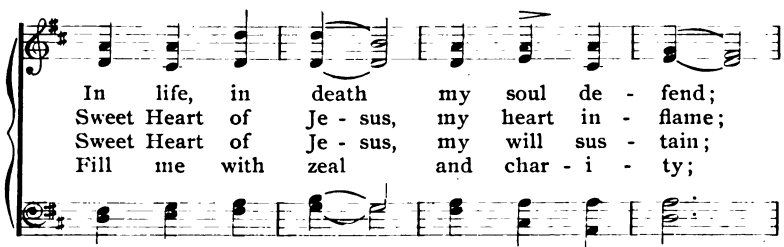
From the Irish Messenger.

Sweet Heart of Jesus.

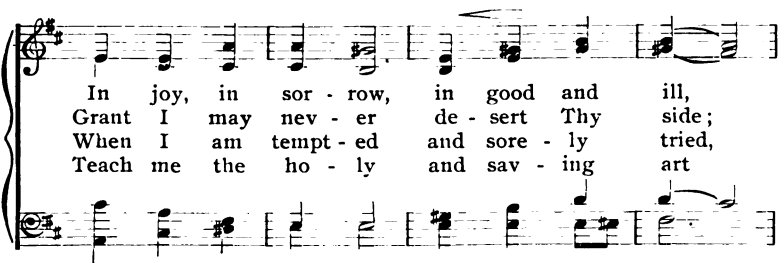
From English and Latin Hymns,
by Rev. J. B. YOUNG, S. J.



1. Sweet Heart of Je - sus! my God, my Friend,
2. My joy, Thy glo - ry; my hope, Thy name,
3. Let not Thy pre - cious blood be in vain;
4. Help me to lead poor sin - ners to Thee;



In life, in death my soul de - fend;
Sweet Heart of Je - sus, my heart in - flame;
Sweet Heart of Je - sus, my will sus - tain;
Fill me with zeal and char - i - ty;



In joy, in sor - row, in good and ill,
Grant I may nev - er de - sert Thy side;
When I am tempt - ed and sore - ly tried,
Teach me the ho - ly and sav - ing art



Sweet Heart of Je - sus, pro - tect me still.
Sweet Heart of Je - sus, be Thou my guide.
Make me re - mem - ber Thee cru - ci - fied.
Of teach - ing oth - ers to love Thy Heart.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Priestly and Religious Vocations.

THE number of intentions recommended each month in behalf of those who are deciding their vocations, and of those who need grace to persevere in vocations already chosen, would seem to show that there is no need of special prayers for an object which all our Associates must have so much at heart. In June we had to recommend 58,062 petitions for vocations not yet decided, and 40,792 for Church students and novices, to enable them to remain faithful in the course already begun.

This deep sympathy with the souls that are specially called by God, manifested as it is at the most trying and important moment of their career, is in strict accordance with the views of our holy Church in a matter of such great interest to her well-being. It proves in a signal manner the delicacy and sensitiveness of true Christian charity, which makes us all feel such concern as to the outcome of the ordeal through which every soul that is called to the priestly or religious state must pass. That ordeal is usually a long and patient struggle between nature and grace, between worldliness and piety, between carnal and spiritual affections; and the struggle is all the more painful because it must be borne in silence, with little counsel or direction from others, and often against the opposition of kindred and of friends. Our sympathy and our prayers could have no better object than the soul which is tried by the darkness, the doubt, the anxiety, the desolation, the discouragement and often the sense of abandonment, so commonly attendant upon the choice of a state of life.

Were these internal struggles the only trials of souls deciding their vocations, they would have claim enough upon our sympathy and our prayers. To conceive a still deeper sympathy and to utter a more fervent prayer, let us recall that in countries where the Church should be most flourishing, iniquitous laws are in force with a view to dragging novices and church students from the cloister and the seminary, and making them serve their time in the midst of the scandalous living of a military barracks. The enemies of Christ would keep back His priests from His Altar, and rob the sacred cloister of its chosen germs of holiness; as friends of Christ let our prayers baffle the efforts of His adversaries and secure the grace of courage and of perseverance for all whom He calls to His special service.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

NINTH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1893.

No. 8.

THE TRIBUTE.

BY H. M.



FROM the stars in their diamond glory,
In the dark blue vault o'erhead,
To the tiniest fern uncurling,
In its scarlet-tipped moss bed ;

From the shallowest rill that gurgles
'Tween the rocks in mountains grand,
To the mightiest waves of the ocean
That moan on the shore's white sand ;

From the sigh of the summer zephyr,
As soft as a babe's faint breath,
To the awful roar of the cyclone,
Whose voice is the voice of death,—

Every creature its praise sings in tribute
To Thee, the great God above !
To Thy power, and goodness, and beauty,
But most of all to Thy love.

OUR LADY'S SHRINES.

WE are assured by the Saints and taught by the experience of ages that our Blessed Lady does not content herself with answering our petitions, but, of her own accord, assists her children and protects them from the dangers that threaten their souls. She has the solicitude of a mother, and with a mother's foresight she sees and provides for her children's needs. And this spontaneous zeal of our Blessed Mother is exercised, not only in behalf of individual souls, but also in behalf of the Church at large. Her union with her divine Son is so intimate that she cannot but be filled with that zeal for God's glory which is ever consuming His Sacred Heart. Hence the solicitude that ever prompts her to guard and protect the Church of God, to apply a remedy to the evils that spring up within its bosom, and to multiply opportunities of sanctification for its children.

Such is the ordinary and habitual care which Mary takes of the Church of Christ. But there are times and places in which her provident care and motherly kindness are bestowed with lavish hand. There are spots on the earth on which she has set the seal of her mother's love, and which henceforth abound in wonderful manifestations of the power of God. These are the shrines and sanctuaries of our Lady, to which such vast multitudes of the faithful have flocked to seek relief for soul and body, and which have played so important a part in the sanctification and perpetuation of God's Church.

One of the most striking facts connected with the shrines of our Lady is their almost incredible number. Those of our readers who have heard of only a few of the shrines of the present day, such as La Salette, Lourdes, or Kevelaer will be surprised to learn that these shrines are but a small fraction of the entire number existing even at the present day, and a still smaller fraction of the number existing in all ages from the beginning of the Church. France alone counts its sanctuaries of our Lady, old and new, almost by the score, and some of these, it is said, date from apostolic times. Germany, Bel-

gium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain—all have had their famous shrines of our Lady. England, too, once had its hallowed spots where our Blessed Lady rewarded the faith and devotion of her English children by the favor of her visible presence, and by an all but visible outpouring of her mother's love. Many of these sanctuaries of our Lady owe their origin to apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, in which she commanded a chapel or place of pilgrimage to be reared in her honor, or in which she complained to some favored one of her children of the crimes and abuses that she wished to remove, or promised her protection to those who would honor her in ways which she herself indicated.

Another remarkable circumstance connected with the origin of these sanctuaries is the fact that, frequently, nothing in the outward and visible course of events led up to the miraculous occurrences in which they had their rise. Suddenly and unexpectedly would our Lady appear to some favored one, or cause some prodigy to be wrought which was to convert some unknown corner of the earth into a famous shrine of the Queen of Heaven. Not unfrequently has she thus appeared to persons who were not thinking of her, and still less looking for any extraordinary favor at her hands, nay, sometimes, to persons who would seem to have no particular devotion to her and were ignorant of all but the barest rudiments of religion.



This circumstance has characterized the apparitions of our Lady in all times, in the earliest ages as well as in our own. We see it, among scores of other cases, in the origin of the ancient shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne, in France. The people of the town suddenly beheld a strange ship, without sailors or oarage, wafted to their shores and bringing them a

miraculous image of our Lady which was to be the instrument of wonderful graces for many a century. And so it has been down to our own age. At La Salette the wonderful apparition in which the shrine had its origin was vouchsafed to two poor and ignorant children whose thoughts at the moment were occupied with the herd they were tending on the mountain side. And so it was at Lourdes, where a simple child was, without any warning, made the instrument for founding another great shrine of our Lady whose fame is known the world over. What does this circumstance, which is so universal in such apparitions, prove, if not that the graces that have flowed from these sanctuaries of our Lady are purely the outpouring of Mary's unsolicited bounty, and the result of her constant and unremitting solicitude for the souls of her children.

There is still another circumstance in these apparitions which arrests our attention, one in which Mary copies, so to speak, the ways of God himself. Nearly all of these extraordinary favors have been granted to persons of the most obscure condition in life. It has been said that God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and the little things to confound the great. And so has it been with Mary. Sanctuaries that have won world-wide fame by the miracles wrought in them have been founded through the instrumentality of the poor and simple and ignorant. And yet what else might we expect from her who first uttered those words of the *Magnificat*: "He hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaid. . . . He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. . . . He hath put down the powerful from their seat and raised up the lowly?" A deep lesson is this to those who expect divine favors before humbling themselves under the hand of God, and acknowledging, not only with their lips, but still more by their deeds, that whatever gifts they may possess, these are as nothing in the sight of God, who gave them and can take them away.

The immense number of our Lady's shrines, and the circumstances under which she herself founded them, illustrate in their own way the position of our Blessed Mother in the

general plan of the redemption and sanctification of the world. Everywhere we find Mary most closely associated with Jesus in this work ; everywhere we find her sharing, so far as a mere creature can share, in the office and prerogatives of her divine Son. Such was the case during her lifetime on earth ; such is the case in her glorious life in Heaven ; such too is the case in the life which still, in a manner, she leads with her children on earth. Just as her divine Son finds it His delight to dwell among the children of men, living as He does in thousands of tabernacles whence He feeds the multitudes of the faithful with the Bread of Life, so too does Mary find pleasure in abiding among her children in those shrines where she gives them such extraordinary marks of her love and her power, and her zeal for their eternal welfare.

A SAINT IN LOWLY LIFE.

BY GEORGE HUNTER.

SOME forty years ago, when the western sections of this country were thinly settled, I was assigned by our good Bishop to a parish some thirty square miles in extent. I was conveyed from station to station by an old horse of uncertain age, the property of my predecessor in the ministry. The faithful animal had acquired a fixed ecclesiastical gait, which no persuasion could hasten and no accident unsettle ; and, what was still more distressing, he had from excessive willfulness in youth grown up in utter ignorance of backing ; you might tug at the reins for an hour together and the poor beast would stand in helpless bewilderment as to your meaning, making no motion except a staid turn of the head to get a reproachful look at you. And so I was obliged on many occasions to make a wide circuit through pleasant fields and pastures new.

On an occasion of this kind I met one of my parishioners, a shoemaker, whom my predecessor had described to me as a man of sterling character, but with whom I had

as yet only slight personal acquaintance. I was going on a long sick call, and, as is natural in a new parish, I lost my way. Seeing the necessity of making a short turn in order to gain ground I resolved to back. Assuming, therefore, a lofty tone, I addressed Ike in a harsh and threatening manner, pulling, the while, at the reins with all my might. In the midst of this struggle for mastery Mr. M. appeared on the scene, and taking in the situation at a glance, he laid hold of the horse, and thus, by united effort, we brought Ike to a sitting posture—and that was all. I soon realized the hopelessness of the undertaking, and, laughing the affair off, I was about to enter upon some explanations, when Mr. M. proved them unnecessary by revealing an intimate knowledge of Ike's good and bad parts. "Father Smith treated him too well, your reverence, and the Bishop before him; nothing was too good for him. . . And you're going to see poor John D. Sure, you're on the right road; only turn to the right when you come to the Baptist Church and then go straight on."

Discovering to my very great pleasure that I was not altogether lost, I invited Mr. M. to get into the buggy, but he, pretending not to hear me, continued on, talking volubly about the new church that was being built, Dr. Doyle's Catechism, the Fathers of the Desert, and many another subject that was near his heart, with tact, however, and that innate courteousness which is characteristic of his race. We soon reached a part of the country road where our ways divided; his house stood on a slight elevation in the distance, and on the porch I could plainly see the whole family gathered together; they had evidently recognized the well known gait of the priest's horse. We parted company with mutual good wishes, and I drove on over the endless, uneven country road, which has often served me as an illustration of the narrow way that leads to eternal life. Thereafter Mr. M. and I were great friends. I found him true and steadfast, and full of that simple faith we read of in the lives of saints, which sees God in all the changing phases of earth and sky, and in all the events of life. He said his beads every day, and if there was Mass within ten miles of him, he would walk the whole way to hear it. His presence came on you like the sun on a foggy

morning. I never saw him out of temper but once—a very trying occasion—and then he only said “*Ramnation*,” carefully softening the expression by a change of letter. His son, who is now a priest, has told me that he heard his father use this expression three times, but always with the addition, “God forgive me for saying it!” As our intimacy increased I visited him now and then, and often found him, last in hand, engaged in earnest controversy with some Baptist neighbors, who loved his conversation. On one occasion especially I had dropped in unexpectedly, and was exchanging greetings with the children, when the following conversation reached me from the shop: “I suppose I’m a Baptist if I’m anything, considerin’ I was so raised and all my posterity, father, grandfather, away back,—which I suppose every man ought to stick to his religion, and”—

“Sure phat’s (Mr. M. used to say “*phat*” for “*what*,” but he was unconscious of the mistake), “*phat’s* the use of a rilligion anyhow, unless you’re certain you can save your soul in it?” “Well, yes—bein’ if a man has a soul.” At this point one of the children drew me by the hand to the door of the shop, whereupon there was a sound as of falling hammers, and Mr. M. rose with his gracious smile to receive me. The conversation continued in this strain, and before leaving I felt sure that Bill Jones considered me a human being.

And thus the uneventful days went by with the monotony of daily recurring duties, the recital of which would weary my younger readers. The new church was nearly built, when in 18—, as some men still living may remember, the cholera fell upon us, taking in a swathe of the country from ocean to ocean. It came like the dread rumors of war, or intimations of the last judgment, and men who before had seen no sufficient reason for God’s justice in the world, now yearned for mercy and the cessation of the plague. Our little community was not spared; many a home was made desolate. Three of Mr. M.’s children were carried off; still, sustained by his supernatural faith and the grace of his religion, he went about like an angel of mercy, and when the dread visitation had passed, the name of John M. was on every tongue in praise and gratitude. It was on one of our visits to a cholera

patient that I learned from him certain incidents in his past life which led me to regard him as a true saint. I had asked him how he managed to keep up his practices of piety in this wild country, and in great simplicity he assured me that he attributed it all to a trial of his early life. He was at one time extremely poor, owing to the bitter prejudice against Catholics—in fact, his family were reduced to the verge of starvation, when some Protestant neighbors, pitying his condition, promised him help and comparative independence if he would join the Freemasons. It was a sore trial for him; he went home with a heavy heart, resolved, however, to suffer anything rather than imperil his soul's salvation by breaking a grave precept of the Church. That night, while saying his beads, God filled his soul with consolation and strength. Soon his honest manliness and kindly nature won upon his neighbors, and from being an outcast among strangers he came to be the best loved and most respected man in all the countryside. "But I only did my duty. How could I go to the devil, body and soul? It's very little, it seems to me. Look at St. Anthony in the Fathers of the Desert." He knew the Fathers of the Desert and Dr. Doyle's Catechism by heart.

In course of time I was changed to a wider field of activity, where increasing cares drove from me the memory of my dear old shoemaker. One evening as I sat alone preparing a Christmas sermon, a letter was handed to me, addressed in a bold, boyish hand to "The Very Rev. J. A." I opened it hurriedly, thoughts of a vacant Bishopric running through my mind the while. It was from little Willie M., the shoemaker's son.

DEAR FATHER A.—We hope your Reverence is in good health as this leaves us at present. Ike is dead. Father Smith says it is a good riddance. He was very aggravating before he died. He would lie down in the middle of the road when Father Smith was on a sick call. I am studying Latin and Greek with Father Smith. Father says if I learn well he will send me to K. to College. I am doing my best. I am as far as Syntax in the Latin grammar, but I don't seem to be able to learn the Greek article. Father Smith says he will bet you do not know the article,* but he was only joking

* This is incorrect; when we were at school together Father Smith could, I admit, rattle off the Greek article faster than I, but then his knowledge of Greek never went beyond the article.

of course. Father is in good health. He says his beads every day as usual. He allows us to join him, if we wish, except in Lent, when we have to. We are having great times here now with fairs and so forth. The Baptists had their church dedicated last Sunday. The Baptist minister came to the shop in the evening to argue. Bill Jones was baptized two weeks ago by Father Smith. Bill says a man's soul is the best part of him, and he is going to make sure of that anyhow. He calls father Dr. Doyle, in fun. I remain,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM M.

After reading the letter I mused for some time on Ike, who had spent himself, so to speak, in the service of the Church, the old shoemaker, Bill Jones, and the incidents of my early ministry ; but my sermon had to be polished up within a short time, so I turned my back on the past and faced the prosaic present.

Several more years went by. I learned indirectly that little Willie had been for some time at the College of K., where he was doing himself credit and no doubt delighting the heart of the good old gentlemen, his father. I was beginning to regret very much my neglect of the faithful of C., when another letter came with the familiar, in-artistic postmark :

DEAR FATHER A.—You may not have heard that I have been three years at college this September. I am now home for vacation. Things have changed very much since you were here. Bill Jones died last month. His death was most consoling and pious. Father was with him all the time, telling him they would soon meet again, and consoling him generally. Father himself has grown very feeble of late ; still he says his beads every day. We read to him from his favorite books, and whenever we omit a word he is sure to call us to order. He often expresses a wish to see you before he dies. Father Smith brings him Holy Communion every week.

Your ever grateful friend,

WILLIAM S. M.

Judging from the last part of the letter that the dear old gentleman was really on his death-bed, I made haste to visit him ; but transportation was slow in those times, and only after four days of tedious travel did I reach the little village. I went immediately to the familiar residence, where I found the end very near. The dear man was delighted to see me, and his face lit up again with the gracious smile that was wont to cheer me in the hard days of my early ministry.

The end soon came. We were all gathered round reciting the prayers for the dying, he making pious ejaculations with a sweet fervor that went to our hearts. Before the last prayer was ended he passed away—a kind, steadfast, saintly soul. And now as I look back through the haze of years to that distant time, I recall the names of many successful, cultivated men, men who fulfilled the promise of their early youth in a worldly way, but no name that I have known fills my heart with such a sense of God's goodness and mercy as the name of this simple shoemaker.

Before preparing these pages I wrote to Willie (now the Rev. W. S. M., *D.D.*, or *B.D.*, or *LL.D.*—I don't know which.) Here is his answer :

DEAR OLD FRIEND:—I was much touched to learn that you still remember so vividly my father and the old days. I agree with you that my father was a sort of Apostle in a humble way. By-the-bye do you remember the day of your chance meeting at the cross-roads just above our house? You may not know perhaps that my father was then returning from a visit to old Mr. Blake, who, for pecuniary reasons, had allowed his children to attend Baptist revivals, church services, etc. As the old man was in very straitened circumstances, father brought him fifty dollars and some good advice. That very evening all the young Blakes flew past our house on their way to a camp-meeting at Brown's Woods. Father saw them from his shop, and said "Ramnation! (God forgive me for saying it!)." He told us afterwards that what vexed him particularly was that Blake was from Abbey-leix, his own native town in —. You ask about Ike's antecedents before your arrival at C. He had been a fast horse in his youth before Bishop F. got him. Father Monaghan, your predecessor, used to say that the Bishop gave him the full ecclesiastical course of training . . . We have established the League of the Sacred Heart in our parish: it is doing wonders. I think if this devotion had been flourishing in your time you would have succeeded in converting every Baptist in the neighborhood. It is only necessary now to send in a petition for prayers and forthwith several hundred thousand Associates begin to pray for you.

Affectionately in Christ,

W. S. M.

And here ends this little account, which was not intended to give a "revelation of mysteries," but only to show how the Church through her channels of grace works wonders of sanctification in all ages and in every walk of life, taking every man as he is and building on him the supernatural structure of Faith, Hope and Charity.



I N our last issue we took occasion to say that certain of the rules of the *Prima Primaria* are either omitted from our Sodality manuals, or, if printed with the rest, are either modified or curtailed. The 14th of the Common Rules is a case in point. The text of the rule (translated, of course, from the Latin) is as follows :

As the Sodalists profess a higher perfection than others, they are exhorted to be more fervent in pious and Christian practices, such as frequent Confession and Communion, the recitation of the Office of the Blessed Virgin and the Rosary ; also, *in visiting prisons, where circumstances of place and persons render it possible, and in visiting hospitals*, especially on the eves of the more solemn feasts of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. These and similar good works may be undertaken ; and they may be performed by each one separately, according as his piety may prompt and his circumstances warrant it, or by the Sodality as a body, according as the Director may appoint or advise.

We have italicized a clause in the rule to which before to-day we have implicitly called the attention of our readers. The visiting of prisons and hospitals is only given as a specimen of the good works which the Sodality is advised to undertake. There are many other works of charity and zeal which they may take in hand, such as instructing the ignorant, relieving the wants of the poor, and, in fact, any of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

*

The following letter describes a young ladies' Sodality which, we are glad to see, is working precisely in the lines marked out by the 14th rule, quoted above.

FREDERICK, MD., June 1st, 1893.

The little city of Frederick, so cosily nestled in the charming valley of that name, "green-walled by the hills of Maryland," possesses many

spiritual advantages of which the outside world knows but little. We do not think our beautiful church has her equal in the State, and nowhere have Catholics the religious opportunities which we possess. Nor are we slow in profiting by these numerous benefits. We have the League of the Sacred Heart, which is rapidly spreading, and is accomplishing untold good. We have also the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

This Sodality has been established many years and has sometimes been remarkably flourishing, and then again languishing; but within the last few years, notably within the last two, it has wonderfully increased in numbers and in zeal. We have many good works in hand. Last autumn four visitors were selected, whose duty it should be to ascertain the names of the sick and needy of the parish, and minister to their wants. A sewing society was also organized, to make clothes for the destitute during the cold weather which was fast approaching. On all the Tuesdays in November the Office of the Dead was recited, and during the entire month daily Communions were offered by the Sodalists for the souls in purgatory. On the 5th, 6th and 7th of December, a retreat was given by our Rev. Director which was a most remarkable success. It may seem strange that all missions or retreats should not be successful in Frederick; but the truth of the matter is that we have so many religious advantages, owing to our having the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in our midst, that we are much like children raised on bon-bons: we seem not always to appreciate them.

In every undertaking our Rev. Director calls on his Sodalists to assist him; so it was to them he looked to have the Christmas altar becomingly decorated, the more so as the Sodalists take entire charge of the sanctuary. In February he addressed us on our duty as Sodalists of getting a large number of adorers for the Forty Hours. Six persons were appointed to solicit others to name their hour of adoration, so that the Blessed Sacrament might have watchers during the whole devotion.

Every first Wednesday of each month our Rev. Director says Mass for his Sodalists. Besides this, the beautiful idea was suggested and acted on, of taking up a collection on the last Tuesday of each month to form a fund to have Masses said for the departed members of the Sodality.

At the regular monthly meeting of officers in March a report was made of the good accomplished by the visitors. 55 visits had been made to the sick, 66 to the poor, whilst 50 persons had been assisted with coal, provisions and clothing.

During the month of May the Sodalists assembled in their usual place before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, wearing their ribbons and badges, and we had the happiness of hearing a charming sermon every evening from some of the best speakers from the Novitiate. At other public devotions, also, the Sodalists occupy their usual place in the church, wearing the insignia of the Sodality.

We have but one word of comment on the above communication, and that is that what can be done in Frederick can be done elsewhere. Frederick is not the only place where the Sodality can be made a power in the parish.



THE QUEEN OF MARTYRS.

BY J. J. B.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
All our needs are known to thee,
All our sorrows are thy sorrows,
Let thy sorrows ours all be.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
Near to heaven seem we here,
Where the band of holy martyrs
Shared with thee deep sorrow's spear.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
That our weak faith may be fed
With the faith of those brave heroes
Of the Cross, who here have bled.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
That our love for thy dear Son,
May increase with glowing ardor
Till the victory be won.

Pray for us, O Queen of Martyrs,
So to hope nor be cast down ;
Fearless ! when hell's darkest terrors
Fain would snatch from us life's crown.

THE AURIESVILLE PILGRIMAGE.

When it was rumored of late that the Fathers of the Society of Jesus were about to leave Troy, their devoted parishioners determined to use every possible means of retaining them. Among other pleas which they urged for keeping them was their connection with the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville. At the public meeting, called to express a protest against their departure, one of the speakers eloquently reminded them that as Troy itself had profited by their labors, so at Auriesville the very soil of the diocese had been bedewed by the blood of their martyred forerunners, the saintly Isaac Jogues and Rene Goupil. So repeatedly was mention made of the Shrine, and so emphatically was it enumerated among the great works of the Jesuit Fathers of Troy, that it was evidently feared that with Troy the Fathers would also give up the care of Our Lady of Martyrs.

We are happy to tell our readers and patrons of the Shrine that even had the Jesuits been permitted to leave their parish in Troy, they would not have thought of giving up Auriesville, nor would the Right Reverend Bishop have consented to their relinquishing their charge of the hallowed place. Now that the Bishop of Albany has induced the Fathers to remain in Troy, we may be assured not only that Auriesville will remain a possession of the Society of Jesus, but that the proximity of its Fathers to Auriesville will ensure an active interest on the part of the Jesuits throughout the country in this *Mission of the Martyrs*. It should be remembered that, besides the spirit of piety which first moved the religious brethren of Father Jogues and Rene Goupil to secure the site of this Mission for a place of pilgrimage, the earnest interest and encouragement of most of the Archbishops and Bishops of the country, of so many priests and of the faithful are incentives which amount to commands in their eyes to continue the work so auspiciously begun.

It should never be forgotten that the object of the pilgrimages to the Shrine of Auriesville is the beatification of the martyrs who gave up their lives for Christ on the scene of that Mission. As announced in the first PILGRIM issued in

behalf of the Shrine, the Queen of Martyrs must be invoked to crown the martyrs who have followed so bravely in the footsteps of her Son. In view of the fact that the Catholics of Troy have been so faithful in making these pilgrimages whenever it was possible, may we not look upon their successful opposition to the departure of the Jesuits from their midst as a reward from our Lady of Martyrs? And if she has intervened so favorably in their interest, may we not presume to say that she wishes her faithful Catholics in Troy to show their gratitude by renewing the pilgrimages which were interrupted last year, and making them even more solemn and extensive than they have been hitherto.

We are happy to announce that the railway companies have renewed again this year the liberal reduction which enabled so many of the devout people to make the pilgrimage from Troy in former years. Some Local Directors in New York City have also secured favorable rates for the pilgrims they are to lead up to the Shrine. What may be called the special attraction of Auriesville for this pilgrimage will be the model of the new statue of our Lady, which we hope to have ready before the feast of the Assumption. This model is now in preparation, and as the design of the crown for Our Lady of Martyrs depends upon the completion of this model, we recommend the artist and his work to the prayers of all who are interested in the Shrine.

We shall be glad to furnish applicants for the pilgrimage with an account of the routes and special rates for travelling to Auriesville.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. T. D., Milwaukee, Wis. . .	\$1 00	"Petitioner," Fall River, M's	\$1 00
"A Child of Mary," St. Paul. .	2 00	"Asking Favors," Lee, Mass. .	5 00
E. T. McD., Port Huron, Mich. .	3 00	M. C. M., Philadelphia, Pa. .	1 00
"Subscriber," Brooklyn, N. Y. .	1 00	Mrs. J. H., Adams, Mass. . .	1 00
"Friend," Philadelphia, Pa. .	1 00	———, Graniteville Colo. .	2 00
M. B. G., San Antonio, Tex. .	1 00	K. M. B., St. Louis, Mo. . .	1 00
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa. . . .	1 00	K. McL., Danbury, Conn. . .	5 00
Mrs. —, Pottsville, Pa. . . .	2 00	"Servant of Mary," Buffalo, N. Y. .	5 00
P. S., Fiskdale, Mass. . . .	1 00	Mrs. M. A. P. Darwin, Minn. .	1 00
E. J. D., Holyoke, Mass. . . .	2 00	M. D. F., Camden, N. J. . .	1 00
"Gertrude," Philadelphia, Pa. .	1 00	C. A. D., Washington, D. C. .	3 00
A. M. W., Blairsville, Pa. . .	1 00		

FATHER JOHN DE BRÉBEUF.

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

BY REV. FRED ROUVIER, S.J.

V.

PERSECUTION—ANGELIC PROTECTION.

BUT the hatred which never sleeps was covertly watching its prey. Threatening rumors began to be circulated on every side: The "Black Robes" were the sole cause of this sickness. If it did not cease the authors of it must bear the terrible consequences! At one time the calumnies seemed to be dispelled and to be about to subside, but Father de Brébeuf having fixed the seat of the Mission of Ihonatéria a little nearer, at Ossossane, the lurking fire was rekindled by an evil breath and spread rapidly throughout the country until all seemed hopelessly lost.

The servant of God was accused at the Council of Chiefs, who attacked him in violent language, though they did not dare to lay hands upon him. As he left the enclosure the stroke of a hatchet, missing its intended victim, sent the head of the savage who preceded him rolling in the dust. On the 3d of October the cabin of the Black Robes was fired, and, this having failed its purpose, the general massacre of the missionaries was determined upon. It was only a question of days, perhaps of hours.

In this extremity Father de Brébeuf wrote a farewell letter to his Superior in Quebec, which all the Fathers signed; then, after ordering a Novena of Masses in honor of St. Joseph, he took a bold step, and one which did not fail to show the calm serenity of this great soul, even in the midst of most terrible danger.¹

It was a custom among the savages that one about to be put to death should invite his family, friends and future

¹ Parkman in his history of the Jesuits of North America calls Father de Brébeuf, "That masculine apostle of the Faith, the Ajax of the Mission."

executioners to a farewell banquet. In the course of the feast, he would rise and address them, and, as if to defy those who were to torture him, and to show them his courage, he would tell the story of his former exploits. Looking upon himself as condemned, Father de Brébeuf caused this last banquet to be prepared. The Hurons came in great numbers. The Father then rose, and in a strong voice told, not of his own courage, but of the perfections of the Great Spirit, the justice of God, the reward which He had in store for the good, and the punishments with which His inexorable wrath would visit the wicked. . . .

' What was to be the final act of the missionaries was what saved them. After a few days the storm subsided entirely. Doubtless the tomahawk was raised more than once above their heads, but they were at least free to continue their apostolic labors in relative security. Father de Brébeuf profited by this fact to found a new station at Teanaustayac, which was the last act of his administration. He gave up the government of the mission to Father Jerome Lalemant, who came to replace him on the 26th of August, 1638.

The office of Superior, always a burden to the bearer, was particularly trying to Father de Brébeuf's humility, and he laid it down most willingly. He considered himself "fitted only for obedience, as he had been poorly equipped, he thought, with judgment and prudence." He used also to say: "Unable to direct myself, I obey with all the pleasure of a child that cannot walk and must be carried in its mother's arms." Besides, the rules were sacred in his eyes, and his Superior declared that he had never seen him break a single one of them.

His heroic fidelity did not make the servant of God seem at all too stern. His character was full of winning gentleness. "For twelve years," writes Fr. Ragueneau, "I have seen him as superior, as inferior, in the ceaseless works of the missions, with savages, Christians, unbelievers, enemies, in the face of persecution and calumny, and never have I observed in him—not to mention anger—even the slightest sign of impatience or of excitement."

His love of chastity nothing will set forth so well as

the exquisite extract which follows: "You may remember," he once wrote, "the herb named 'Fear of God,' by which it was said our first Fathers used to charm away the spirit of impurity. It does not grow in the land of the Hurons; but it falls from heaven in abundance, so precious that one is careful to cultivate whatever it brings with it. The barbarism, ignorance, poverty, misery, which make the lives of these savages worse than death, are a standing reminder to us to bewail the sin of Adam, and submit ourselves entirely to Him who still chastises disobedience so severely. St. Theresa used to say that she succeeded best in her meditations when she found our Saviour apart from all His companions, as He was in the Garden of Olives, and this she called one of her simplicities. Many may deem it one of my stupidities, but it seems to me that we have so many opportunities to embrace and entertain our Saviour in open court in a country like this whose people treat Him so badly. As we enjoy such a favor we can say boldly, 'I shall fear no evil since Thou art with me.' In a word, I keep in mind that all the angels of these savage, abandoned tribes are ever on the alert to keep us from danger. They well know that if there be anything which would make us fly back to our native land, it is the misfortune of losing the protection of heaven; hence they are quick to provide us with the means of keeping our hopes constant as their own of converting the poor people by God's grace."



A new supply of the souvenir cards of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant has been sent us by the Canadian Central Direction. As we have already stated in the *Messenger*, the cost of preparing and mailing these souvenir cards amounts to about five dollars for each hundred distributed. It will be understood that there is no desire on the part of the Canadian Central Direction to engage in the sale of souvenir-cards, but as there is no fund from which to pay the expenses of printing and mailing, those who desire to secure the cards should see that the Canadian Central Direction is not compelled to distribute souvenirs of the martyrs and, at the same time, to

CONVENT OF INDIAN SISTERS, SACRED HEART MISSION.

FORT BERTHOLD, N. D., May 11th, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—Rev. Mother Mary Catharine, O.S.B. (Sacred White Buffalo), foundress and Prioress General of the Congregation of Indian Sisters, went to eternal rest on the morning of May 2d. Before her death, Mgr. Satolli, Apostolic Delegate, sent her the Papal benediction. Her sub-Prioress and assistant, Rev. Mother Mary Liguori, O.S.B. (Sound-of-the-flying-lance), succeeds her as Prioress General.

On Sunday, April 30th, the feast of her patroness, St. Catharine of Siena, Rev. Mother M. Catharine received the chiefs and representatives of the Indians, and gave them her last advice and wishes for her people. Early in the morning of May 2d, feeling that she was dying, she had the Sisters carry her to the convent chapel of the Sacred Heart and lay her before the altar, dressed in her religious habit. She received the Holy Viaticum with great devotion, and her Sisters received Holy Communion with her. She thanked God fervently for His great mercy in giving success to her Congregation through trials similar to those which Catharine Tekakwitha had suffered, and had her Sisters sing a hymn in honor of Catharine Tekakwitha, sent to her by an Oneida missionary, to the music of the English version of the *Te Deum*, the "Holy God we praise Thy name." As the Indian Sisters sang the triumphant music of the Church, in honor of their saintly Mohawk Sister, around their dying Mother-General, one verse seemed singularly appropriate to the one who waited before the altar to join her Mohawk Sister in her triumph :

"Thy persecutions are all past,
A diadem now decks thy brow,
The triumph-palm in hands thou hast.
The lily-robe thou wearest now."

It was a scene not to be forgotten. The dying champion of the Sacred Heart, who had joyfully entered the conflict that others feared, against the race prejudice and cruel conservatism of four centuries, had wrested victory from defeat, and was dying at the moment of victory, exulting in her martyrdom; the Sacred Heart waiting before her in the Tabernacle to receive the gallant spirit that had fought for Him so well; the dark, tear-stained faces of the Indian Brides of the Sacred Heart, whom she had led through every danger and trial, from the camp to the convent, their voices quivering with grief as they sang the joyful music of the Church's triumph for victory, after conflict that had cost them the life of their brave leader.

At Mother-General's request, I exposed the Blessed Sacrament, said Mass and gave Benediction, and she made her last adoration hour with her Sisters. After the adoration and Benediction she died before the altar, pressing her crucifix to her lips and fixing her eyes upon the tabernacle. As she had desired, her Divine Spouse came for her, blessed her and took her with Him; she was gone while the smoke of the incense still floated about the altar.

The poor Indians mourned bitterly for her death. They not only remembered her great kindness and charity to them, but seemed to realize that her work had given them a hope they never had before. Good Bear, speaking

for the Indians, said : " Holy Mother, we hoped in you, pray now to God for us."

The work that Mother Catharine did for her Church and race in establishing her Indian congregation was attended with more than ordinary difficulties, as those who know the position of the Indians, and the power of race prejudice, conservatism and adverse interests, can easily understand. Such a work demanded a character of more than ordinary firmness, courage and ability, and Mother Catharine was perhaps the only one, among whites or Indians, fitted for the work, and certainly the only one courageous enough to undertake it. She had inherited the courage, high spirit and generous impulses of a long line of illustrious chiefs and warriors, and had, besides, a mental and spiritual capacity that God gives only to those whom He calls to do and suffer great things for His service. Those whom God so honors He tries by suffering. Blessed indeed, and well worthy of a high rank among the mighty spirits before the throne of God, is the one whose destiny God has shaped after the image of the Passion of Christ, and who can, like Mother Catharine, bravely and generously correspond to that high destiny. When the story of her holy life is known, the Church of America will know how to appreciate her worth. If one so holy in life and death can need our prayers, I beg the Associates of the League, whose prayers so greatly aided her in life, to " pray for her gallant spirit's bright repose."

With best wishes I remain, yours sincerely in the Heart of Jesus,

FRANCIS M. J. CRAFT.

ST. MICHAEL'S RETREAT,

WEST HOBOKEN.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—I enclose a touching letter addressed by a little girl to the Sacred Heart. I found it in the Intention box in our Church.

The little girl's sister, a child of six years old, had been taken suddenly ill; she complained at first of violent pains in her throat and head, and these were followed by convulsions which lasted for an entire day.

It was during this time that the letter was written, and before the five Rosaries were finished, the prayer was answered.

The convulsions ceased about an hour before death, and the little sufferer peacefully gave up her innocent soul to the Sacred Heart.

Sincerely in the Heart of Jesus,

LAWRENCE MOESLEIN, C. P.

DEAR SACRED HEART OF JESUS :—Please, Sacred Heart of Jesus, loved by all in heaven, if it is your will, please let it be a speedy recovery or a happy death of little Lottie, my dear little sister, and if it is your will for it to be a speedy recovery, please make it that it will not leave any diseases after it. I promise you, dear Jesus, if you will please do this, I will say five rosaries for the souls in purgatory and in honor of Thy divine Heart. Please do it, dear Jesus,

I am your child,

M. H.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

PPOINTS for the Council may seem out of place in a season when it is impossible to summon Councils in so many of our Local Centres, or at least very difficult to gather together many Promoters either for meeting or for Council. It is just this difficulty that adds to the importance of these points at this time. Those who will be fortunate enough to hear them reviewed in Council will need to attend to them more punctually with a view to making up for the absence of so many of their helpers ; whereas those who will read them in the *PILGRIM* may still profit by them to carry out the recommendations made in Council.



Too much praise cannot be given to the Local Directors and Secretaries who contributed so much to the fervor of our Promoters and Associates by the solemnity with which they conducted the Promoters' receptions, more than two hundred in number, held in various parts of the country during the past month. From the programmes printed for many of these receptions it is plain that the music, the preaching and the simple but impressive ritual of these ceremonies must have raised the office of Promoter considerably in the esteem of all who attended them. To dignify the office of Promoter

is the secret of securing hearty and effective work for the League, and in the end a zealous advancement of the interests of the divine Heart of Jesus, to whom the Promoter is specially consecrated.



Since our last notice in the *PILGRIM* against sending the reports of individual Promoters to this office we have received few or none of these slips. It would be very gratifying if, instead of applying to the Central Directors or to other Local Centres, Promoters would learn to deal in all cases directly with the Directors and Secretaries of their own Local Centres, not only for obtaining Certificates of Admission, Rosary Sets, Badges and other League supplies, but also for having both their reports and list of intentions duly summarized and recorded, so that we should obtain only the general report or summary of intentions from each Local Director. Unless this rule be strictly adhered to, Secretaries will always be at a loss to know the exact state of their Centres, and our own labor to make up the calendar of intentions will soon grow beyond calculation. There are now 3,000 Local Centres, most of which send us a summary of the Intentions each month. These summaries reach us but a few days before the end of the month, when they must be counted and made ready for the printer. Were several Centres or several individual Promoters to send us all their intention blanks, some of them must be left uncounted or wait over for the following month.



By the aid of our Local Directors and Promoters who are situated near the great navy yards and stations, we hope to spread the organs and the practices of the League among a body of men who, though worthy of zeal, are most in danger of being neglected. It should be noticed here that our soldiers have fared better as a class, so far as the League is concerned, than our sailors. Some earnest Promoters have for several years borne all the trouble and expense of receiving them into the League and of supplying them with the prints neces-

sary for its various practices. In all these works of zeal, let it be observed, that those who cannot take active part in them can, by their prayer or by their contributions, promote and lighten considerably the burden of those who are sacrificing themselves so constantly and generously for the welfare of souls most in need of their sacrifices.



Let it be remembered that St. Dominic and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Promoters' Patrons for August, have very special titles to their devotion at all times. St. Dominic cannot be dissociated from the Rosary, a devotion which our Holy Father has made the basis of the 2nd Degree of the Apostleship; St. Jane Frances was foundress of the Visitation, the religious institute to which our Lord attracted Blessed Margaret Mary as the one which was most of all suited to prepare her for the great manifestation of His Sacred Heart.



It is well to note at this season that the Indulgences attached to the Promoters' Cross are to be gained only by those who wear the Cross openly—*aperte gestaverint*. The Cross is not a mere ornament, nor is it in any sense a piece of jewelry; it is the badge of an office to which priceless spiritual favors have been attached. The grant of these favors makes the open wearing of the Cross a condition without which they cannot be gained. The Cross may be worn at the throat or attached to the watch chain or "carried on the heart," as each Promoter may think best. A Reverend Local Director writes: "I was very much surprised a short time ago, when I learned that a number of my Promoters who had lost their Crosses made no effort to secure new Crosses, and had thus deprived themselves of the advantages that are to be gained by wearing the Cross publicly. Possibly some Promoters in other places are indifferent in this matter. It would be well to call attention to it in the PILGRIM 'Points for the Council,' which are doing so much good."

LETTERS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

WATERTOWN, S. DAK.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—The Diploma of Aggregation to the League which you so kindly forwarded, together with the necessary League supplies (Certificates of Admission, Badges, Rosary sets, etc.,) have been received.

Our good holy Bishop will visit this parish soon and introduce the League with its manifold blessings to the congregation.

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

SISTER M. XAVIER.

DULUTH, MINN., June 9, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—Our Local Centre of the League of the Sacred Heart in St. Clement's (Benedictine) parish is flourishing.

On the First Friday of the present month, in St. Clement's Church, our Right Reverend Bishop instructed about thirty Promoters and a large number of Associates. He gave a splendid address on the aim and the workings of the League of the Sacred Heart in which he has always been especially interested. His own Cathedral Church is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and an active Local Centre of the League of the Sacred Heart is established there.

Our good Bishop McGoldrick particularly recommended that every Catholic family should subscribe to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, the League's official organ.

St. Clement's Priory received the Diploma of Aggregation to the League more than one year ago. The Promoters are working with a will. Twenty-five Promoters have already been confirmed in their office by the Indulged Cross and Diploma.

I am sure our good Bishop's words in regard to the *Messenger* will enable me to send you many subscriptions this month.

PROMOTER.

[The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* takes this opportunity to thank the Right Reverend Bishop of Duluth for his interest in the work of the League, not alone in this special instance, but for the many former testimonies of his kind zeal.—EDITOR.]

Following is an interesting letter that accompanied the report of the Immaculate Conception Church, Lowell, Mass.:

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—Though I give the number of Promoters as one hundred and sixty-seven, that does not show the true standing of the Rosary bands, as many of the Promoters have more than one band.

Our usual monthly meeting of the Associates of the League is held on the evening of every First Friday. We begin with the Little Office of the Sacred Heart. It is recited by one of the Fathers, and the Associates join in. The various hymns of the different parts of the Office are sung by the entire congregation to well-known, familiar airs; this is followed by the Litany of

the Sacred Heart. Afterwards the Rev. Director reads the list of Intentions recommended by Associates of the Local Centre during the month, and the Treasury of Good Works, explains the General Intention for the coming month and recites the prayers for the public meetings, as found in the Handbook, page 134. A nickel (5 cent) collection is then taken up by four of our Sanctuary boys. Finally, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, before which the Act of Consecration (Handbook, page 126,) is recited. The Laudate closes this beautiful hour, spent in such sweet exercises to which the faithful Associates flock. The League exercises are the most popular in the city. May the Sacred Heart bless us all.

Very sincerely in Christ,

REV. JOHN J. DACEY, O.M.I.

HOLY NAME CHURCH,

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 19, 1893.

REVEREND FATHER :—For the encouragement of other Centres, and so, for the greater honor and glory of the Heart of Jesus, I send you this account of our work here at the Holy Name, for the month of June.

Since the establishment of our Centre in January, 1892, our Director has made it a practice to request the Promoters to solicit Communions of Reparation from the members of their bands and from others, for the months of March, June and November. Those for March to be offered in honor of St. Joseph, June, in honor of the Sacred Heart and November, for the Souls in Purgatory; to which intentions are also added those of the League. At Promoters' meeting, on the fourth Friday of May, the Promoters were furnished with a sufficient supply of printed leaflets to be distributed to the members of their respective bands, and to others whom they were exhorted to encourage in giving special honor to the Sacred Heart during June.

The leaflets contained the order of exercises to be held at the church during the month, and the Acts of Consecration and Reparation, with a short appeal for fervor and frequent Communions of Reparation during June. The Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart was commenced on Corpus Christi, June 1st.

The next day being the First Friday of the month, a greater number of people received Holy Communion than ever before, save on the feasts of Christmas or Easter. In the evening, between the sermon and Benediction, we had a reception of ten Promoters. On June 9th, the feast of the Sacred Heart, the Forty Hours' Devotion was begun. The great number of Holy Communions, and the spirit of faith and piety so visible in the crowds who attended the church during these three days and evenings, were most edifying. The closing exercises of the Forty Hours were the most impressive of all. Several other priests joined with those of our parish on the occasion. After the usual acts of Consecration and Reparation by the Director, the Consecration of Families took place. The name of the head of each family who wished themselves consecrated, was placed near the altar, before the Most Blessed Sacrament, while the priest made the solemn act, the congregation repeating each sentence after him. Next, the Litany of the Saints

was sung, to which the choir responded : and then the grand closing by a procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The whole ceremony was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it ; but it was especially encouraging to our pastor and to the Director of the League, who spares no pains in carrying out the rules in our Handbook to the very letter, and where this is done the League is *sure* to prosper. We shall not know until next Promoters' meeting how many Holy Communions were promised in honor of the Sacred Heart this month, but last June we had almost 7,000.

We have 57 Promoters and almost 1,800 Associates ; and we hold Promoters' meetings regularly on each fourth Friday evening, at which time we receive an instruction, and our Rosary Tickets and other supplies for the coming month are distributed ; but most of all, we receive that encouragement from our Director and from each other, which keeps alive the spirit of fervor and zeal that are so necessary in promoting the interests of the League.

THE SECRETARY.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., April 26, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—We wish to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the blessings manifested in the success of a mission just closed in St. Mary's Church, this city. The Mission was opened on Easter Sunday morning, by the Rev. Father Moller, S.J., and the Rev. Father Finnegan, S.J.

Our congregation numbers about two hundred and fifty families, and it was very edifying to see the people repairing daily to the early Mass and the zeal that inspired them in their devotion to the Sacred Heart. The number of Communions, about two thousand four hundred, will give you some idea of the fervor which animated them. Many who had been living estranged from God and His Church for ten, fifteen and twenty years, have approached the Sacraments and brought unspeakable joy to their homes. The large number of men who approached the Holy Table was truly surprising.

We have also the League of the Sacred Heart established in our Church, and seventy zealous Promoters are working earnestly for the interests of the Adorable Heart. Thirteen Promoters have already completed their probation and have had conferred upon them the Indulged Crosses and official diplomas.

We think the happiest man under God's beautiful heaven is our good pastor and Rev. Local Director of the League, Father Dalton.

We feel that we have much to be grateful for, and ask you to make this public acknowledgment in the PILGRIM, that the millions of Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer may unite with us in special thanksgiving to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for all Its goodness to us.

A PROMOTER.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1.—All our College boys meet in the chapel once a month for the practice of public devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the League Associates, 230 in number, wear their Badges. The meeting is practically a League meeting, although some of the boys are not Associates of the League. *Does this meeting comply with one of the conditions required to impart the Apostolic and Bridgetine Indulgences?*

Yes. This may fairly be said to be a *cœtus Sociorum*.

2.—*Do the words of the Handbook, stating the other condition required for the exercise of this faculty, "fifty Associates reciting the daily decade," mean those who actually say the decade every day, or those who undertake to say it?*

The words of the Rescript are 'quinquaginta Sociis . . . decaden [quotidie] recitantibus.' Associates actually reciting the decade daily, seems to be the obvious meaning. In other words, that the Director should have fifty Associates practising the Second Degree, with ordinary fidelity.

3.—*Is the Promoter, who resigns, obliged to return the cross?*

If, for special reasons, the Director should desire its return, no doubt his wishes should be complied with. It goes without saying, that the Indulgences attached to the Cross and Diploma cease, when Promoters fail to promote the interests of the Sacred Heart.

—Among the Intention blanks which reached our office lately, one bore the touching appeal: "Pray for me, a poor Protestant." Another, marked by a blind girl, had at least twenty marks against the intention for those in affliction.

—Thirty-three Promoters were received in St. Mary's Church, East Bridgeport, on the first Sunday in June. Father T. Smith, the Local Director, addressed the Promoters on their privileges and duties. The full order of exercises, as given in the Reception Leaflet, was carried out to the edification and joy of the Promoters.

—The Promoters' Choir sang the 5 o'clock Mass, celebrated on the feast of the Sacred Heart by the Rev. Local Director, Father James Henry, of St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati. Promoters received the Cross and Diploma in the evening, and consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart. Father Denning was the preacher.

—Some Local Centres extend their work to every part of the States. "We have Promoters," writes the Local Secretary of St. Lawrence's, N. Y., "in Wisconsin, North Dakota, North Carolina and in parts of Connecticut, New Jersey and Massachusetts. We never accept any candidates in places where the League is already in working order."

—The Pastor of St. Brigid's, New York city, assisted by Father Drain, Local Director, and Father Smith of the Catholic University, presided at the last Reception of Promoters. Diplomas and Crosses were conferred upon twenty-five Promoters. The League has done wonders in bringing people to the Sacraments in this parish. Rev. Doctor McSweeney thanked the congregation for their interest in the League, and he expressed the hope that its present good results may be wide-spread and lasting.

—The Local Director of St. Mary's Church, Martin's Ferry, O., announces at the Promoters' meetings the number of intentions and good works recorded by each Promoter. On the Sunday following the total is made known in the Church. The number of pious aspirations for one month lately exceeded 112,000. A prayer is said every day for the advancement of the League in the parish, and the Acts of Reparation are read daily after Mass.

—The Local Director of the Apostleship in Our Lady of Angels' Church, Los Angeles, Cal., thus describes the service of the Holy Hour, which he holds every Thursday evening, with a congregation very devout and very numerous: 7.30—Hymn, "Come Holy Ghost," and Rosary of the Blessed Virgin; 7.45—Hymn to the Sacred Heart; 7.50—Visit to the Blessed Sacrament; 8—De Profundis, prayer and pious reading, generally on the Blessed Sacrament; 8.15—Benediction, or rather adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, the tabernacle door being open.

—"Six conversions to the Faith since our last meeting," wrote one Promoter, after the May General Intention had been recommended and prayed for; "for the conversion of a young man to the true Faith after he had been several times recommended to the prayers of the League; for the return to the Faith of a lady after eight years of infidelity; for the conversion of a Protestant; for five conversions to the Faith; for the return to the Faith of a young lady who was in danger of becoming a Theosophist;"—all these are but specimens of the numerous thanksgivings which have been coming to us since the publication of this Intention for the conversion of heretics and unbelievers.

O Cor Amoris.

No. 2.

Rev. J. B. LESSMANN, S. J.

Larghetto.



1. O Cor a - mo - ris vi - ti - ma, Coe -
2. Cor dul - ce cor . . a - ma - bi - le, A -
3. Je - su Pa - tris Cor u - ni - cum, Pu -



li . . . per - en - ne gau - di - um,
mo - re no - stri sau - ci - um,
ris . . . a - mi - cum men - ti - bus,



Mor - ta - li - um so - la - ti - um,
A - mo - re no - stri lan - gui - dum,
Pu - ris a - man - dum cor - di - bus,



Mor - ta - li - um spes ul - ti - ma.
Fac mi - hi sis pla - ca - bi - le.
In cor - de reg - nes om - ni - um.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Parish Works.

THE very name *parish* indicates the comprehensive character of what we call parish works. "Near unto the house," its original meaning, in our usage is broadened into the souls or persons that are near unto the house of God; a parish is really the union of a pastor with his people about the Church of God; and as a pastor should take the place of God with respect to his people, so every concern of divine providence is properly a pastor's or parish work.

Parish works, therefore, comprise every spiritual and corporal work of mercy. Reclaiming sinners, instructing the ignorant, counseling the doubtful, comforting the sorrowful, reconciling enemies, fortifying the oppressed, are some of the labors every priest must undertake for the souls committed to his care, whilst more than other men he must needs look after the bodily needs of his charge, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, harbor the harborless, visit the sick and imprisoned and bury the dead. Beyond all human capacity seem the responsibilities and duties that devolve upon the pastors of souls, so that to obtain for them the super-human gifts and strength necessary for their works, we must needs have recourse to prayer.

In praying for the advancement of the various works in which our priests usually display so much zeal, let us not forget that every member of a parish has a duty to contribute in some way, whether by active part, by example or by means, to the success of all these works. The schools, the benevolent and devotional societies, the beauty of the sanctuary, the library, should all concern parishioners as well as pastors. Our prayer, therefore, should be that God may grant our pastors and priests the Apostolic spirit they need to bring to these works, and move the souls for whom they are working, to edify and encourage them by generous co-operation.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

NINTH YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

No. 9.

THE ASSUMPTION.

BY JOHN J. BRANIN.



WHEN fell upon thy startled ear, sweet Maid,
The message of the angel from God's throne,
What time He made thee Mother of His own
And only Son, heaven homage to thee paid,
All earth exultant joined the nuptial strain,
And at thy word of meek consent, afraid
The demons fled; hell trembling stood dismayed;
Man hoped again his heritage to gain.

Thy crowning adds new motives to his trust.

O Maid! Death from earth's bondage sets thee free,
Nor mingles thy pure body with the dust;

Fair risest thou in all thy purity,

O Mother of the Word made flesh! 'Tis just

That thou at His right hand shouldst crownéd be.

OUR LADY'S DEPARTURE.

IT is not excessive piety that makes our great theologians raise the questions which they commonly ask about our Blessed Lady's death. True piety delights in attributing only what is perfect to the object of its veneration, and death is surely an imperfection, a penalty of sin, which ordinarily needs no other cause to enforce it save the infirmity of our own nature. Now as Mary was so perfect in soul and body, it is but natural to ask, why she should have died as all men die. Hence in inquiring about the fact of her death theologians are but anticipating the question which every pious minded client of Mary would be sure to ask.

Besides accepting the common tradition of Christians as to our Lady's death, theologians detail the reasons why the Mother of Christ should have submitted to the separation of her soul from her body. In the first place, that separation made her more like unto her divine Son, who died for us to fulfil the decree of His Father, although He was not subject to death. In the next place, by dying she proved that she was in all things like ourselves, a mortal woman of body and spirit, and therefore the real mother of the One whose Body and Soul, human like our own, were assumed into a union with the Word, the Son of God. Again, like a true mother, Mary, knowing what a bitter thing it is for men to die, would naturally have chosen death as a means of sweetening what we all dread so much. Finally, if death, even when a penalty, can be precious in the sight of God, was it not meet that Mary should have been permitted to add this title to the favor which she had already found with the Most High?

Careful as theologians are to accept and justify the tradition of the faithful, they are just as painstaking to prove that the death of Mary had in it no element of the infirmity, or disease, or violence, which ordinarily cause death. It may be hard to our carnal minds to understand how the contemplation of divine things and the longing to be with God could finally break the bond which binds body and soul, and leave the spirit free to fly unto the object of its longings.

We are told by spiritual writers that the "longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ" was so strong in the Mother of Christ, that all the beautiful scriptural expressions of this longing fail to express its intensity in her soul. All the pantings of the hind after the fountain of living waters, all the quiverings of the wings of the dove, impatient to soar and be at rest, all the loving sighs of the spouse for the presence of the beloved one, and every transport of human affection, were all but the faintest suggestion of Mary's desire to be with her Son. There was, therefore, no



need of infirmity, no need of disease to separate the sinless soul of our Lady from her body, so virginal, so well ordered, so free of the slightest trace or consequence of any imperfection, so assured against the least seed or root of evil or infirmity finding its way into her heart. Mary's own desire to die and be with Christ, in harmony as it was with His

wish to have her enthroned with Him, had of itself the force that her submissive words, *Thy will be done!* had years before, and is quite sufficient explanation of the cause of her death.

The group that gathered piously about the death-bed of the Blessed Virgin had little need of rubric or of ritual to direct their outward manifestations of reverence or inspire them with appropriate expressions of their grief for her departure. More familiar than ours were their lips with the holy canticle of Simeon :

Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord,
According to Thy word in peace.
Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation.
Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples :
A light to the revelation of the gentiles,
And the glory of Thy people Israel.

And at no time could they repeat the words so truly as when the soul of Mary was passing from earth to heaven.

We are told that, with the exception of St. Thomas, all the Apostles had been summoned to the death-bed of their Queen. Outside the simple dwelling were gathered the pious faithful of Jerusalem. If we may presume to say what their chief thoughts and feelings must have been, may we not express them in the beautiful prayer, prescribed by the Church for recommending the souls of the departing, which in Mary's case was a prayer with more of thanksgiving than of supplication : " May the bright company of Angels meet thy soul as it parts from thy body . . . [the college of Apostles was even now bidding her soul God-speed] ; may the triumphant army of white-robed martyrs greet thee ; the brilliant crowd of wreathed confessors surround thee ; the glad chorus of virgins receive thee ; the Patriarchs bless thee in their peaceful embrace ; and the mild and festive countenance of Christ Jesus shine out upon thee, as He bids thee dwell for ever at His side."

Our own proper sentiments on the death of Mary cannot be better expressed than in the words of Father Southwell :

Weep, living things ; of life the mother dies ;
The world doth lose the sum of all her bliss,
The queen of earth, the empress of the skies ;
By Mary's death mankind an orphan is :

Let nature weep, yea let all graces moan ;
Their glory, grace, and gifts die all in one.

It was no death to her, but to her woe,
By which her joys began, her griefs did end ;
Death was to her a friend, to us a foe,
Life of whose lives did in her life depend.
Not prey of death, but praise to death she was,
Whose ugly shape seemed glorious in her face.

THEIR MISERY A MERCY.

BY A SISTER OF MERCY.

THE following three sketches were taken from many similar ones occurring at a Sacred Heart Hospital in New England during the first year of its existence, with the hope that others, besides our Bishops, seeing what the Sacred Heart will do for souls in a Catholic hospital of the Sacred Heart, might be moved to establish them in our large manufacturing cities.

FIRST PICTURE.

A room in a tenement house. Everything is as dirty and uncomfortable as drink and neglect can make them. The uncarpeted floor black with dust and grease ; the two windows opaque with the same accumulation, save where the panes were broken out. Even these pure air spaces were stuffed with rags and old hats, and in spite of the summer the frames were shut down tightly. There is an old bureau, whose drawers are so full of rags that they refuse to shut ; a large wooden bedstead, with three people asleep on it ; a rusty stove, with the covers off and the ashes scattered in every direction ; a couple of disabled chairs, and some boxes

which might serve as seats. There is another room, or rather deep closet leading off from this one, in which can be seen another large bed, filled with wretched humanity.

Willie O'Leary, a boy of about twelve years, is one of the sleepers on the bed in the larger room. He lies in an uncomfortable attitude—his head and shoulders supported by an old wooden box, on which is an attenuated pillow. On the other side of the bed is his old grandmother, and his brother Michael lies across the foot of the bed, where he had thrown himself the night before, dispensing with the task of undressing. He has rolled over poor Willie's foot now and roused him.

"There isn't very much room," remarks Willie, "and what there is is crooked, I'm growing big so fast now, and my legs are so stiff I can't move them. Granny has not got half the bed, and I believe Mike's on my foot and that's why it won't move. Hello, Mike! get up!" and a push with the free foot emphasized his words and woke up the sleeper.

"What's the row?" asked Mike, starting up.

"You're lying on my foot, that's what it is," said Willie.

"Well, so I am. I didn't mean to," said Mike apologetically. "How you do look! the Lord knows you're homely enough this morning, Will."

"Oh, dear! said Willie, "I feel awful. I've had a dreadful impression on my chest all night."

"What's that?" asked Mike.

"Why, when you can't breathe, that's an impression," said Willie.

"Oh!" said Mike, much impressed, "but you don't know how funny you look; you are so white and fat, and where your eyes ought to be, are two little slits, and your foot is so soft that where I have been lying on it it is squashed out flat."

"Are you going to the base ball match?" said Willie.

"Yes," said Mike, "and I better be off."

"Will you go without any breakfast?" said Willie.

Michael answered ruefully that it was his opinion that there would be no breakfast forthcoming, and started to go out.

"Wait a minute," said Willie faintly, "I shan't be here when you come back, I'm going to the hospital to-day."

"No, Willie," said Mike earnestly, "don't yer go there, don't yer go."

"Why not?" said Willie.

"Because," said Mike, "Jim says it's an awful place, where they cut's yer all up, and then if yer don't die they gives yer pisen from a black bottle that kills yer."

"Granny says that it's a nice place," said Willie, "where the nuns is good to yer, and tells yer stories about Heaven, and the priest comes every day; and Jim, yer know, tells lies."

"I don't know," said Mike; "I wouldn't go there for anything." Here a stir from the inner room—"Marm's waking up; I'm off."

A FORTNIGHT LATER.

A small, plain, uncarpeted room, cheerfully lighted by a large window at the foot of the bed. Single iron bedstead, with Hartford spring and hair mattress. Willie supported in it by a comfortable bed rest and pillows. The swelling has left his face, but the seal of the angel of death is plainly stamped on his features. A nun has just given him a stimulant and is kneeling by his side, holding a lighted candle in his hand, and saying the prayers for the dying. The poor mother sits in a chair by his side. The Sister has finished, and seeing that he has revived under the stimulant, whispers that she will leave him with his mother a little while, and then tries to take the candle and extinguish it. "No, no! Sister, no, don't take it away. I must pray to the Lord, I must pray to God," he entreats. The Sister yields, leaves him his candle, and passes on to her work. Soon, very soon, she is recalled by loud, eager tones:

"Hurry up! hurry up! hurry up!" The Sister goes in and tries in vain to quiet him—more eager and vehement grows his cry, "hurry up! O hurry up!"

"What is it? Whom do you want to have hurry up, Willie?" asks the nun.

"To go home, Sister. Oh, to go home! hurry up! hurry up!"—and with the last syllable he went home.

SECOND PICTURE.

A young girl from the country comes into the city, and goes to the Bishop, begging to be prepared for her first Communion. The Bishop himself instructs and helps her to prepare herself to receive our dear Lord, and she takes Him into the innocence of a fresh young heart.

Alas ! that my pen should have to write of the downward course after such a fair beginning. A situation in the mills, evil company, marriage with a Protestant, her faith gone, and morals soon follow, she forsakes her husband and sinks to the lowest depths of sin. The priests of the church try in vain to rescue her and are driven from the door with scorn and contempt. At last the merciful hand of the death angel smites her, and again the priest makes a vain attempt to see her. A Protestant doctor tells her there is but one hope of saving her life : an operation must be performed, and she must go to the hospital.

"I won't go to the hospital," said she.

"You will be as comfortable there as here," responded the physician.

"I will be bothered about my religion."

"Then go to the Protestant hospital," said the doctor.

"No ; if I must go to any, I will go to the Sacred Heart."

"Well, go there ; it is your only chance."

"I will go then, but you must promise me that I shall not be bothered about my religion, and I will not see the Bishop."

A DAY LATER.

It is night in the hospital ward, a small ward of only five beds. All are sleeping except our poor child. The Sister on night duty whispers to her, and the following conversation ensues :

"Are you very lonely ?"

"A little," is the response.

"Would you not like to take my crucifix, for company ; it will comfort you."

"No."

"Would you like to get well again?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then will you promise the Sacred Heart, that if He will restore your health, you will obey Him in all things."

"Do you mean become a Catholic?"

"I mean that you will do whatever you think is right."

"No, I won't," said the patient; "I say my prayers when I feel like it, and don't want to be bothered about religion."

Nothing more was said on the subject that night, but the next day the young Sister who served her, chose her opportunity, each time she ministered to her wants, to drop a word of entreaty, and this time the crucifix was not rejected when offered. Toward the middle of the day the chaplain of the hospital paid his usual visit. He was the same priest who had been turned from her house before. He passed down the ward saying something to each patient, until he came to the bed of this poor child. The Sister was standing by the side of the bed and the Father seated himself on the other side.

"Go away," she said roughly, "go away, I'll have nothing to say to you," turning her back to him, and her face to the Sister.

The Father, ignoring the rebuff, began to talk on ordinary topics. She still kept her back to him and answered his questions in monosyllables.

"Father," said the Sister, "if you come to this side of the bed, you can hear her more plainly."

The Father rose, and came round to where she was standing, while the Sister ran to the chapel, there to plead with the Sacred Heart for the soul of this poor child. In a very short time, the chaplain came in for a stole, and said:

"Sister, you may put the screen round her bed; she is ready for confession."

The Sister's face grew radiant, as she said: "Father I have promised the Sacred Heart that, if the child should repent and turn again to Him, I would beg a Mass of Thanksgiving for her. Will you say one?"

"I will say six," answered the priest, "for I promised five, and yours will make six."

It was the beginning of the end, and the end was in peace.

THIRD PICTURE.

A cell in the police station. Within is a strong, powerfully built young man, or a wild beast in a man's frame. No one dare go in, but the officers stand without, peering through the bars, while he rages and shouts, bending the iron bars of the window, as if they were wires. The evil spirit of alcohol possesses him, and no man can tame him. Finally the doctor ventures in, and with heavy doses of chloral succeeds in quieting him.

Again, we see him in the wards of the Sacred Heart. Wild delirium and restlessness still torment him, but now he is perfectly obedient and submissive to the Sister's word. Pneumonia has set in, with the horrors of alcoholism combined, and strong as the young man's frame is, he is fast sinking under it. The chaplain has made his visit, and administered the last sacraments and prepared him for death, and has left.

"Are you ready to give up your life if our Lord wishes it?" said the Sister.

"Oh yes, Sister, I do not want to live. If there is anything good in a man you may make something of him, but there is nothing good in me, not one thing, and I am ready now; I want to go." And his wild, weary life was ended.

IROUDAYASAMI.

A FLOWER OF THE EUCHARIST.

IROUDAYASAMI was but ten years of age when he came to Saint Joseph's College, in the beginning of the year 1892. He was naturally bright and affectionate and his great pleasure was to talk with the Fathers. On one of his first visits to the Spiritual Father, he said:

"Father, I know my prayers and my catechism well; you must let me make my First Communion."

As he was found to be sufficiently prepared, and considering his ardent desire to receive our Lord, he was admitted without delay to the Holy Table.

On the second of February, Feast of our Lady's Purification, after a three-days' retreat, Jesus and Mary came to take possession forever of the heart of the dear little Iroudayasami. He made pious preparation for his great act, and his joy was complete on the day of his first Holy Communion and of his consecration to the Blessed Virgin.

He made then the resolution of receiving *Holy Communion each day*. His confessor thought well to encourage the pious desire of this young soul, filled with ardent love for the Child Jesus, Whom he affectionately called his God, his Brother and his Friend.

Iroudayasami was, however, not without faults. His lively temperament and vivacity of character made it difficult for him to conform to the rules of the boarding school ; silence was broken more than once, a little stubbornness shown now and then, and sometimes a little laziness in study.

"Iroudayasami," said one of the Fathers to him, "a lazy, thoughtless child can never be allowed daily Communion."

"Oh, Father," was the quick answer, "I will work hard, and I will be good ; let me receive Holy Communion ; it is my greatest happiness !"

And truly the little lover of the Eucharist made serious efforts to improve and to overcome himself. His youth and natural petulance got the best of him sometimes ; but to purify himself from these faults of his weakness and thus to be more worthy to receive his Jesus, this little boy of ten years went to confession every day.

Thus without knowing it, he imitated the Saints who had this practice. One of his greatest delights was to kiss the crucifix of the Spiritual Father. As soon as he would see him, he would run toward him, saying :

"Father, the crucifix ?"

The priest would give it to the child, who, having kissed it lovingly, would gaily rejoin his companions and recommence play.

"Iroudayasami," he asked him once, "what will you be later?"

"I shall be a priest! My mother, in dying, told me I should be a priest. I shall be one, then!"

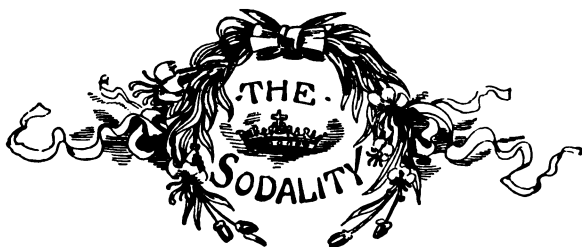
"But, my child, to become a priest, one must work hard, be good, and love our Lord and the Blessed Virgin very much."

"Father, I shall do all that; then you will have to allow me to be a priest."

He had heard that, according to the Scriptures, the just man falls seven times. These words troubled him. He could not understand how such and such of his companions, who were so virtuous, and above all, how the Fathers whom he so tenderly loved and who were so good, could sin seven times in a day! He was not content until it was well explained to him that there was question only of slight faults, due to inadvertence or to the natural weakness of the human heart.

Such was this beautiful flower of our Eucharistic garden. No wonder that the Sacred Heart desired to see it transplanted into Paradise.

Early on Saturday morning, April 23, the child was taken ill. One of his teachers wished to send him immediately to the infirmary, but Iroudayasami, who had carefully prepared his review for the week, begged and obtained permission to go to class. All during the morning he struggled against the mortal sickness which was upon him; no one then suspected the cholera; this terrible disease was not seriously thought of until half-past two in the afternoon, when he was sent immediately to the infirmary. There he found a fellow-countryman whom he was soon to follow into heaven. He made his confession for death with simplicity, as in his days of health; and did not forget, according to his custom, to kiss lovingly his dear little crucifix. Then he waited in peace for death or rather for the coming of his Jesus. He had received Holy Communion that morning. He died the Sunday following, or rather entered into the life whose seed had been sown in his soul by the Eucharist.—*Petit Messager*.



A MODEL SODALITY.

AN interesting account of the students' Sodality of Barcelona, Spain, was given in the February, 1893, PILGRIM. Through the kindness of the Reverend Director, Father Fiter, S.J., we are enabled to add some particulars regarding the Sodality and its work.

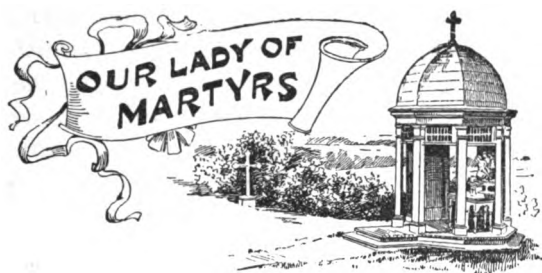
Aspirants to membership must be at least 16 years old, unmarried, and residing in Barcelona or in the neighborhood. Every applicant must attend the meetings regularly for six months before he can be admitted as a sodalist.

The sodalists proper, are divided into active, supernumerary, and honorary members. The active members are those who are able to attend the ordinary meetings of the Sodality. Active members who remove to a place distant from Barcelona, are transferred to the supernumerary list. They are required to write to the Sodality from time to time, and to become active members if they return to the city.

The honorary members are divided into three classes: priests, religious, and sodalists who enter the marriage state.

Law-students to the number of 181, 48 medical students, 18 students of pharmacy, 43 of philosophy and arts, 124 business men, and 48 manufacturers are among the 660 active members of the Sodality. The supernumerary and honorary members number 174. The meetings are held at 9.00 A. M. on Sundays and holy-days of obligation. The third Sunday of each month is the monthly Communion day; the meeting on that day is held at 8.00 A. M.

Members must give notice in writing to the Director, or to the Secretary, of any change of residence they may make, and of the occasions upon which they are unable to attend



Among the Contributions to the Shrine recorded below these notes, is one which was sent by a reverend client of Our Lady of Martyrs to enable some pious person living near the Shrine to make the annual pilgrimage for the intention of the donor. As the pious donor is zealously engaged in missionary labors, at a great distance from Auriesville, we are quite sure that not only the pilgrim who goes there in his stead, but others also will pray for the petitions of this servant of Our Lady of Martyrs.



It will afford some comfort to all who have shown their devotion to the Shrine, to know that they will be remembered in the Masses of the priests and in the prayers of the pilgrims who may be fortunate enough to visit Auriesville and take part in the devotional services to be held there on August 13, 15 and 20. As we have already announced, Mass will be said at the Shrine, at an hour convenient for communicants, on Sunday, August 13, the feast of St. John Berchmans. Again, on Tuesday, August 15, feast of the Assumption of our blessed Lady, several priests will say Mass at the Shrine, and many devout pilgrims from the neighboring towns and from New York City, notably from the cathedral parish, will take part in the pilgrimage to be made on that day.



The great pilgrimage from Troy, which has always been conducted with so much edification by the Fathers of St. Joseph's parish, in that city, will take place this year on Sun-

day, August 20. Although this pilgrimage will be held under the auspices of the Sodalities and Confraternities of St Joseph's, pilgrims from every quarter have always been welcomed to take part in it. Without this devout concourse from Troy, even the great natural beauty of the site of the Shrine, and the many spiritual benefits derived from a visit to it, would still lack the chief attraction of the Auriesville pilgrimages. As the Troy pilgrims leave Troy early Sunday morning, it will be easy for pilgrims from other neighborhoods to meet them at the Shrine, or even to join with them at Albany. Special arrangements may be made for traveling to Albany and to Auriesville for all who may wish to go from New York or Philadelphia.



Whilst more favored clients of Our Lady of Martyrs will thus be enabled to gather about her Shrine, let not those who are prevented from joining with them, fail to unite with them in prayer and in a devout recollection of the sacred events, the heroic deeds, the graces and the spiritual lessons which the *Mission of the Martyrs* has been re-established to commemorate. Entering that hallowed ground one's eye meets the inscription written on the memorial cross erected by the late Rev. F. X. Hourigan to the memory of those whose blood and labors and piety have especially blessed its soil.

"The Blood of Martyrs is the Seed of the Church."

Because of René Goupil's immolation on that hillside in 1842, Father Jogues, in 1646, called it the Mission of the Martyrs, meriting no doubt his own crown of martyrdom by his devout tribute to this supreme test of faith. Above the inscription rises the cross, and it was for that sacred sign that the gentle René died, for teaching it to the children of the cruel Iroquois, when as yet he had not mastered their language and was not permitted to converse with them at length or apart from his guards.



The week is not long enough to rehearse all the sacred

be memories of the spot. Whilst pilgrims are actually worship-
 ing on the scene, it will be a very wholesome practice to join
 with them in spirit in their round of devotions. If it be the
 time of holy Mass, what better reminder can we have of the
 sacredness and force of that holy Sacrifice than the lesson
 taught us by Father Jogues, who found in the Food of the
 Altar and in the example of the great High Priest, of whom
 he read so much in that stray copy of the Epistle of the
 Hebrews, strength and self-sacrifice to shed his blood for
 Christ. And if, in thinking over his heroism, we recall the
 saying of Urban VIII: "It would be unjust that one who has
 shed his blood for Christ should not be permitted to drink
 the Blood of Christ," let us turn the saying, as no doubt
 Father Jogues turned it over in his mind, again and again, to
 make it read for our own lesson: "It would be unjust that
 we who are permitted to drink the Blood of Christ should
 not be ready to shed our blood for Christ."



There is scarce an element of Christian piety which the
 Mission of Our Lady of Martyrs does not bring back to our
 minds, and which we cannot turn to account in this spiritual
 pilgrimage. Our Lady is there to receive all her due honor
 as Queen of these heroes of the Faith, as she was Queen of
 the fourteen of their brethren who labored on and about that
 hillside during the half century following Goupil's martyr-
 dom. The Altar and the Cross are there and the Way of the
 Cross, for the feet of the pilgrims to tread reverently in the
 footsteps of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Couture, where
 they so often ran the gauntlet and sank down exhausted
 under the blows of the cruel Iroquois. The Litanies will be
 sung and the Rosaries will be recited, and no doubt some
 will think how Goupil was struck down, a martyr of prayer,
 after the fourth decade, which he had just repeated with
 Father Jogues. If we are sodalists, we can join with a spe-
 cial title in the devotions of our fellow-sodalists gathered about
 the Shrine; if we belong to the Apostleship of Prayer, we
 can unite with the many favored centres, which go to Auries-
 ville to take more deeply into their hearts the lessons of rep-

FATHER JOHN DE BRÉBEUF,

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

BY REV. FRED ROUVIER, S. J.

VI.

NEW LABORS—QUEBEC—CAPTIVITY.

AFTER continuing during two years the work of evangelizing the Huron villages, Father de Brébeuf was sent by his Superior to a neighboring tribe, the Neutral Nation, whose territory in November 1640, extended as far as Niagara.¹ Father Chaumonot was his companion. It was a new field for his zeal, but a field of which he was assured that the soil was particularly ungrateful. Still the work, howsoever rude, could not frighten Father de Brébeuf, whose invincible patience was so well known that he thus speaks of himself: "I am a *Vrai Boeuf* [truly an ox] for work," said he, with a play on his name. Notwithstanding his extraordinary constancy and superhuman efforts, he could not by any means succeed in making the slightest furrow in this stubborn soil. After many months of labor, in the course of which his life was a number of times in danger, he was obliged to yield to force of circumstances and return to the mission, with no other consolation than that of having sent to Paradise a new legion of little angels.

The return was marked by a sad accident. While crossing the lake, Father de Brébeuf fell on the ice and broke his left collar bone. The pain was so intense that he lost consciousness; yet, when he regained his senses, he would not consent to be placed on a stretcher, though his companions begged him. He started again on foot, and the remainder of the long voyage was, from that time, a true martyrdom for the poor

¹ The river Niagara was at this time (1640,) well known to the Jesuits, though none of them had visited it. Lalemant speaks of it as the "famous river of this nation" (the Neutrals). The *Relation* of 1641 shows that both Lake Ontario and Lake Erie had already taken their present names.

wounded priest. "In steep places, where it was sometimes necessary to climb by dragging oneself in the snow, he was seen to rest painfully on his right arm. In descending the hills, he let himself slide on his side, rather than run the risk of a false step."²

Even at the mission, they could do nothing to heal this fracture. The brave Apostle was not at all disturbed by it, but resumed all the work that he could possibly undertake, as if in the enjoyment of perfect health.

The Superior, though profoundly edified at his manly virtue, waited only for an opportunity to send the sufferer back to the chief residence of the colony, that he might be taken care of. This occasion did not come for more than a year; it was only toward the close of the summer of 1642, that Father de Brébeuf landed at Quebec.

The city had made considerable progress. The Society of Jesus had three establishments there, two in the city proper, the mission-house of Notre Dame des Anges, and a college,—the first to be opened in North America;—while four miles without the walls was the house of St. Joseph de Sillery, around which a good number of converted savages had settled themselves. The Apostle, the better part of whose heart was still with his dear Hurons, thought soon to be able to return to them; but, Providence decided otherwise, and Father Vimond, the new Superior General of the mission, retained him in Quebec, confiding to his care the poor who were to be found in that city and at St. Joseph de Sillery.

* * *

Father Jean saw in everything the hand of God, because his lively faith was full of simplicity. Our Lord had given him a new task, and he devoted himself to it as unreservedly as ever. Was it not after all for the savages that he was working. He had even the happiness of being able to occupy himself with the Huron Mission, which he had founded at the price of such labor and fatigue, for Father Vimond had named him Procurator. In this capacity, he did all that was humanly possible for him to do toward assisting it.

2 Farther Martin, *Le Pere de Brebeuf*, p. 209.

During one of his apostolic journeys through the territory of the Neutral Nation, Father de Brébeuf saw one day an immense cross in the heavens, coming from the country of the Iroquois, and extending over that of the Hurons, which it covered entirely. God thus mysteriously revealed to him, whom he had made His instrument among these tribes, the fate which was destined for them. The divine prophecy began already to be realized. Hunted out by their ferocious enemies and several times surprised and overcome by them, the unfortunate Hurons were hard pressed. The mission partook of their distress.

To alleviate this misery, Father de Brébeuf during the autumn of 1642 organized a convoy, which ascended the river under the conduct of Father Isaac Jogues. This convoy fell into the hands of the enemy.³

Other canoes charged with provisions of every kind and with war supplies, left in the following April; they met with the same fate and Father Bressani, under whose direction they were, became in his turn a prisoner of the Iroquois. Finally, a third convoy, better defended, was more fortunate, and reached the Huron country on September 16, 1645, bearing with it Father John de Brébeuf who was never to return.

* * *

Father de Brébeuf found the country in dire confusion and the people overcome with terror. The Iroquois were making inroad after inroad and these incursions were as frequent as they were bloody. God in His mercy liberally repaid the people for the temporal trials with which He permitted them to be overwhelmed, by rich spiritual favors. Grace overflowed upon this savage land and caused sweet and heroic virtues to blossom in it. Among the neophytes, who increased like germs of spring on every side, were to be witnessed most beautiful acts. Attacked by a violent temptation, a young Indian rolled on a frozen pond and thus put to flight his infernal enemy; another in similar circumstances applied burning brands to his flesh, saying to himself, "If

³ *Father Isaac Jogues*, Chapter iii. p. 18, or *PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS*, March 1892, p. 81.

thou art afraid of this fire, what then will the fire of hell be for thee?" A third, Ignace Suonaretsi, after a desperate fight, was taken by the Iroquois and soon guessed the cruel death which awaited him. At this supreme moment his heart naturally turned to his mother, and to her, through the medium of one of his cousins, he sent this simple and sublime adieu: "Tell my mother that I shall be burned, but that she must not weep for my death, for in the midst of the fire I shall think only of Paradise!"

Such was the strong Christian race which was being formed in the Huron Church. Bringing it forth unto grace, Father de Brébeuf communicated to it his indomitable energy and love of the cross.⁴

4 Parkman, a Protestant historian, thus speaks of Brébeuf: "In him an enthusiastic devotion was grafted on an heroic nature. His bodily endowments were as remarkable as the temper of his mind. His manly proportions, his strength and his endurance, which incessant fasts and penances could not undermine, had always won for him the respect of the Indians, no less than a courage, unconscious of fear, and yet redeemed from rashness by a cool and vigorous judgment; for extravagant as were the chimeras which fed the fires of his zeal, they were consistent with the soberest good sense on matters of practical bearing.—*Jesuits in North America*, p. 390.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

Madura Mission.		Madagascar Mission.	
R. C., Minneapolis, Minn. . .	\$1 00	—Omaha, Neb., per Rev. J. M.	\$5 00
E. C. McC., Syracuse, N.Y. . .	1 00	"Child of Mary"	5 00
A. S., Newport, Ky.	5 00		
E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00	Most Needy Mission.	
		M. A. M., Waltham, Mass. . .	\$1 00
		—Lake Como, Pa.	1 00
Ursulines (Rocky Mts.)			
L. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.	\$1 00		
— " " " " " " " " " " " "	2 93	Alaska Mission.	
"A Promoter"	1 00	E. M., Palatine Bridge, N. Y.	\$2 00

Contributions to the Missions are forwarded to those for whom they are intended whenever there is enough to justify the expense of exchange. We prefer, however, that contributors should send their donations directly to the Missions they wish to aid.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

A HABIT OF PRAYER.

THE Apostleship of Prayer was not established merely with a view to telling people what they must pray for. That, it is true, would have been a sufficient and a very worthy motive for its existence, since the monthly proposal of a definite object of our prayers is the greatest help to meeting the question which even the Apostles put to our Lord: *Teach us, O Lord, how to pray.* We know how to pray when we pray earnestly and perseveringly; and our prayer is never more earnest and persevering than when we have repeatedly set before us an object worthy of our most fervent desires and efforts.

The real object of our Apostleship is to train all devout minds to a habit of prayer, not only for things of individual concern, but also and chiefly for objects of wide public interest. Besides the General Intention which is made known to us every month by the Moderator General, every Associate is urged to recommend other Intentions, and these are carefully recorded and presented to the Associates of the League in this country and throughout the world in our *Messenger*, Rosary Ticket and Monthly Calendar. From the character of the Intentions constantly set before us, from the seriousness with which the Directors bring them to our notice, from the habit acquired of thinking about them and of praying

for them, is soon formed the general habit of looking upon every happening of importance, upon the needs of the Church, the welfare of our country, the affliction and even the blessings that befall ourselves and our fellow-men, in a constant spirit of prayer, which makes us recognize in every event of life the hand of divine Providence, bow with resignation to its intervention and, according to our needs, seek to propitiate and to praise it or beg its assistance in our behalf.

To pass from theory to practical proof, this spirit is amply manifested in the petitions which daily pour into our office. What our General Intentions recommend from time to time, our Associates very fervently recommend in special Intentions. Now it is the prosperity of the Church in our country, and, again, relief from the present financial distress; the religious interests at stake in the great World's Fair, the important Catholic Congress to be held there, the Summer School which has just closed so successfully, the parish schools everywhere, the convents and colleges, notably the great college which has just been deprived by death of its worthy president and vice-president. All this growing solicitude of Catholics everywhere for these great interests of the Heart of Jesus prove the efficacy of the practices of the League in spreading a true and wholesome habit of prayer.

In directing us how to prepare a meditation or contemplation, which he would have always begin and end in prayer, St. Ignatius insists very strongly on what he calls the third prelude. In it he bids us to fix our minds and our hearts on some particular object, some important decision of the mind, some good resolution of the will, some particular light and strength which we are to choose overnight and recall to mind the last thing before composing ourselves to sleep, and the first thing on awakening during the night or on arising next day. Until we actually begin our morning prayer this "special fruit," as he calls it, is to be uppermost in our thoughts, and so completely is it to take hold of us that should we be distracted or drowsy, or but half interested in the subject of our meditation, this one object of our desires will be enough to bring back our wandering thoughts and arouse our deepest interest in the lesson or event out of which

we are striving to make spiritual profit. Nor are we to dismiss this object or fruit of prayer from our minds with the conclusion of our meditation ; we are to carry it with us all day as a means of recollection or of habitual prayer. The son of St. Ignatius, Father Gautrelet, who was the first to urge upon some zealous scholastics of the Society of Jesus the formation of an Apostleship of Prayer, could not have been unmindful of this principle of the writer of the spiritual exercises, and of its force when applied to objects of public and of organized as well as to those of private or of individual prayers. Much less could his devout successor, Father Henry Ramière, have overlooked this all-important prelude of the Saint when first devising our system of monthly Intentions, and, later, when recommending the system to the sovereign Pontiff with such eloquence as to secure for them the repeated blessing of Pius IX, and the interest of our present reigning Pontiff to such an extent as to move him, not merely to bless and recommend, but even to designate and even word these important objects of our prayers. Leo XIII, the Pontiff of prayer, has set this high value on our General Intentions because he recognizes in their principle and in their practice the best means of training Christians to a habit of prayer.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

No Promoters' Council should be held without the adoption of some definite object for the prayers and labors of the Associates for the coming month. It is not enough to learn and make known the General Intention, receive and distribute Rosary tickets, or assign the dates for Communions of Reparation. All this is the routine work of Promoters. The special and timely interest they are to promote may be some pressing need of their parish or diocese, the advancement of a confraternity, charitable society, or library and literary association. There is no parochial work which Promoters should not advance, and it is a waste of the best energy and zeal of a parish not to utilize the means of organization which the League affords in promoting its every interest.



Perhaps the most worthy object a council could work for this season is a thorough reorganization and fresh start of its own Local Centre. This would require, not merely the choice of proper officers, secretaries and councillors of its own body, but also the choice of new candidates for the office of Promoter. The proper choice and training of Promoters, and the accurate report of their work from month to month, are the only means of securing fervor and progress among the Associates of a Local Centre. Besides, it is very proper that the dates, both for the Promoters' Council and for the Promoters' Meeting should be fixed, so as to meet the convenience of all concerned, and when once fixed, adhered to with all the regularity that becomes gatherings of such importance.



Now that the summer is passing, and that the League and other church societies are to take up again their ordinary devotional exercises, it will be a worthy Apostleship for every Promoter to induce the Associates to attend, not only the League exercises, but those of other confraternities to which they may belong, and the common devotions of every parish the daily Mass, the rosary and night prayers. September is introduced this year by the First Friday devotions. Were every Promoter to bring even ten Associates to the instruction and benediction usually given on that evening by our Local Directors, what a new impetus would be given to devotion to the Heart of our Lord, not to speak of the strong attachment that would thus begin to grow for the exercises of our Apostleship.



During September the Catholic Congress will be convened in Chicago. It will be a work of the entire Church in this country, in which bishops, and priests, and layman are so intimately concerned, that it needs no special recommendation

to our prayers. The mere enumeration of the subjects it is to consider, the vast and varied problems it must help to solve, are enough to elicit our most fervent petitions for the enlightenment and direction of those who take part in it. Its main purpose should secure for it our special interest, since, like our own League, it aims at bringing all the Catholics of our country into a closer and more effective co-operation in all they undertake for the welfare of the Church in our midst.



St. Michael the Archangel is not only a patron of Promoters, but also a general patron of the Church. He is looked upon as a special protector of the kingdom of God upon earth, because he is known as the protector of that kingdom in Heaven and in Paradise. The lesson of his life is one of generous enthusiasm arising from his own great admiration of the excellence of Almighty God. It is a spirit we all need in our work for the kingdom of Christ. The other September patroness of Promoters, St. Catherine of Genoa, is an example of seriousness in well-doing. From the frivolous pursuit of worldly pleasures, she undertook the most arduous work in the cause of our holy faith, and she was sustained in all her labors for it, by her great devotion to the holy souls in Purgatory.

THE GREAT WORK OF THE LEAGUE.

COMMUNION OF REPARATION..

SAVANNAH, 1893.

We are now organizing our Associates of the third Degree into bands of thirty for the perpetual Communion of Reparation. Each member of the band will receive Communion on a fixed day, designated at the beginning of the month.

In Corde Jesu.

REV. B. J. KEILEY, V.G.

ST. CECILIA ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—The Dominican Sisters of this house take a lively interest in all League matters, and the children whom we teach have great devotion to the Sacred Heart. We have at least 100 Communions of Reparation in our chapel here on the First Friday of each month.

BELVIDERE, ILL., JUNE 2, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—The League has done much good in this parish. This morning—First Friday in June—we had 110 Communions of Reparation; you will appreciate this all the more when I tell you that we have only about one hundred families in the entire parish. The Promoters are endeavoring to secure subscribers for the MESSENGER. Please have the enclosed Intentions commended to the prayers of the League.

Yours faithfully.

REV. THOMAS FINN.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT,
WILKESBARRE, PA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—Our Local Centre here is limited in membership to the Sisters and the children under our care, who have made their First Communion. Forty-four Sisters are included in the 465 who have received Certificates of Admission. Some of the Associates are making the Nine First Friday Communions. We practice the Holy Hour every week. All the children here go to Holy Communion in a body once a month.

—, TEXAS 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—When our present pastor took charge of this parish the people here were not remarkable for piety in frequenting the Sacraments. A handful of men made their Easter duty and seldom went to Communion at any other time of the year. The most devout among the women of the parish went to Communion four times a year. Since the establishment of the League we have we have forty Promoters and Associates who are monthly communicants. Some go twice a month as they wish to gain the Indulgences attached to the other Societies, Sodalities, etc., that have been organized here since the League was established. The good done by the League is very encouraging to those of us who remember what the congregation was a decade of years ago.

—, PENNSYLVANIA, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—You will be pleased to learn the result of one League Promoter's work. She was for some time the only person in the parish who went to Communion on the First Friday. Owing to her good example and quiet persistence, the League was established in the parish five years ago; every First Friday now communicants, wearing the League Badge fill rail after rail. My friend asked her Associates to contribute a mite each month for the purpose of having a High Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart. All of them were glad to take part in this good work, and the offerings increase month by month. The parish is completely changed. May not this account encourage some zealous soul to continue work in hope of a like harvest?

. . . Our Academy (Christian Brothers') owes much to the League of the Sacred Heart. To its prayers we attribute the grand results in the Regents' Examination last year. The students obtained such a high percentage that the examiners were forced to express their surprise. We have Mass in our

chapel on the First Friday. The students are faithful to the practices of the League, and by their fervor in receiving the Communion of Reparation they testify their love and loyalty to the Sacred Heart.

VISITATION CONVENT FREDERICK.

May 29, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—We have hesitated a long time before sending our meagre numbers of the League etc., our school being the only or nearly the only opportunity of enrolling members. We have, since the opening of the Register, entered 455 members, 310 say the daily decade, and 156 have promised the Communion of Reparation. We have Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every First Friday, of course with general Communion of both community and children, all continuing uninterruptedly by turns a half hour's prayer of reparation, till the evening Benediction, before which the Act of Reparation is said aloud. Beside this general day of Reparation, the community offer an especial Communion for the same, the second Friday of each month and the pupils the third Sunday. The teachers act as Promoters of their respective classes, reading and explaining the Monthly Intention, renewing the Morning Offering several times during the day and, each First Friday, the children's Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, which practice they always renew with great fervor. The Monthly Calendar, with Intentions and Treasury sheet, hangs in several of the most frequented parts of the house, constantly engaging their attention. We find them quite faithful to the Treasury. Begging your blessing, Reverend Father, upon all the League Associates of our Centre, we are, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Yours sincerely,

SISTERS OF THE VISITATION B. V. M.

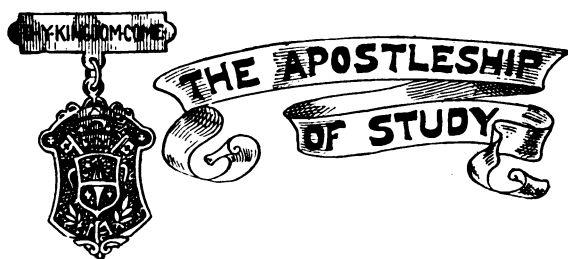
NEW YORK, N. Y., June 27, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—I expect, in my July report to the Local Directors of St. Francis Xavier's Centre, to have a number of Indian Associates, and I know you will rejoice to hear how the devotion is spreading in Dakota, and how faithfully the Associates keep all their promises. Most of the bands are in charge of Benedictine nuns and priests, and in one band I have fifteen members, all devout religious, who make the Holy Communion of Reparation.

God has sent me wonderful favors, through the prayers of these holy and faithful souls, and I want to thank you for allowing me the privilege and happiness of being the humble means of continuing to spread this devotion.

Sincerely yours

A PROMOTER.



THE LEAGUE IN SCHOOLS.

IT is a good proof of the piety of the young hearts trained in our Catholic schools and colleges, that spiritual awards are sought after as eagerly, and their tokens displayed as proudly, as the ordinary prizes conferred for scholarship. In schools in which the Apostleship of Prayer has been organized and adapted to the routine life of the students, the seriousness with which the decorations are competed for is productive of a new order, in the conduct, the manners and application of the pupils. We can print only a few of the letters which have reached us lately in testimony of its good results.

THE CATHEDRAL,

SCRANTON, PA., 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—The children in St. Cecilia's Academy, as well as those in the parochial school, have entered heart and soul into the spirit of the Apostleship of Study. Their teachers are happy to be able to bear witness to the very great improvement observed in the children since the hour of study, the hour of silence and the hour of play have been introduced among them.

Respectfully yours,

REV. J. A. Q'REILLY.

COLLEGE BONNE STE. ANNE,

NEW YORK, July, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—The Apostleship of Prayer has already worked wonders among our pupils. The children make the Communion of Reparation regularly ; a great number of the parents kneel with them at the Holy Table, and are quite proud to assist at the different exercises with their children. My experience with the Apostleship of Prayer, in one of our colleges in France, enables me to give cheerful testimony to the good results it produced among the students.

Faithfully yours in Christ

BROTHER ZEPHIRINUS.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,

CINCINNATI, June 19, 1893.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—The Apostleship of Study has wrought a great change in the conduct of our school children. To it, more than to any other influence, is due the praise which the Sisters received from members of the congregation for the edifying conduct of the First Communion children of this year's class.

Very respectfully,

REV. JAMES HENRY.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

MANHATTANVILLE, N. Y., June 30.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER:—On the morning after the prizes had been distributed, His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan conferred the sixth, or highest, decoration of the Apostleship of Study upon our eight graduates. His Grace gave them the diplomas and imparted the Papal Blessing, in accordance with the ceremonial given in the "Children's Manual." The graduates repeated the promise contained on p. 44 of the Manual, and then made the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. The Apostleship has done the children here a visible good, which we trust will continue.

THE PROMOTER IN CHARGE.

" . . . The League is in vigor among our pupils, three of whom during the course of the school-year have been received into the Church. We feel sure that their conversion is due to the prayers of the League."

" . . . The Local Centre established in our little school of 35 children numbers over 140 Associates. The League is doing a great good in the families of our pupils. Some notable conversions have been obtained through its prayers. An elderly gentleman, who had not approached the Sacraments for thirty-five years, went to Confession and Holy Communion at Christmas. His little grand-daughter had recommended him to the prayers of the League."

As the Apostleship of Study is the Apostleship of Prayer adapted to colleges, schools and academies, no special Diploma of Aggregation is needed for its organization. The Children's Manual, which we publish, explains its workings in detail. The important point to notice is that a special plenary indulgence is granted to the pupils amongst whom it is established at the beginning of the school year.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Church in Italy.

THE interests of the Church in Italy are in a great measure the interests of the Church throughout the world. What affects the immediate subjects of the Sovereign Pontiff, must also closely affect himself, and whatever affects the Head of the Church must necessarily affect every member of it. By a special providence, Rome is the centre of the Christian world : as it is also the centre and capital of Italy, our interest in the Church of Rome should be identified with our interest in the Church in Italy.

Now evidently the greatest interest of the Church in Italy, the one which makes the welfare of Christians throughout the world depend upon the welfare of Christians there, is the temporal power of our Holy Father the Pope. So long as our Holy Father is imprisoned in the Vatican, so long is the entire Christian world deprived of the full benefits of his zeal, of his counsel, of his authority. So long as the Christian world is forced to view him a prisoner, deprived of his rights and robbed of his possessions, so long are Christians everywhere demoralized and disheartened by the scandal which openly parades itself under the name of justice and progress.

In appealing to Leo's own arms, the arms of prayer, against the standing outrage, which an usurping government is perpetrating, not only upon the Church of Italy, but also upon the heritage of the entire Christian world, let us calculate with never so much completeness the odds against us, the hatred of secret societies, the pride and rapine of traitors to the Church, the base connivance of the powers, the organized calumny of a masonic and heretical press, we must still remember that prayer is all-powerful, that its influence alone can account for the correct views which even unbelievers are beginning to take of papal rights and authority, and that as Associates of the League, in a land which professes above all things a love of freedom and fairness, we have an imperative duty to make all the forces of our combined prayer bear upon this great interest of every truly Catholic heart.

The ejaculation of our Rosary leaflet is the best prayer we can offer for this Intention : Lord grant the protection of Thy divine Heart to our Holy Father the Pope !

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

NINTH YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 10.

THY KINGDOM COME.

BY J. J. B.



RULE Thou my life, O Lord of might ;
Thou knowest what is best for me ;
And Thou, O Lord, wilt lead me right,
Though dark the way may seem to be.

In vain my feeble sense would scan
The mighty purpose of Thy law,
And in Thy universal plan
Deem what is dark to me a flaw.

What though the wage of toil may be
Delayed beyond the now and here ;
Beyond the present faith may see
In visions Thy eternal year.

Then rule, my Lord ; within my heart
Thy kingdom rear ; my Sovereign still,
Bid me to do, for my poor part,
Not this nor that, but Thy sweet will.

OUR LADY'S ROSARY.

WHO will attempt to describe the beautiful and tender memories that cluster about our Lady's Rosary? Memories of its heavenly origin, for tradition tells us that we have the Rosary from the hands of our Blessed Lady herself; memories of all that it has accomplished in the past, when it proved the most potent weapon wielded against impiety and heresy; memories of all it has accomplished in behalf of individual souls, of all that it has done for you, dear reader, and for me, who am penning these lines in Mary's honor; memories of blissful moments when, stealing a brief respite from the corroding cares of life, we have lapped our minds in contemplation of the joys, the sorrows, or the glories of Jesus and His Blessed Mother, and drawn thence the grace that made us proof against the darts of temptation, or, perchance, some holy thought wherewith to sanctify the cares and labors of the day.

What wonder that the devotion of the Rosary is so universal in the Church of God? So common has its practice become that we should be surprised to find one who had any pretensions to piety without his Rosary beads. The Rosary is the daily tribute of millions to their heavenly Queen, and many a devout client of Mary would feel a great void in the day on which he had not paid this act of fealty to his sovereign Mother. Kings and peasants, the learned and the ignorant, saints and sinners, have confessed its power, and some have attributed all the graces they have ever obtained to their persevering recitation of the Rosary.

“ Still the Church's children ever,
In their hours of grief and pain,
Unto that holy chaplet turn,
Whose virtues still remain.

'Tis the weapon of their warfare;
'Tis their armor in the fight;
And they love it as the ensign
Of their spotless mother bright.”

What can be the secret of this wonderful power of the Rosary? We might indeed find it in the promise which our Blessed Lady made in instituting the Rosary, that all those who should recite it would reap from it a rich harvest of graces. But apart from this, there is much in the Rosary itself that accounts both for its popularity and for the fruit it produces in souls. The fact is that the Rosary has an intrinsic excellence that makes it one of the most perfect methods of prayer. Its characteristic excellence consists in the beautiful and effective way in which it combines meditation and vocal prayer.

Meditation, in one form or another—even if it be only the reflection that accompanies the hearing of a sermon—is necessary for salvation. A perfectly thoughtless and unreflecting life can end only in perdition. “With desolation is the whole land made desolate, because there is no man that considereth in his heart.” It is because men do not reflect on what they do, but suffer themselves to be carried away by their corrupt desires, that their souls are filled with that spiritual desolation which is the result of the withdrawal of grace, and which, in many cases, is a foretaste of the desolation and abandonment that is to be their lot in eternity. On the other hand, meditation on the eternal truths cannot but prove salutary, because it keeps us continually in touch with the things of heaven and tends to scatter that dense mist of worldly thoughts and cares which shuts out Heaven from our view and fixes our gaze on the things of earth.

It is because meditation is so necessary that our Blessed Lady would have us join to the words of her Rosary the contemplation of the mysteries of the Redemption. Whilst



uttering the familiar words of the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*, our thoughts are riveted on scenes in which either our divine Lord or His blessed Mother is the central figure, and meanwhile we are imbibing lessons of patience, of humility, of heroic charity, which the bare picturing of these scenes to the mind's eye cannot but yield, even to the simplest intelligence.

There are those who tire of repeating words that have been repeated so often before. The prayers of the Rosary—the *Creed*, the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and the *Glory*—are indeed prayers that contain depths of tenderness and loving devotion, and saints have shed tears in reciting them; but to those who have not yet become saints—perhaps to some who have—the frequent repetition of even the best of prayers must pall and grow wearisome. Our blessed Lady knew this too well to impose upon us the repetition of even the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary* without providing some way of fixing the thoughts and the heart's affections on the things of God. Hence the mysteries, joyful, sorrowful and glorious, which are made to pass in succession before the eye of contemplation. In them we behold Christ Jesus, our Model and Exemplar, and his immaculate Mother, Mary, exhibiting those virtues which they desire us to copy from them, and which we cannot help desiring to copy when we behold them so touchingly displayed in every word and act of the Saviour and His Virgin Mother.

And now, dear reader, you are surely convinced of the excellence of our Lady's Rosary. If you are not, and if you have not tasted of the fruits of devotion and grace that spring from its recital, take up your beads and say your Rosary before this very day closes. Recite it with attention. Think on the mystery commemorated by each decade. Open your heart to sympathy with your suffering Saviour; kiss His wounds in spirit; hide yourself within the Sacred Heart that was laid open by the spear of the Roman soldier; or, dilate your heart with the thought of the chaste and holy joys that thrilled the hearts of those who had a part in the mysteries that marked the advent of the Saviour into this world; or, elevate your heart by the contemplation of the

ineffable joy and glory of the risen Saviour,—and then the well worn words of our Lady's Rosary will glow with fresh devotion as they are winged aloft on the pinions of love and holy desire to the throne of the Most High.

And who knows but after you have yourself experienced the benefits flowing from this holy practice you will become an apostle of our Lady's Rosary, and endeavor to swell the ranks of her favored children by inducing others to follow your good example?

FANNY ALLEN'S CALL.

BY L. W. REILLY.

AT the residence of Mrs. Marvin, wife of a lawyer in Sheldon, Vermont, a merry party was assembled in the winter of the year 1807 to enjoy the entertainment provided for them by that hospitable home and to do honor to its principal guest, Miss Fanny Allen, a daughter of the hero of Ticonderoga. Parties, dinners, sleigh-rides and dances made the moments fly. Storms blew outside, the snow piled up in drifts, the winds roared around the eaves at night, the elms shivered in the icy blasts, but within all was bright and warm and cozy. Invitations, too, poured in from neighboring dwellings and not an evening was left unprovided with social festivity.

The gay young ladies who had been called together to assist the hostess in making the visit of Miss Allen pass delightfully, soon fell in love with her. She was magnanimous, warm-hearted, affable and sunny. They could not fail to notice, however, that while she responded with high-bred alacrity to all the courtesies of her entertainers and took part promptly in all the amusements designed for her, she seemed at times abstracted. She was not melancholy or taciturn, but in all the revelry of the festival she never lost a certain seriousness that her companions, with the quick intuition of women, interpreted as a sign that her heart was far away.

One morning four of them were in the drawing-room dis-

cussing the ball that had taken place at Montgomery the night before. Neither Mistress Marvin nor Miss Allen was present at the conversation. The talk moved from one topic to another concerning the diversion.

"Did you notice," at last asked one blue-eyed lass, named Ruth, "that Miss Fanny danced only once?"

"Yes," responded Lois, as she ran her fingers lightly over the keys of the harpsichord, "I saw her enjoying the first minuet; but when that new Boston dance was called for I heard her decline an invitation to take part in it, and the rest of the evening she passed very comfortably as a wall-flower, paying great attention to dear deaf Mrs. Winthrop, and almost ignoring the beaux who swarmed around her."

"Do you know," queried the Belle of St. Albans, looking up shyly from the romance through which she was glancing, "I've come to a conclusion regarding our charming friend that will explain her tendency to be absent-minded—she's in love; mark my words, she's in love!"

"In that case," commented Ruth, "if she'll pardon my impertinence, I'll congratulate the gallant who has won her heart, for he has found a jewel."

"The treasure of an elevated character and a tender heart!" echoed the St. Alban's beauty.

"And a disposition as sweet as her manners are magnetic," chimed in Lois.

The fourth damsel, Miss Mercy Milford, who had been silent since the conversation turned upon Miss Allen, now remarked, speaking very slowly and snipping into shreds a sheet of paper with a pair of bright new scissors, "I too have reached a conclusion, as well as *La Belle Aurore*. Miss Fanny, you know, spent some time the past year in a convent school in Montreal. Well, yesterday afternoon, as she and I were returning from a walk she took out her kerchief, and, if you'll believe me, with it came a string of beads with a cross at one end, which she hastily returned to her pocket in evident confusion; and this morning as I was in her room before breakfast to ask her to show me how she does up her hair in that lovely coil, I happened to see a part of what must be a crucifix peeping out from under the pillow. Mark my

words, Mistress Marvin's fair friend is a Papist already or she is on the way to Rome ! ”

“ No, no, no ! ” exclaimed the three others in shrill chorus of surprise.

“ Yes,” Mercy replied, “ yes, yes ! ‘ It’s true, ’tis pity, and pity ’tis ’tis true.’ My conclusion will account for her fits of quiet, for she may be struggling interiorly against the spells of those wicked priests and nuns, or she may be in dread that her faith will be found out.”

“ No, impossible ! ” the others cried, still horrified and unbelieving.

Just then Mistress Marvin entered the room and noticing the animated looks of her guests she inquired the subject of their lively chat.

“ We’ve been gossiping,” confessed Lois, “ gossiping about Miss Fanny ; and Aurora here guesses that she’s in love, while Mercy is positive that—she’s a Papist ! ”

Mistress Marvin gave a start as if she had received a blow. Then she turned pale. She bit her lip and tried to conceal her agitation, turning her face aside and bending down on the pretext of picking up a pin from the floor.

Lois, mistaking her emotion, exclaimed : “ Of course, Mercy is mistaken about Miss Fanny, and we will not let on that Aurora has divined her secret ! ”

“ Mercy is not mistaken ! ” returned Mistress Marvin in a whisper.

Profound silence followed this avowal. The hostess was in a quandary whether or not to make the disclosure complete, and the guests were too amazed for speech.

“ I had better tell you all,” continued Mistress Marvin solemnly. “ Miss Allen joined the Church of Rome while she was in Montreal during the past year. To wean her from that delusion her parents took her sight-seeing to the principal cities and I invited her here. But their wishes and my pleadings are all in vain—worse than in vain, for she not only persists in her purpose to profess the Catholic faith openly, but she also is set on being a nun ! ”

“ A nun, O my ! ” blurted out impulsive Aurora, with a shiver that made the diamond on her finger sparkle gayly.

"How sad," observed Mercy, "that one so——"

"Hush!" whispered Ruth. "I hear her footsteps in the hall."

II.

No one could tell precisely how it happened that Miss Allen speedily became aware that her secret was known to the other guests in the house. Possibly it was their manner, for it had veered around from simple admiration and affection to that combination of the feelings of pity and awe with which the Indians looked upon those of their tribes who had been touched by the Great Spirit and had gone daft. For surely, they thought, she could not be in her right mind to forsake the religion of her people and to abandon the world for the cloister. Several of the more curious among her Sheldon acquaintances tried to draw her out on the matter. She, however, had no use for idle talk or aimless controversy; so she parried their questions. One of them rudely set out one day to ridicule the practice of confession, but only once, for her simple correction and prompt rebuke froze all inclination for further derision.

"It is astonishing," remarked Ruth to the others a day or two before the party broke up, "how terribly in earnest Fanny is! She certainly believes in the Catholic religion with all her heart, though how a person with her extensive information and splendid talents can receive such absurdities is a puzzle to common sense."

It was indeed a conundrum too hard for her Puritan friends to solve, for at that time conversions were most rare in all New England, and grotesque misconceptions of Catholic faith and practice obtained throughout all that region. So these damsels wondered that any one should go out from what they held to be another Christianity, to absolute superstitions and idolatry; and their wonder grew because of her social standing and gentle education. When, moreover, to that first misstep was added the further vagary of retirement to a nunnery, only witchery could account for her course.

"It is incomprehensible," declared Mercy, "that one who has a happy home, youth, health, riches, accomplishments,

and a troop of admirers should shut herself up in a convent for life."

As Fanny, however, remained firm in her purpose, her friends comforted themselves with the thought, begotten of their wish and hope, that her call to the counsels was only a passing fancy.

"She will get out of the notion before a year goes by," was Aurora's prophecy, "for she has too much good sense to be long held in thrall to such a foolish whim."

While giving utterance to this oracular opinion, the pride of St. Alban's moved briskly the diamond ring on her engagement finger, and the lustrous jewel seemed to shine approval of every word she said.

III.

Miss Fanny Allen was a daughter of the Revolutionary patriot, General Ethan Allen. She was born at Westminster, Vermont, on February 16, 1784. Her father died when she was a child of five. Four years later her mother married a Mr. Jabez Penniman, a citizen of distinction, who for the most of his life was a prosperous farmer, and for two terms held the honorable office of Collector of Customs at Swanton.

Ethan Allen was a deist, who, while rejecting the Christian revelation, yet believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, and in the immortality of the soul. Mr. Penniman, although in theory accepting the religion in which he had been reared, belonged to no church and brought up his family without training in any creed. He loved his step-child Fanny, with a special predilection, for to beauty of face and form, she added a nobility of soul, a strength of purpose and a winsomeness of ways that won his lasting regard. She received every advantage in education that the Green Mountain State possessed a century ago, and made full use of her opportunities for mental discipline and enlightenment. One door of information, however, was closed to her—the door of religion. She was not instructed in the doctrine of christian faith, and to her questions about the mysteries of life and death one

answer was returned: "Trouble your mind about none of those things!"

By what means the Spirit of God found access to her soul, how she learned the teachings of the Church, in what manner she was persuaded of the truth, no one who knew her has left on record. Certain it is, however, that while living in a Protestant community, surrounded by Puritanical traditions and influences, remote from priest or altar, she was drawn insensibly to the Catholic religion. As she matured in years, this attraction to the faith gave her no rest until she had obeyed it.

In her twenty-third year, she obtained leave from her step-father and mother to enter a convent school in Montreal for the purpose of studying French, and thereupon she became a pupil in the Academy of the Sisters of the Congregation. There she pursued her investigations into the claims and the teachings of the Catholic Church. There all darkness disappeared and all doubts were dissipated. There the longing for union with God became irresistible. After careful preparation she begged for baptism. It brought to her multiplied consolations, but when she received Holy Communion an additional grace was granted to her, for she felt called by God to consecrate herself to Him in religion.

When she sent to her parents the news of her conversion, grief, anger, mortification and bewilderment seized possession of her kin. The report spread rapidly and created excitement throughout all Vermont. The fanatical old Puritans could not believe their ears—that a daughter of Ethan Allen had gone over to Rome. She was ordered to return home forthwith. On her appearance in the family circle every conceivable means was used to detach her from her new affiliations. Expostulations, entreaties, arguments, commands and threats were all tried in turn and were all futile. Her step-father stormed and her mother wept.

"I must obey God and my conscience," was her one reply.

One day, Mr. Penniman, carried away by his feelings, declared: "You shall not have one penny of your father's money. If you go back to Montreal, you shall go with empty hands!"

"Then I will go with empty hands," was the reply, "and if need be I shall serve the community in the kitchen in place of bringing it a dowry."

Finally the expedient of travel, with its excitement and diversions, was chosen as a last resort to withdraw Miss Fanny's mind from its monastic purpose. She consented to defer her departure for the convent for one year, and in that space her relatives hoped to win her from her vocation. The visit to Sheldon was the last station on an unsuccessful journey after forgetfulness.

At the end of the visit to Mistress Marvin, Miss Allen returned to her home, to remain there a few weeks before bidding it adieu forever.

IV.

Ruth and Mercy met again after many years at the marriage of Mistress Marvin's daughter Julia. They did not see each other at the house before the ceremony, for Ruth arrived in town by a train that was late in bringing her thither from her distant home. In the church, however, they had adjoining pews, and, in spite of the changes made by time, the late comer recognized her former friend. When the latter, after the *Credo* of the Nuptial Mass, pulled out of her pocket "a string of beads with a cross at one end," Ruth smiled a glad and amused smile, as memory brought back the tone of scorn with which Mercy had announced the means by which she had guessed Miss Fanny's conversion.

At the reception that followed the function, the two old friends had a happy meeting. After tendering their congratulations to the groom and wishing the bride joy, they went apart for a chat that renewed their youth. After recalling the past and making inquiries about their common acquaintances, laughing heartily one minute and disposed to cry the next, Ruth said :

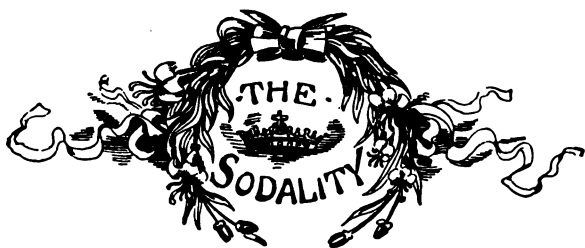
"Is it possible that you are a Catholic?"

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, "thanks be to God's grace and Fanny Allen's example and prayers, I am. And you are still a Protestant?"

"No, I'm not; and my thanks are said in the same words

as yours. I went to see her the third year after her 'incarceration,' as I used to call it, expecting to find her languishing in health and broken in spirit. She seemed well and happy, however. But, as there was another Sister in the parlor, I was reluctant to speak to her openly about her condition, so I asked her if I could not say a word to her in private. She said something in French to the other nun, who thereupon withdrew. Then said I: 'Fanny, I love you like a sister. I have not been able to sleep peacefully of nights, thinking of you immured here. Tell me—have you not found out your mistake? Are you detained here against your will? If you are forbidden to tell me in words, give me at least some sign by which I may know the truth.' Her face was a study in emotion as I spoke, for at first it was clouded with uncertainty, as she did not seem to see the drift of my remarks; then it grew light as she broke into a hearty laugh. 'You dear darling, you,' she said, before I could take offence, 'surely you don't believe those old stories of convent prisons, do you?' I did not need to reply, for that laugh of hers, so clear, so joyous, so free, put all my fears to flight. From that day I was a Catholic, although I struggled against the inspiration to join the Church for full two years. And Aurora, what became of her?"

"*La Belle Aurore* died within a year of her marriage, and her babe survived her just one hour. They were baptized by the same priest and buried in the same grave. Peace to her soul! Lois remains an Episcopalian, and has compromised with her conscience, as I jokingly tell her, by becoming very High Church. Mrs. Marvin, as you know, is a Catholic. So, of course, is her daughter who was married to-day. So are most of those who were her guests with us that time. So is the minister who gave an unwelcome Baptism to Fanny. So is his son, who has not only become a convert, but also a priest and a Jesuit. So is the doctor who attended her in her last illness. In fact, in every place where she was known, some one or more of her acquaintances have been prompted by her strange course to inquire into the despised religion that she had embraced, and to accept it as the very truth of Christ."



Those who have obtained for Sodalities a diploma of aggregation to the Roman Primary are familiar with the custom of choosing what is called a secondary patron for the Sodality. The blessed Virgin is, of course, the principal and primary patroness, for it is in her honor and to promote devotion to her that a Sodality is instituted, and the very title of the Sodality bears her name. But besides the primary it is customary to have a secondary patron or patroness chosen from among the Saints, or, which is practically the same thing, to choose a secondary title which shall bear the name of some Saint under whose protection the Sodality is placed. The full title of the Sodality will then be The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Aloysius (or whatever other Saint is chosen as secondary patron).

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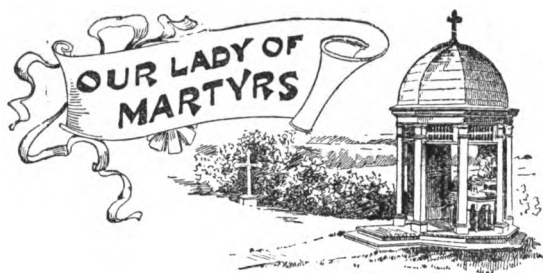
Naturally the first question that arises regarding the secondary patron of any Sodality is, what Saint to choose. As a rule a Saint should be selected who is regarded as a special model for the particular class of persons composing the Sodality. Boys should have a boy Saint; girls should have a girl Saint; married and single, old and young, should respectively be given Saints who have sanctified the particular age or state of life represented by the members of the Sodality. Looking over our lists for the year just past, we find that the more popular secondary patrons are St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, St. Agnes, St. Rose of Lima and St. Anne. St. Stanislaus and St. John Berchmans are also among the number of secondary patrons, though we should be glad to see their names occur much oftener. St. Catherine of Siena and St.

Cecilia are not entirely forgotten. Sometimes the Holy Angels are chosen as patrons for children's Sodalities, and in that case they are frequently called the Angels' Sodality, though primarily they are Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin.

The choice of a secondary patron is by no means unimportant; it is, in fact, closely connected with one of the primary ends of the Sodality. The purpose of the Sodality, as we have remarked on previous occasions, is not simply to promote devotion to the Blessed Virgin, but also to further the general advancement of the members in Christian virtue. One of the most efficacious means to that end, in the Sodality or elsewhere, is devotion to the Saints; but in the Sodality it is all the more efficacious because the Saint chosen is a special model for the class of persons composing the Sodality. Of course the Sodalists have pledged themselves to imitate their heavenly Queen, and she is the perfect pattern of all that is pure and holy; but it is nevertheless true that in the lives of other Saints there is much that brings them nearer to us than even our Blessed Mother is brought. In their lives there is much that resembles our own; hence imitation seems easier and more readily suggests itself; just as daily contact with saintly men, whose lives we see in all their details, may sometimes furnish a stronger stimulus to our efforts at self-advancement than the lives of canonized Saints.

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If we should venture a word of counsel to directors of Sodalities, we would say, in the first place, that they should not lose sight of that very end and purpose of the Sodality which the choice of a secondary patron is intended to further, namely, advancement in virtue by imitation of the special patron, and in the second place, that they should stimulate devotion to the Saint and make the sodalists familiar with his life. The latter they can do either by exhortations on the life of the patron or by encouraging the sodalists to read his life in private. The patron's feast day should always be a Communion day for the sodalists and should be marked by special devotions, always in private, and, if possible, in public.



IF the poet of Sir Launfal could have seen the lovely valley of the Mohawk as it smiled bewitchingly in the days of the August pilgrimages, he might have hesitated before pronouncing June the month of *perfect days*. The fortnight during which the large throngs visited the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs was made up of sunny, bracing days, just such as one could wish for were he the pilgrim of a day or a longer sojourner.

It may be only prosing to say it, but one cannot be long at Auriesville without getting some heartsease from the peace that surrounds the spot. You seem to feel it in the glance you dart at the slumbering river or the gently sloping hills; you can feel it in the air you breathe, so silent and full of rest. What a contrast with the awful din and commotion incident to the scenes of martyrdom that are now only its silent consecration! This year five large pilgrimages came from Cohoes, Little Falls, Amsterdam and Troy; they were made July 30, August 6, 13, 15 and 20.



The pilgrimage from Cohoes was made up of French Canadians, numbering about four hundred. The sermon was delivered in French, and the spirit of the pilgrims was very devout and edifying. Not less fervent was the body of pilgrims from the German parish, St. Joseph's, in Amsterdam.

The pilgrims from St. Mary's, Little Falls, came under the leadership of their acting pastor, Rev. W. A. White. Their simplicity and faith were special objects of remark, both at the Shrine and elsewhere. This fact is all the more worthy of mention because younger people predominated in number.

Out of eleven hundred all told three hundred received Holy Communion. Rev. John F. Galligan, S.J., of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, preached a fervent sermon on the lives and sufferings of the martyred missionaries. On their return that evening, Rev. John F. Quirk, S.J., of St. John's College, Fordham, established the League of the Sacred Heart in a congregation still fervent with the spirit of the pilgrimage. In answer to his opening sermon over 1,000 declared themselves eager to become Associates.



From Amsterdam two parishes, St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, made the pilgrimage on different days. Father Wynne, S.J., of the Central Direction of the League, led the pilgrims of St. Mary's, numbering over two hundred, through the streets of Amsterdam to the wharf, whence the steamer carried them up the Erie Canal to the Hill of Prayer. There they were met by others who had come earlier by train, and, two and two, all marched up the hill, the Sodality choir intoning the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. After the Mass, at which 150 received Holy Communion, Father Wynne delivered the sermon, pointing out how the lives and sufferings of Father Jogues and of René Goupil are still a motive of encouragement and of generous fervor to the many holy priests and nuns who are laboring to-day among the Indians, and how earnestly we should pray to have them beatified, so that their heroic examples should be enhanced by the solemn testimony of our holy Church. Rev. Father Galligan led the Stations and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which Rev. J. P. McIncrow, the pastor of St. Mary's, and his assistant, Rev. Dennis Smith, were present.



The largest pilgrimage came from Troy under the charge of Rev. George Quin, S.J., Rev. Edward McTammany, S.J., of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, and Rev. W. H. Walsh, S.J., of the Central Direction of the League. These pilgrims numbered more than thirteen hundred, and all of them approached the Holy Table. The demeanor of the pilgrims was edifying to a marked degree. The programmes will

enable us to judge of the extent and strictly religious character of the pilgrimage from this parish.

PROCESSION IN TROY.

Cross Bearer.

Acolytes.

Men's Sodality Choir.

Young Ladies' Sodality Choir.

The Sacred Heart Sodality Choir.

Litany of the Blessed Virgin will be sung by combined choirs.

Banner of St. Stanislaus.

The Sacred Heart Sodality.

Banner of Immaculate Conception.

The Married Men's Sodality.

Banner of the Blessed Virgin.

The Young Men's Sodality Choir.

Banner of St. Joseph.

The Young Ladies' Sodality.

The Congregation.

ORDER OF EXERCISES IN THE CARS.

5.30 A. M.—Litany of Blessed Virgin.

5.40 “ Hymn.

6.30 “ Rosary.

7.00 “ Hymn.

PROCESSION IN AURIESVILLE.

Same order in line as at Troy.

Litany of the Blessed Virgin by the combined choirs.

AT THE SHRINE.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

8.30 A. M.—Celebrant, Rev. George Quin, S.J.

“ We come, dearest Mother,”

“ O Sacred Heart, O Heart Divine ” (Rev. T. Metcalf),

Hymn at Elevation,

“ O Salutaris Hostia,”

By the Sacred Heart Sodality Choir.

9.00 A. M.—Celebrant, Rev. Edward McTammany, S.J.

“ Soldiers of Christ, Arise ” (Dr. Guy),

“ Whispering Hope ” (A. Hawthorne),

“ All Glory, Laud and Honor ” (Schuman),

“ O Salutaris Hostia ” (transcribed from Weber by Dr. Guy),

By the Men's Sodality Choir.

9.30 A. M.—Celebrant, Rev. W. H. Walsh, S. J.

“ Heart of Mary,”

“ Ave Maria, Guardian Dear ” (Lambillotte),

“ Hail, Holy Queen,”

By the Young Ladies' Choir.

“ Te Deum,” by the combined choirs.

Other Masses by visiting clergymen.

11.30 A. M.—The Sermon.

12.00 M.—The Stations of the Cross.

Procession.

Cross Bearer and Acolytes.

The Choirs.

The Reverend Clergy.

The Sodalities.

The Congregation.

During the Stations of the Cross the *Stabat Mater* will be sung by all.



One of the features to be remarked in the pilgrims was the plain purpose of fulfilling a religious duty. No easy-day excursion but a pious journey was the evident object in view. The fast attention given to the sermons and Stations and the eager examination into details of the martyrdom gave ample proof of this good pilgrim spirit. Where did saintly René Goupil suffer? Where did Father Jogues hide his body? Such were the questions ever and anon put to the Fathers. And in the ravine the soft tone of voice and whisper were indication of the inward awe and reverence.

At the hotel was a little group of pilgrims, some of whom were biding for a second and third time at the Shrine, while others were but opening the book of what may well be called "white annals." Most of these ladies and gentlemen stayed a week in daily attendance at Mass and Beads. Their devotion was shown in other ways also, for the altar never lacked for golden-rod or flowers and the care which comes easy to the lovers of the tabernacle. May He, the beauty of whose house they loved, direct their steps aright so that they may praise Him both in the temples of earth and the courts of Heaven.

The pilgrims of '92 were the happy donors of a handsome present to the Shrine: it consisted of a chalice and ciborium, and a full set of altar-ware, linen and vestments. These gifts were presented to Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J., for the Shrine, as a mark of recognition of his devotion and services in the interest of Our Lady of Martyrs and of his kindness to the pilgrims who had journeyed thither.

There were several young men from our colleges who per-

formed the pilgrimage, and the thought suggests itself that perhaps the collegiate arm of the Catholic body might most properly be induced to muster for a pilgrimage to the Shrine.

The pilgrims from Little Falls kept their day of pilgrimage holy to the end. Rev. John F. Quirk, S.J., who had accompanied their pastor to Auriesville returned with the pilgrims to Little Falls and formally established the League of the Sacred Heart. Father White had expressed a wish to have the League thus inaugurated under the auspices of Our Lady of Martyrs. The father took occasion to appeal to the faith and real fervor of his hearers in behalf of the League, and if the presence of fourteen hundred, most of them fatigued by the travel of the day, be any warrant of hope, we may expect a flourishing League and renewed zeal in spreading our Lord's kingdom on the part of the Catholics of Little Falls.



The prayers and blessings of the Fathers connected with the *Messenger* and the PILGRIM are gratefully offered in behalf of benefactors—and all pilgrims are benefactors—of Our Lady of Martyrs. Only may they sustain the fire of devotion themselves and kindle it in other hearts! May they remember that there is yet a statue to be erected to Our Lady of Martyrs and that we await the day when a signal miracle shall proclaim the holy missionaries saints of God! May its coming be hastened by fervent appeal of word and thought and work to God's greater glory!

In all it is estimated that over 4000 pilgrims have visited the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs since the last day of July. Perhaps no other year has brought so great a concourse to the holy spot. May we not trust that their prayers will hasten the spiritual object we all have in view, the finding of the relics of the holy martyrs, and the temporal object, very important now, for the veneration of those whom we hope to have beatified—the erection of a more fitting shrine on the hill consecrated by their sufferings. By this time next year pilgrims may hope to have some at least of their pious wishes for the Shrine gratified. With a view to this we

FATHER JOHN DE BRÉBEUF,

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

BY REV. FRED ROUVIER, S.J.

VII.

DESIRE OF MARTYRDOM—IROQUOIS TREACHERY.

THE living image, as we have seen above, of the God-man, "meek and humble of heart," Father de Brébeuf, like his divine Master, thirsted for suffering. Ten years before, he had written: "Jesus Christ is the true greatness of the missionary. Him alone and His cross must you seek . . ." ¹ Simply and quietly had he made this the principle of his life: privation, fatigue, fasting and watching, rigorous penances—all had he made use of unsparingly; our Lord, moreover, supernaturally urged him upon this way. One day He appeared to him crowned with thorns; another day He laid upon him the cross which He bore; again He showed Himself "as a leper and without beauty," like His servant, when the Iroquois tore off his flesh piece by piece. Finally, with so ardent a desire for martyrdom did God inflame his heart, that Father de Brébeuf, who had promised in 1645 to tend in all his actions toward the highest perfection, had already in the year 1639 made the following unanimous vow. "My Lord Jesus, what shall I give Thee in return for all that thou hast done for me? *I will take Thy chalice and I will invoke Thy name!* . . . Yes, my Lord Jesus, I vow never to refuse the grace of martyrdom, if, in Thy mercy, Thou shalt offer it to Thy unworthy servant. So in future I cannot permit myself to fly from the occasions which may present themselves to die for Thee, and not to accept with joy the stroke of death, always in case that Thy greater glory does not demand otherwise. I offer Thee, therefore, from this day, and with all my heart, O my

Lord Jesus, my blood and my life, so that, if Thou dost accord me the favor, I may die for Thee as Thou hast deigned to die for me. Help me to live in such a manner that Thou mayest grant me such a death. Thus, O Lord, *I will take Thy chalice, and I will call upon Thy name, JESUS, JESUS, JESUS!*"

* * *

The victim, as we have seen, was ready and the hour of bloody sacrifice might sound at God's will.

The Iroquois had made peace with France, but they had never laid down their arms against the Hurons. From 1645 to 1647, these people lived in constant alarm; Father de Brébeuf and the other missionaries had continued their apostolate amidst ever threatening perils. The harvest had been as rich for Heaven as the dangers were many and great on earth. What mattered suffering then, or even death?

The year 1648 opened with new disasters. The villages of St. Joseph and Saint Michael, surprised one after the other, were swept away in fire and blood. Horror was everywhere at its height, when suddenly the Iroquois laid down their arms. Was it fear on their part? The arrival from Quebec of the convoy which brought Father Gabriel Lalemant, the victim before his time, whom we shall soon see die, might make this seem possible. Perhaps though it was but a well-calculated piece of treachery. The conquerors wished to lull their victims into a false security, and then to take them once more by surprise. Too confident, the Hurons indeed believed peace restored, when one morning, in March 1649, horrible cries and fierce yells were heard in the village of St. Ignace. The Iroquois were there, and like a devastating torrent were sweeping everything before them. Startled out of their sleep, the inhabitants could hardly oppose a semblance of resistance, and in a few moments their village was a mass of ruins.

Three of the unfortunates were able to escape the tomahawk of the invaders. They ran to the village of St. Louis, about a league distant, and gave the alarm to Fathers de Brébeuf and Lalemant, telling of the disaster which they had just witnessed. Immediately the intrepid apostle

organized resistance. With a heart as tender as it was valiant, his attention was given first to the weak and little ones, whom he had conducted to the residence of St. Mary, where there was a small fort occupied by a few French soldiers. Thus five hundred children and women owed him their lives. About a hundred warriors remained at St. Joseph. Brébeuf remained with them. In vain did they implore him also to leave for St. Mary's. Why should they urge him to this? Martyrdom, perhaps, was coming to him, and had he not by vow promised his blood to Jesus Christ, even to the last drop?

"No, no, I will not leave; my place is among you. I will not take part in the combat; but I will sustain your courage, and, if you die, I will help you to enter heaven."

With the help of Father Lalemant,² he baptized those who were still catechumens, and absolved those who were Christians. . . . When, at break of day, the Iroquois appeared before the village, expecting to take it by surprise as they had taken St. Ignace the day before, they found the handful of Christians behind the palisades tranquil in soul, and ready to fight unto death. A first assault was valiantly repulsed. A second was likewise resisted; but, with such primitive defences, what were a hundred braves against a thousand assailants? Attacked on every side, they yielded to numbers. All was soon over; the enemy was victorious; the Hurons conquered.

The extract we here insert is from a letter from Kansas: "Each time we have carried the souvenir of the martyrs, Father de Brébeuf and Father Lalemant, through a corn-field, and said a decade of the Rosary, we have received abundant rain, when everything was being dried up for want of it. We have offered the petition three times, and each time received the answer a few hours afterwards."

Another letter received from a town in Iowa gives an account of relief experienced by a sufferer from rheumatism on applying a card with the relics of Fathers John de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant.

² Father Gabriel Lalemant's life will be given later.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

OCTOBER is the month of the Holy Rosary. This year the first day of the month, being Sunday, is the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary. Here we have at once, to follow out the suggestion of the September PILGRIM, a definite object for the prayers and efforts of our Promoters during the month.



Our Promoters do not need to be told how much strength and consolation pious souls find in the recitation of the Holy Rosary. They know, too, how dear to the Heart of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, this devotion is, and what efforts he has made to spread the practice of it among the faithful. To be able to co-operate with him in these efforts is a great privilege and to co-operate with a certainty of success is more than a privilege; it is a very precious blessing. This privilege and this blessing are secured to our Promoters by their office as distributors of the Rosary Tickets. Experience shows that many who would refuse to bind themselves to the daily recital of the whole Rosary, are willing enough to promise to say one decade every day. This is something gained. The next step is to secure fidelity to the promise by quiet, tactful reminders when handing such Associates their Rosary Tickets. And any Associate who is faithful in reciting the daily decade, will end by reciting the whole Rosary.

During this month then, all our Promoters should pray earnestly for the spread of this beautiful and helpful devotion, and lose no opportunity of speaking of it and urging its adoption.



This should be done with tact always and with prudence ; for Promoters should always bear in mind that the great essential practice of the League is the Morning Offering, and that there are three Degrees of the Apostleship which are not to be all insisted upon in the beginning. Many have given up the practice even of the Morning Offering, we are afraid, because the Promoters who received them were in too great a hurry or overzealous to fill up Rosary or Communion of Reparation Bands. We must allow the Morning Offering to have its effect. If faithfully made morning after morning, it brings on in time, devotion to the Holy Rosary and the practice of receiving Holy Communion frequently. In not a few cases then, it is as well to limit new Associates for a time to the practice of the First Degree, and to allow the Morning Offering to have its effect in quickening the life of faith and of prayer in souls. That it will do so, there is no doubt, and a thoughtful Promoter will recognize this and be willing to wait a while before proposing the Second Degree, lest by exacting many things at once, he may fail to get anything in the long run.



The Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary on the 25th reminds us that we should redouble our prayers to obtain for this Apostle of the Sacred Heart the glory of canonization. Novenas in her honor are made in many Centres in preparation for the feast. The day is a favorite one also, for the solemn reception of Promoters. In any case the feast should not be allowed to pass without special notice. As Blessed Margaret Mary was the first Promoter, prayers to her should not fail, that through her intercession many new and zealous Promoters may offer themselves for the work, and the old ones be renewed in its spirit. The mention of Blessed Margaret Mary reminds us, too, of the practice of the Holy Hour,

so much recommended to her by the Sacred Heart of our Lord and enriched with so many spiritual advantages. As there are few centres, indeed, where the First Friday is not observed, once a month at least the Holy Hour could be made in common. Local Directors might secure their Associates profiting by this holy practice, if they would remind them of it frequently, but especially when announcing the First Friday devotions at the Sunday Masses preceding the First Friday. Where possible, the people might be easily induced to come to the church on the other Fridays of the month,—to Mass in the morning for instance,—and in this way make the Holy Hour. The good that will result to souls will more than repay Local Directors, and under them the Promoters, who will explain to the Associates and urge on them this devotion so pleasing to the Sacred Heart.



The Promoters' patrons this month are St. Francis of Assisi and St. Teresa of Jesus, both great lovers of the Sacred Heart. The life of St. Francis was a protest against the world's love of wealth, and the life of ease and luxury money can secure. The life of St. Teresa was one of prayer for the interests of the "Master," as she called our Blessed Lord. St. Teresa herself, we think it is, lays down the principle that the saints of God have special power to obtain for their clients the virtues that shone most gloriously in themselves. If this be so Promoters could not do better during this month than to pray frequently to these great servants of God for the spirit of unworldliness, the spirit that is opposed to luxury and love of money, and for the spirit of prayer and union with God, and this not only for themselves but for all the Associates of the League. Our Promoters should not forget either that October is the month of the Guardian Angels. The part these holy spirits play in our life and the influence they exert over us and our concerns is and must be very great. Gratitude, therefore, and the interests of our souls should prompt us to devotion to the angels, and to labor to spread devotion to them. Devotion to the angels, let us remember, includes not only devotion and prayer to

the particular spirit God has assigned to each of us, individually; it puts us in communication with the angels of our relatives and friends, the angels of those whom we wish to influence for good, of those with whom and for whom we are working and are employed, the guardians, too, of the places we are in, dwelling or working. Much light and much help in difficult matters of business in times of temporal or spiritual danger are the rewards of this devotion. To those, especially, who have charge of children, parents, teachers, etc., recourse to the angels is a very great help, for the angels of these little ones "always see the face of the Father in heaven."



"My companions, the angels," was the familiar phrase which the Apostle of devotion to the Heart of Jesus commonly applied to the holy spirits of God, after her mystical admission to their company. She had been adoring the Blessed Sacrament, and had retired into a corner where she might be more recollected and nearer the altar. At once she saw the Heart of our divine Lord, surrounded by seraphim, singing in their heavenly music:

"Love triumphs, love hath joy,
Love is the Sacred Heart's employ."

The holy spirits invited her to join with them in this praise, and in humility she shrank from doing so. Then they told her they had come to associate themselves with her in giving perpetual praise, love and adoration to the Lord of the Tabernacle. While she should have to be away from His Sanctuary, they were to remain there in her stead. This compact seemed to be traced over the Heart of our Lord, and throughout her life its effects never ceased.



One of these effects was the name by which she called all the holy spirits—"My divine companions." Later in life, when she had conceived the project of an association like our own Apostleship of Prayer, she wrote: "If we could have 'a league for this devotion, by which the Associates would

share with one another every spiritual good, I think it would please the Heart of Jesus very much ; ' such a league should further be united with the holy angels, who are particularly devoted to the love, honor and praise of the Sacrament of Love."



There is nothing to prevent our union with these holy spirits, particularly this month of October. In the words of Margaret Mary, they are ever near to our Lord, to praise Him in our stead, when engagements of one kind or other draw our minds away from Him. With a view to showing how consistent Blessed Margaret Mary was in her devotion to the angels, we have chosen her sayings about them and their own wonderful communications to her as the fruits of our Rosary Tickets for the month of October. From these fruits it will be noticed that one of our Lord's greatest favors to her was the protection of His angels.

FROM VARIOUS CENTRES.

—A Promoter writing from Pittsfield, Mass., says : " the numerous favors granted to our petitions are marvellous. It seems that all we have to do is to ask and we receive. We had no idea of the numbers of people away from Mass and the Sacraments, and neglectful of all moral and religious duties in our midst until the League was established. . . . Wherever sin abounds there are to be found our apostles of the Sacred Heart striving by gentleness and perseverance to win souls from evil ways, and always with success ; for if the sinners be obdurate the Promoter has recourse to prayer and Communion of Reparation, which never fail to bring back the prodigal."

—From Huntington, N. Y., another Promoter wrote us long ago, " Over 2,500 Communions of Reparation have already been promised this month by the Associates of this Centre." The same Promoter says : " Our Parish is very extended and Father Crowley has to attend Oyster Bay twice a week, besides Sundays of course. Our people are all of the working classes, and widely dispersed, so that only about half

of the congregation can attend Sundays. I myself have several times seen women and girls faint from coming long distances. May God help the poor, their steps are certainly counted. *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* goes its rounds; it is appreciated by big and little folks. It brings comfort to many simple homes."

—The following note from Bridgeport, Conn., is suggestive for Promoters. "I have taken for my special charge a circle of little girls who have made their first Communion. They come for their Rosary Tickets, the night before the first of each month, and I have a talk with them about the Intentions and other little matters. There is nothing formal about this, and the children ask questions that prove to me that they have been thinking, and that, of all things, is what Catholics should do. I have started a band for boys too; but it is not full yet. I like my girls very much, but I like the boys better. Their piety often takes very comical turns but it is real and honest." It is a lady who writes.

—From the Centre in Frederick, Md., a Promoter writes: "The Promoters' Council meets on the fourth Sunday of the month, and the supplies are then distributed. The Promoters are doing good work, not only in this little city, but also around the country. Many a hard-shell Catholic has been brought back to the Sacraments by a kind word, a hint, a suggestion. Here is one case: One of our Promoters, while distributing the Rosary Tickets, meets a person who had been away from the Sacraments forty years. A few words of explanation asked and given, the hard-shell is enrolled for the First Degree, but refuses to take the Third Degree. Before a week was over that man had made his peace with God."

—We take the following from the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, published by the students of Notre Dame University, Indiana: "The beautiful new bronze statue of the Sacred Heart, which adorns the University Park, is now the central object of attraction. It is not strange that the original statue at the celebrated Shrine of Montmartre, of which our statue is a perfect copy, should attract visitors from every part of *la belle France*; all who have seen the exquisite figure of our Lord surmounting the pedestal of Scotch granite were profuse in its praise. It will tend to inspire in all who behold it, not only a deep and abiding love of good art, but a more enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart as well."

THE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

St. Patrick's School, Cincinnati, August, 1893.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

Both boys and girls begin to understand the Apostleship of Study better, and they are willing and eager to do what is required to merit a decoration at the end of school terms. We do our very best in offering an hour of silence, an hour of study and our hour of recreation every day in honor of the Sacred Heart. It is hard to keep silence for a full hour, but where we think of our Lord, as we are told in school, "Who opened not His mouth when reviled," the hour seems to pass more quickly. We put down all our good works on the Intention blanks that hang upon the class-room walls, and our Treasury of the Sacred Heart is always the largest, when the Local Director reads the offerings at the First Friday devotions.

We hold a regular monthly meeting of the Promoters of the Apostleship of Study in one of the school rooms. After a short prayer the roll is called and the Secretary reads the report of the Treasury and also the account of the meeting the last month. The Local Director gives us a short instruction on the Sacred Heart. He generally reads something also out of the little PILGRIM on the Apostleship of Study, that we may know more about its benefits.

The Decorations were given in church on Sunday afternoon, June 25. There were eighty-five girls and boys for whom the Promoters voted at their last meeting before the close of school. The Promoters of each room gave in the names of all who had been on the roll of honor for good conduct and who had not through their own fault missed Catechism on Sunday afternoon and the Childrens' Mass during the week. We recite out loud the Morning Offering at the beginning of Low Mass and two or three times a week the Rosary of the B. V. Mary. We put them in the Treasury as we do also the prayers which we say in school. At the last meeting, after the names had been written down on a blackboard in the next room, the Promoters went in one by one to vote for all, or to place a mark against the name of any boy or girl of whose conduct there was complaint out of school hours.

When assembled together to receive the Decorations, we sang an opening hymn of the Sacred Heart, "Thy Kingdom Come." The Local Director, Father Henry, the pastor of the parish, explained the Apostleship for the congregation. The Shrine of the Sacred Heart was fitted up very prettily, and after another hymn the names of those who were to receive the decorations were read aloud. About fifty out of the different rooms received the clasps and the ribbon for the first time. The others went up for a silk ribbon of a different color from what they received the year before. Four of us got the papal colors, as we have finished our studies at St. Patrick's School. So we hope that we shall receive Diplomas which the Manual of the Apostleship of Study says that we are entitled to from the Central Director. The exercises closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, wherein He dwells Who loved little children whilst here on earth, and Who both embraced them and laid hands upon them.

From your children of the Apostleship of Study,

CLARA RUDIG, Secretary.

Inscipe.

Rev. J. B. LESSMANN, S. J.

Risolut.

Take and re - ceive, O Lord, my lib - er - ty;
All things I hold and all I own are Thine,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Inscipe'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Risolut.'.

Take all my will, my mind, my mem-o - ry,
Thine was the gift, to Thee I all re - - sign. Do

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. There are first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the staff.

Thou di - rect, and gov-ern all, and sway. Do what Thou

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a slight change in rhythm, and the accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

will'st; command, and I o - bey. Be - stow on me on -

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody and accompaniment continue, with the melody featuring some eighth-note patterns.

ly Thy grace and love, I ask no more, for I am rich enough.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the piece with a final cadence in the treble staff and a sustained accompaniment in the bass staff.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Church in Belgium and Holland.

THE first thought suggested by the General Intention of this month, as by the General Intention of September, is that the interests of God's Church everywhere are our interests. We are all members of the great mystical Body of Christ. The evils that weigh heavy on any portion of God's Church, the dangers which threaten, the joys which cheer and console, are all equally ours. We have our share in triumphs; we should bear our part of the cross by sympathetic interest and by earnest prayer.

The Belgian Church has a special claim to our sympathy and our prayers. Belgium has ever been the mother and nurse of missionaries. St. Francis Xavier's constant appeal from India to his superiors in Europe was: "Send me Belgians," and our own country, has been the scene of the labors of a Nerinckx, a De Smet and many others, sons and daughters of Belgium working to advance the interests of Jesus Christ. Another great claim Belgium has upon us is the battle her sons have made for the Christian education of youth. Situated as Belgium is, politically and industrially, she has been forced to harbor all that is most advanced in the Masonic and Socialistic bodies of Europe. Persistent efforts are being made by the Lodges to debauch the peasantry and the workingmen, and to foment among them a spirit of discontent, rebellion, and hatred of God and religion. A conspiracy to debauch the children of the country by laicizing education was defeated some years ago as by a miracle. In Belgium, more manifestly, perhaps, than elsewhere, the Church is now pitted against Satan.

The same may be said, with reservations, of Holland. Holland is a Protestant country. While Catholics there are fervent and faithful, the force of prejudice, the infidel teaching of the Universities, which are wholly under Masonic control, and the influence of a hostile press, make the progress of religion slow and not encouraging. Besides this, we are sustaining sad losses in Holland because of that plague of the Church in all Protestant countries—mixed marriages.

To pray for these two countries, then, is to pray for the downfall and humiliation of the open and the secret enemies of the Sacred Heart, for the growth of facilities for the Christian education of children, for the spread of Christian ideals and principles in these countries.

OUR LADY AND THE HOLY SOULS.

THERE is no doctrine of the Church more touching, more consoling, more beautiful than that of the Communion of Saints. The three great divisions of God's Kingdom, the Church Militant, the Church Suffering, and the Church Triumphant, though physically separated, are morally one and the same body. They constitute, in its entirety, the one fold of which Christ is the Shepherd. They have the same interests, are animated by the one desire of increasing God's glory, and are brought together by a communion or interchange of prayers and good works: the inhabitants of heaven both pray themselves and inspire good men to pray for the souls in Purgatory; the members of the Church on earth seek the intercession of the Angels and Saints both for themselves and for the suffering souls; and the souls in Purgatory, unable to help themselves, are impelled by gratitude to pray for their benefactors on earth.

Purgatory is, in some sense, the center of this great triple alliance. It is here that men and Angels meet in their common offices of charity in behalf of the suffering souls; it is here, probably, that prayer produces its greatest effects, because prayers for the suffering souls are not thwarted by obstacles thrown in the way of grace, and are more acceptable to God because of all prayers they contain the least admixture of self-love.

Although countless prayers for the suffering souls are daily and hourly ascending from the earth, yet these prayers bear no comparison, in number, in favor, or in efficacy, with the prayers that are continually ascending in their behalf from the choirs of the Angels and the ranks of the Blessed. As the charity of the Angels and the blessed spirits immeasurably surpasses the charity of mortal men, so too does their intercession bring more relief to the suffering souls than the prayers of men. We know, moreover, from private revelations, that the heavenly spirits are not content with praying for the souls, but even visit them in their prison-house, where

they console them by their presence and by reminding them of the glory that awaits them in Heaven.

If this is true of the Angels and Saints, it is still more true of their Queen. It is one of her prerogatives as Queen of God's creatures that she possesses extraordinary power for the liberation of the souls in Purgatory.

In the exercise of this prerogative she is continually prompted by the twofold motive of her love for God and her love for her suffering children. Throned high above the Seraphim, her love of God is fed by a contemplation of God's perfections which passes the conception even of angelic intelligences; consumed by her love of God, she has a passionate love for all that God loves and all that bears God's image. Hence her love for man, who bears the image of his Maker, and whom God so loved as to give His Only Begotten Son to be sacrificed for man's salvation; hence, too, her love for the suffering members of God's Church, who are so dear to God, although His justice obliges Him to banish them for a time from His sight.

Moreover, our Blessed Lady loves the suffering souls with the love of a mother; and because she has a mother's love she cannot but sympathize with her suffering children and relieve them to the extent of her power. There is nothing more touching in the annals of earthly love than the love of mothers for their children and the heroic self-devotion shown by them in moments when the safety of their children was imperilled; and yet, never did mortal mother love the child of her womb as Mary loves the children she has begotten in the Spirit; never was love so pure, so unselfish, so passionate, as Mary's love for the souls of men. How, then, could she see her children subjected to



such torments without relieving them by every means in her power?

The ways in which our Blessed Lady assists and liberates the suffering souls are shown in remarkable revelations granted to pious souls. According to these revelations she not only prays for them but goes in person to light up the dreary gloom of their prison-house with her own gracious presence. Saturday, which is a day specially consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, must be a sort of gala-day in Purgatory; for on that day a genial wave of divine mercy is wafted over the abyss, bringing relief to some and final liberation to many. Our readers are doubtless aware of the promise made by the Blessed Virgin in favor of all those who wear the Scapular of Mount Carmel and perform certain prescribed practices¹—the promise of deliverance from Purgatory on the Saturday after their death.

If all this is true of each Saturday, it is doubly true of our Lady's feasts; and this, too, is amply attested by private revelation. The Feast of the Assumption is above all others a day of joy and gladness in Purgatory; and fittingly so, because it was on the day of the Assumption that our Blessed Lady was liberated from her long earthly exile and admitted to the joys of Heaven. We have the assurance of St. Peter Damian that on the Feast of the Assumption she releases thousands of souls. There is one revelation by which we are told that on one anniversary of this feast the Blessed Virgin delivered as many souls as there were at that time inhabitants in the city of Rome, that is to say, about two hundred thousand.

The recital of these facts will be enough to awaken our zeal in behalf of the holy souls, especially on days consecrated to our Blessed Mother. If at the prompting of her

¹ The conditions for securing this privilege are the following :—1. The observance of chastity according to one's state of life. 2. The recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. 3. For those who cannot read, the observance of the fasts of the Church, and abstinence from flesh meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. 4. For good reasons the last two practices may be changed for others, by priests who are empowered to invest with the scapular.

own tender mercy she does so much for the suffering souls, what will she not do at the solicitation of her faithful children on earth? The month of November is now at hand, the month specially set apart for the souls in Purgatory. Let us not permit it to pass without obtaining an exceptional outpouring of mercy from the heart of our Heavenly Queen. Our prayers, our Communions, our good works, above all our acts of self-denial, will surely have this result if they are fervent, persevering, and animated by an unbounded confidence in the goodness of our Blessed Mother.

There are perhaps few persons who have not some deceased friend or relative who is still suffering in expiation of his sins. "Out of sight, out of mind" is a saying that is too often verified in the case of our departed friends; and yet if we could hear their cries of distress we would leave nothing undone to secure their release. "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me,"—such is the cry that is forever ascending from the depths of this fiery prison. The hand of God's justice lies heavily on these poor suffering souls; and who can lift it if not she to whom in mortal guise He was subject for three and thirty years?

A PEEP THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS.

By Alton Woodleigh.

EASTER Monday is a red-letter day for the little ones of Washington. That day they have their egg-rolling on the grassy hillock back of the White House. The President, like Sir Walter Vivian in Tennyson's "Princess," gives up his broad lawns, but especially this velvety mound, to the people, or rather to the children, who rule the people. Poor children romp with the rich; while those to whom play-rooms and nurses are golden dreams join hands in play with their little mates, whom prim French nurses or smiling mummies with bandanas round their heads have brought to the merry-making. And all this back of the White House wherein the people's own king lives; near the grim old

Treasury, where the nation's money is ; within a few minutes' walk of the Army and Navy building, while far down the avenue is the majestic Capitol with Liberty on its dome smiling on her children at play.

It was at one of these egg-rollings that Fr. W—— chanced to be on a beautiful day in early spring. As he passed along the path to the east of the White House he came upon a colored mammie with a crying, struggling charge of about eight years. He walked a few paces behind, but within good hearing distance.

"No, honey," said the nurse, "you dun gone an' eat five hard biled aigs, an' ef you eat any moah you'll die fur shuah."

"No, I w-w-won't," cried the child.

"Jess you mind what I tell you, Gracie ! Why, what'll Miss Agnes do to me ef you go an' die ? An' Massa Albert, yer fader, 'll put me in prisum fur der rest of my life fur lettin' you pisen yersel' wif dem air painted aigs. Would yer like ter see yer ole mammie in a cage like dat big animile yer saw in der Balama Islands las' winter ?"

This was too much for the little girl. She was evidently debating the egg question and her mammie in a cage, when Fr. W—— came up and said :

"Why, what's the matter, little girl ? You don't look half so pretty crying as when you laugh."

The little one huddled close to her nurse's side, put her finger into her mouth and looked up with tears in her eyes at the Father.

"Tell me your name, won't you ?" asked Fr. W——.

"Gracie Turner," came the timid answer.

"Now, Gracie," said he,

" 'Open your hands and close your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise,'
and then, like a good little child, go home with nurse."

The little child closed her eyes while truant tears ran down her cheeks. She held out her hand, into which Fr. W—— dropped a miniature opera glass.

"Look through it," said Fr. W—— "and you'll see a sweet lady with a dear little baby in her arms. The lady is the

"And when you peep through this little glass and see that pretty picture, say 'Dear Lady, bless mamma, papa, nurse and little Gracie.' Now good-bye."

And 'Liza and the little one went through the park toward the Arlington, while Fr. W—— strolled up the avenue, wondering at the things he had heard.

II.

See mamma, what a man gave me," said Gracie when her nurse brought her into the sitting-room to say "good-night." "Don't say 'man,' chile, he wuz a gen'leman priest" said 'Liza. "Why 'Liza," asked Mrs. Turner, "where did Gracie get this?" Then the nurse told her about Gracie's struggling to go back to the egg-rolling, until Fr. W. coaxed her into submission by giving her the trinket. She omitted prudently her remarks to the Father on Mr. and Mrs. Turner's neglect of their religious duties. "Give it to me, mamma," cried Gracie, half asleep from her day's play. "Yes, dearie," said Mrs. Turner; "but let mamma run this ribbon through it, and I'll put it round your neck when you're asleep. Now kiss mamma and papa good-night."

When the little child had been carried off to her crib Mrs. Turner sat looking through the little opera-glass. The picture stood out clearly against the dark crimson lamp-shade. "Look through this, Al! See what a pretty picture is in it," said Mrs. Turner, handing it to her husband.

"What a sweet expression on the woman's face," said Mr. Turner.

"Why, Al, that's the Blessed Virgin," said Mrs. Turner.

"So it is," he answered, "why here it is printed under it 'Mother and Child.' Heigh ho! I wish I was as good now as when I used to pray to her. But I guess it is too late now," and he was soon lost in his law papers.

Mrs. Turner, resting her chin on her left, held the glass in her right and looked through the opera-glass at Mary and her Son, Jesus. Soon her right hand dropped to the table, but she gazed fixedly and earnestly at the crimson shade. The little opera-glass had brought nearer to her the scenes of

twelve years ago, her school days. For the picture within the glass was like one that hung in the study-room of the convent at Elmwood. She fancied herself once more at her desk there. Her companions are about her. Sister Ignatia, her friend, is there too. She goes into the art class. There on an easel is a rough sketch of the Madonna's head, her last piece of work in school. She rambles through the music-rooms upstairs; then down to the exhibition-hall where the carnival frolics were held, and at the end of the year the commencement exercises. She recalls the medals she received, especially her graduating medal that distinguishes the alumnae of the Visitation Sisters from all others. She goes in spirit down through the long garden, down near Our Lady's Shrine, and a shudder runs through her as she kneels before that purest of creatures. Coming back she enters the house through the old play-room. Down the corridor past the parlors she goes to the chapel. Yes, she goes in—walks to the very pew where she and her class-mates had knelt and prayed together. Kneeling down she buries her face in her hands, and thinks of that good big-hearted Jesuit Father who had won all their hearts by his gentleness and simplicity. The words used by him to them in his graduating sermon came back to her memory, those words in which he bade them Godspeed. "May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at last." And thinking of all this she wept loud.

"What's the matter, Agnes," said her husband.

"Albert," she sobbed, "this picture brings me back to my convent-school days, and as you, so I was wishing that my heart was as clean before God as it was then. Oh, Albert! Albert! I've done you a great wrong by my example."

"Confound the priest that gave the child that toy," said he angrily.

"Hush, Albert, don't speak that way," said she, "'twas God that used him to bring us back."

"Do you think that God who is good would use means to make us sad, to depress us, to——"

"Oh, dear Albert," interposed Mrs. Turner. "You are angry now, but that is no excuse for your irreverence. Our hearts are God's, and He can use what means soever He pleases to win them back."

"One would think that we were reprobates to hear you talk," said he becoming calmer; "we haven't robbed our neighbors, nor murdered them; we are at peace with all men——"

"But not with God," interrupted Mrs. Turner. "Our pleasures and successes have been to overflowing, but we forgot the God who gave them. In God's sight our hearts are like the Dead Sea fruit. We have put away the crucifix into a casket and covered it with roses. We have been living good easy lives, but not a gleam of the supernatural has broken across the gloom."

"Maybe," said he laughingly, "you'd like to become a nun, or have me join the Trappists."

"No, Albert, but we have been brought up Catholics and educated in our faith and our lives are far from being Catholic. We know what we ought to do and don't do it, so there's the greater shame. I intend going up to the dear old convent to-morrow and see good Sister Ignatia. I'm going to tell her all, and she'll give me a note to some Father at the College to whom I shall go to confession and begin——"

"Come in," said Mr. Turner, answering a knock at the door.

"Coupé's ready, sah," said a call-boy.

"Come, Aggie, let's get ready for the theatre and give over this serious talk."

But Mrs. Turner went first to her little child's crib and putting round her neck the ribbon on which hung the little opera glass, kissed her child who had brought the message from God.

* * * * *

"Aggie," said Mr. Turner when, after the play, he had come into the room, "a carriage will be ready for us to-morrow at ten; we will go to the Convent together, you might forget to come back."

"So you didn't forget that serious talk after all," answered Mrs. Turner pleasantly.

"Do you know, Aggie, that the play had no interest for me at all. My days at the old Mount came back to me. And when Leontes spoke the lines :

— ' Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself! '

I was awakened from my dreams of college days and I applied those words to you. That we are not God's friends is my fault. My utter neglect of my religious duties led you away. But with God's help I shall right my soul's account on the morrow."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Turner fervently.

III.

When the Sister Portress at the Convent received Mr. and Mrs. Turner and Gracie the next morning, they were told that Sister Ignatia was in choir.

Soon, however, the door opened and there entered a nun whose face was beaming with the religious and peaceful light with which God had filled her heart at prayer. Though she was nearing middle age her face was young. The innocent of hand and clean of heart never seem to grow old. Her greeting was gentle and kindly and a few words from her were enough to win Mr. Turner's heart, as in the old days she had won those of her pupils. Every word and glance bespoke the simple, earnest, unselfish nun.

Alone with Sister Ignatia Mrs. Turner unburdened her heart. Sister Ignatia received her old pupil's confidences with motherly affection. With that rare discernment, the gift of those who study the workings of God's grace, she told her the cause of her failings.

"That your husband," she said, "did not attend to his duties was no reason for you neglecting yours. He needed good example. You gave it for a short time and then gave up; not from hopelessness, but for fear that your life would

be a constant rebuke to him. The giving of that little trinket to your little child seems a trivial incident. But God uses many means for bringing back His wandering children. He sent His mother to bring you back—you, a Child of Mary. Here we are at the shrine of our Lady. Let us kneel and say a 'Memorare' together." When Mrs. Turner got up from her knees she was crying. "Don't cry, Agnes, my child," said the good Sister. "God has forgiven you your faults because your sorrow is deep. Since you ask I'll give you a note to our chaplain, Father W——. Tell him everything and when you come out of the confessional you will be as happy as Agnes Gray ever was in these gardens long ago."

When Sister Ignatia and Mrs. Turner came into the house they found Mr. Turner and Gracie in the study-room under the picture of "The Mother and Child." Mr. Turner had told the Sister who was with them, all about yesterday's happenings, so she had brought him into the study-room, and there he was looking through the little glass, and then up at the picture on the wall.

Sister Aloisia took the opera glass, examined it, looked through it, and, as though not knowing what to say, returned it to Mr. Turner. Just then Sister Ignatia came over from the desk where she had been writing the note to Father W——.

"Here, Sister," said Mrs. Turner, "is that small opera glass the Father gave Gracie yesterday?"

Sister Ignatia took it, turned it toward the light, and saw the picture in it. Then she examined closely the small gold bands that bound the two little tubes, looked at Sister Aloisia with a smile, and said:—"This is the very one, Agnes, that I gave Father W—— yesterday morning. I had a number of them made as May souvenirs for the girls. The others had silver fastenings. This is one of those that had gold rings. One I gave Father W——, another to the Mother, and a third is in this box addressed to the President of our Alumnae Society."

"Well, Aggie," said Mr. Turner, "this is a remarkable coincidence. If this is not a sign of God's goodness leading

me back to my duties, then nothing ever was. Sister," said he, turning to Sister Ignatia, "your prayers have followed your old pupil and now they have been heard. I shall try in the future to be worthy of her."

IV.

When Father W—— entered the reception room of the college an hour or so later to receive his visitors, he found Mr. and Mrs. Turner. Gracie was kneeling on a chair with her nose flattened against the window-pane watching the antics of a crowd of students. Mr. Turner handed the letter of introduction to him, and when Father W—— read on the envelope "Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Turner," he flushed slightly, and smiled when he read the last sentence of the letter:—

"Be extremely kind to them for they have important business to transact.

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

SISTER IGNATIA."

Father W—— recalled the scene of yesterday down near the White House. He suspected what the "important business" was. 'Liza's "verbena," as she called it, was going to flower. He bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Turner and bade them welcome. At the sound of his voice Gracie left her station at the window.

"Oh, mamma," cried the little one, "that is the gentleman that gave me that present. Ain't you, sir?"

"So you got home, Gracie? I really thought I'd have to get a policeman for you. My dear, how you cried when the nurse tried to take you away from the egg-rolling. This is indeed wonderful, Mr. Turner; I give a trinket to soothe a crying child, that child belongs to one of Sister Ignatia's old pupils, and now to-day I meet the child again with her father and mother."

"But more wonderful, Father," said Mrs. Turner, "that glass was given you by Sister Ignatia. Don't look surprised. We know all about it. And a peep through that opera glass has brought us here to-day."

"True, Sister Ignatia gave it to me yesterday morning. But how has it brought you here?"

"Father," said Mr. Turner, "I'm sure my wife will allow me to tell the story in her stead. When I was graduated from College up at the dear old Mount, I was staunch and strong in my faith; so I thought, at least. But my stay at the University of ——, during my study of law, proved how unmanly I was. In the midst of Protestants, I was—yes, I confess it—I was ashamed to show by my attendance to my religious duties that I was a Catholic. My father died while I was there. It was a punishment sent me by God. After that I gave up all practice of my religion. My saintly mother pleaded with me. When near her I went to Mass, but never to the Sacraments. I have not been in church since I was married. Father, that is not a very edifying tale, but with God's help and yours I shall leave this house at peace with God. My sweet mother's prayers must have guided you yesterday when you met my child with her nurse. Even now in my mother's letters to me, from the dear old home, she always puts in a gentle word for God. To-night, I shall write her that her boy has come back to God."

Father W—— took his hand and pressed it warmly. "God bless you," he said, "and may God keep you and your wife in His protection forever." Soon they passed from the parlor to the student's chapel. And there in the confessional, that sacred retreat for sorrowful and unrestful hearts, they poured out the ashes of a dead past and were filled with the warmth and light of God's grace.

"Liza," said Mrs. Turner that night, "I wish you would find out the hours of the early Masses at St. Matthew's Church, because Albert and myself wish to go to Communion to-morrow."

"You an' Massa Albert goin' to Communion!" said the amazed Liza.

"Yes," said Mrs. Turner, "Isn't it almost time?"

"Oh, de Lor' bless youse two," said the poor old colored nurse with tears in her eyes, "I'se knocked an' knocked at de Lor's door. An' He's heerd me at las'."



An examination of our register of aggregations forces on our notice a fact to which we would direct the attention of our readers, the fact, namely, of the vast preponderance of young ladies' Sodality over Sodality for young men. For every young men's Sodality there are three young ladies' Sodality. To any one who knows the origin and history of Sodality, or to any one who is aware of the part that young men are playing at the present day in the work of the Sodality in European countries, the fact in question gives rise to some serious reflections. When we consider that the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was first established for boys and young men, that it was the success of male Sodality that first made the Sodality famous throughout the world, and that even in our day the male Sodality established in the colleges, universities, and parishes of Spain, France, and Belgium are among the most powerful means employed for the preservation of faith and morals, and for the higher religious training of men in every class and rank of society—we may well pause and ask ourselves the question, Why have not the Sodality of Europe their counterparts in America?

*

The question is an important one because of the vast interests involved. It is a question of the saving or losing of many souls. Any one who has traveled a little in the dioceses of the United States will bear us out when we say that, just because of the lack of Sodality and other such societies, especially, perhaps, in the smaller towns and country parishes, the young men become an easy prey to the worst

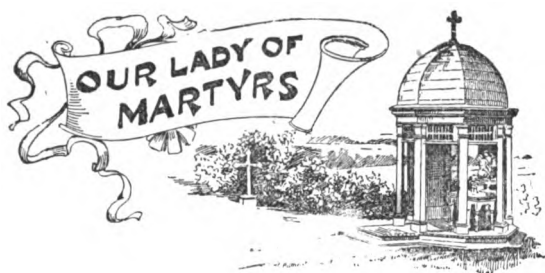
temptations. The theatres, the lodges, and the taverns of the neighborhood are filled with young men who might have been brought under better influences if they had been *taken in hand in time*.

*

Why are Sodalities of men not formed? Whatever other reasons may be given, we believe it is due in some instances to a want of confidence, to misgivings of the success of any such organization of young men. Possibly in some places it is due to a belief that the young men of the neighborhood are an irredeemable set who are not worth looking after. To those who view the matter in this light all we can say is, Start a Sodality; make it interesting; be content with small results at the beginning; give it a local habitation and a name; offer the young men, if possible, all the attractions they will find elsewhere; and whatever attractions you can or cannot offer, rest assured that our blessed Mother interests herself in any enterprise which aims at promoting devotion to her and the salvation of those who are so dear to her. Human endeavors are necessary for the success of the work, but divine grace must accomplish it, and grace will always be ready to second any effort that is made to save our young men.

*

In making the above remarks we are not disposed to overlook the work that is already being done. After all Sodalities for men are numerous and are undoubtedly fulfilling a great mission. Moreover it is gratifying to see that at least in a few places the sodalists are not only assiduous in performing the exercises of piety prescribed by their rule, but are also zealous in practising works of charity, such as catechising and visiting the sick. All that we contend is that there is still a vast field for propagating the Sodality among our young men, a field that is now occupied by societies whose objects are purely worldly.



OUR correspondent at Lourdes sends us the following.
We give it to our readers without comment.

“I think very much of Auriesville. If I could, I would have told you last year the impressions it made upon me. I did take some notes then, and would have sent them, but feared it would appear intrusive. The place has all the natural elements necessary to make it famous and attractive to all the world. Even if no sacred blood had been shed there, if no holy servant of God had ever met a bloody death at the hands of those to whom he was bringing the glad tidings of the Gospel, still, the name you call it, and the statue with which you crown it, should make it dear and venerable to every Catholic. It all depends upon the clergy, their example, their ardor, their devotion; let it be shown, as here, in entire self-forgetfulness, in up-lifting of the soul in imitation of their Master and Model, Who set them such an example in Gethsemane, Who, being in agony prayed the longer—being in agony—not tired, mind you, or sleepy or listless, but in agony, as are, visibly, the priests here at Lourdes. Not the resident priests, but those bringing the sick of their flock. Think only what depends upon these prayers, and you will see the reason for their intense fervor. You see them kneeling with out-stretched arms in the dust or mud before the piscines, the sweat pouring down their faces; their voices only cease when they have grown too hoarse to reach far; then they arise and take up another form of prayer, in the shape of some broken or helpless body that must be plunged in the water of the miraculous fountain, or carried to the sacred rock.

“Kneeling upon that beautiful hill—that Hill of Martyrs as you have so well named it—with its solemn memories, by that river, flowing by it so rapidly, like Time and Eternity, one cannot doubt that anything but example is needed to make it a Shrine of Mary second to none in America and perhaps to none here. If the eloquent voices of your priests will only make themselves heard, aloud and in earnest, and in such accents as if pleading for the human life dearest to them on earth—as if to avert the direst fate that can befall the human heart, be sure that on that hill-side there will one day be a temple whose fame will be world-wide. And why not pray thus? Is not the sum of human misery mounting high, and millions of dear souls ripening fast for perdition, and poor human bodies kept in infirmity that prayer only can heal, and to whom the voice of such prayers would sound like an echo from heaven? Oh, do take some of your sick or hopelessly afflicted there, and pray over them and for them, without formality, using the strong Gospel language as in the olden days, and no more is needed. Faith! faith! and where but now a few hundred kneel, thousands will gladly kneel. Oh, believe me, it is the secret of Lourdes. In a moment of inspiration, when the sick lay helpless, and the arms of the tired priests fell, a priest jotted down a few of these cries: ‘Jesus, Son of David, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me whole,’ etc., and he advised that the Blessed Sacrament be carried among them. That was just four years ago, and from that time it is the great signal for wonderful cures. Jesus, in the Most Blessed Sacrament, borne among the suffering; how can He resist their tears and prayers? ‘Jesus save us, we perish!’ has raised many a one from a sick bed. ‘Mary, Mother of Sorrows,’ is one of the cries oftenest heard here.

“Let ‘Our Lady of Martyrs’ be your cry, and if you will you can remove mountains; you can level mountains of sin, and raise mountains of virtue in their stead. As all is awarded here to persevering prayer, public prayer, united prayer, so it will be with you. Make it known that you expect great graces, and your confidence will be rewarded. God is so good! Do forgive me, my dear Reverend Father. I am

almost afraid you will think I am taking a great liberty in writing thus. I had no such intention, and indeed this letter has in some sort written itself, for I did not premeditate saying of these things. Oh, I will indeed pray that your Hill of Martyrs may be another Lourdes, where health of soul and body may be gained by earnest prayer."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

A Promoter, for a favor obtained	\$1 00	L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	\$5 00
M. D., for a favor obtained	1 00	C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.	1 00
T. P. C., " "	5 00	P. S., Fiskdale, Mass., for particular intention	1 00
S. A. S., "In memory of my daughter"	3 00	T. M. F., Springfield, Ill.	1 00
J. R. M., in thanksgiving for continued employment	1 00	J. C., Newton, Kans., for Statue	1 00
Promoter, Philadelphia, Pa., in thanksgiv'g for favor obt'd.	2 00	Mrs. M. F., Scammon, Kans.	100 00
M. O'K, Lincoln, Neb., for special favors	5 00	McC., Philadelphia, Pa.	50
M. M., Philadelphia, Pa.	15 00	Promoter, Assumption Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.	2 00
		Promoter, Gesu Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00

Contributions to the Missions.

Most Needy Mission.

P.S., Fiskdale, Mass. \$ 1 00

SCAMMON, KANSAS,

September 12, 1893.

DEAR REV. FATHER :—When you were acknowledging the gold ornaments for the good Virgin Mother's crown, I was sorry I had nothing I could send ; but I now send a little mite to help build the church, as I would like to have a little share in it. I send this \$100 bill to help forward the church, that the crown may be the sooner in its right place. I wish a favor from our dear Lady of Martyrs, and I put my trust in her that she will not refuse it.

Faithfully yours,

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE MESSENGER.

FRIENDS OF THE SHRINE

will kindly notice that donations for the new statue of Our Lady of Martyrs and for the Shrine should be sent to THE MESSENGER office and not to Auriesville.

THE ZAMBESI MISSION.

THE following letter will prove interesting to all those who have at heart the conversion of the Negro tribes of South Central Africa. It will be of especial interest at this moment, when an invasion of the territory of the Mission by the powerful pagan nation of the Matabeles threatens to undo all the work of the missionaries.

ZAMBESI MISSION,

VICTORIA, MASHONALAND,

S. C. AFRICA, Sept. 23, 1892.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER: . There was need of somebody at Victoria, the rising centre of attraction, to begin a mission station, start an hospital, and occupy the surrounding villages before the sects came in. After spending a fortnight at Salisbury I was sent here. I left by post cart on the 16th of August. Post cart and quick traveling are two different things in these parts: it took us ten days to run over 200 miles. I have been very kindly welcomed by the officials and have been their guest all this time. The resident magistrate, a kind of French Préfet, Captain Chaplin offered me his "office" as a sleeping room, and I write to you from this sanctum of mine (or his?). I met with the officers and officials who are all full of attention and cordialty. I say the grace at table, and we get fish on Fridays. A Protestant minister came here a short time ago; the first day he thought all these gentlemen were Catholics.

Till now there have been two Victorias. When the pioneers entered the country the camp had been placed in a bad situation; but now that it is to be changed into a township, a splendid position has been chosen, about five miles distance from here; houses are being built, and next week old Victoria will disappear in the midst of a grand bonfire, and we shall occupy the new township. The goings and comings, in perspiration and dust, are now very disagreeable.

I was very anxious to get the Sisters for the hospital; nothing makes us so popular here. There were many difficulties in the way, as the hospital depends upon the town and not upon the Company. But having been placed on the hospital board, I have gained our point, and four Sisters are coming soon from Salisbury to begin work.

I have selected three stands, *i. e.*, 120 x 180 feet, given us by the Company, and there with the help of a subscription among Catholics and Protestants I am putting up a small iron and brick building, very modest and simple. It is thirty feet long and ten feet wide; it contains a chapel, a general room, and a sleeping corner. On Sundays the whole is turned into one chapel, and I am sure our Lord is not displeased at our efforts to give Him the best we can afford. I placed, however, this modest building of ours in a corner not to interfere with a *future cathedral*. Good-bye. I have walked my ten miles. I am not tired, but probably tire you.

NOVEMBER 1.

Since I wrote the above I have been a little about the country, on horseback, the horse being lent by kind friends; in carts, obtained in the same way; and on foot, trying to organize Mission stations at Makorie, forty miles north, where there are six or seven Kaffir "kraals." I have also been at Simuto's kraal, fifteen miles north. This last chief is a powerful old fellow, having sway over almost all the kraals near Victoria.

They are all very suspicious and cannot understand why the white man, the *umrume*, wants to come and live with them, instead of remaining at home. It will take a long time before we can do much; the language especially is in the way, a dreadful language, without any fixed vocabulary, and, think of it! changing every ten miles.

My plan is not finished, and I live "*au camp volant*," in a wagon, which some good people have put at my disposal. But I am on the best of terms with everybody, and when I am tired of sitting under the sun, by my wagon, I turn into a room or office and make myself at home there. Just now I am in the "Mines Commissioner's" office, and I use Government paper and ink. That's the way among these good people—very friendly, simple, and liking you should be at home with them.

You would hardly recognize me. The journey, and life in the open air for six months, have changed me into a burly, stout, brown-red skin sort of a Boer. You might not be very proud to acknowledge that Roman collar man with shapeless hat of unknown color, a *poguary* meant to be white, a yellow karkely jacket, trousers—well, color, indescribable, and veldtskoonen for shoes. No, not a very bright specimen! Not much of a civilized Jesuit look about him! But, my dear Father, you speak of civilization! Old prejudices these, which nobody has the bad taste to mind here. We practice poverty and nobody seems offended.

As you see, I am quite alone. My last confession took place on August 17. But God is near.

Till now almost everybody got fever after a few months. I am expecting it, but am not afraid. Generally it is not much, but when one gets it into the blood and is saturated with it, the attack gets bad; jaundice, diarrhoea, dysentery, complicate matters, and—"bon soir les amis." Till now there is no prospect of fever for me. I have never been so well. I have no more headaches, thanks be to God.

Our people here, Mashonas and Makalakas, are in the lowest grade of savages, liars, thieves, loungers, cowards, etc. They live miserably under petty chiefs, who are as miserable as their last subject. They hide in mountains and in holes in the rocks, for fear of the Matabeles. These are a fine race compared with the Mashonas.

Physically they are not of the Negro type. Some, of course, are remarkably ugly—thick lips, flat nose, etc.; but many are to be found with European features, sometimes almost perfect—aquiline nose, fine forehead, decent moustaches, and beard growing in the Aryan fashion. Take a piece of Pear's soap, rub well, and you may introduce them as your "*friends from the South*." These have certainly some Arabian blood in their veins.

The head-dress is extremely varied. Sometimes they wear nothing on their heads. The whole head is shaved clean. Sometimes just a crest of hair

running from brow to neck, the rest of the head, on each side of the crest, clean shaved; sometimes a tuft of hair on the left side, or on the right side, or in front; sometimes a series of little knots, etc., etc. They don't tattoo themselves. They delight in beads, and wire rings around the neck, waist, or ankles. Their only clothing is a small apron of skin or calico around the waist. The women manage to get a piece of rag or blanket to cover themselves with, and hang on their backs their last-born child. Empty Martini cartridges are much valued. They will hang a lot of them on their wire collars, or even use them as ear-rings, making for that purpose a hole in their distorted ears. They walk about with two assegais and knob-kerries—things which they don't care at all to use.

The Mashonas possess the finest iron ore, and manufacture their weapons and knives out of it. The iron is good, but they don't know how to temper it. They could not make either a hammer or a spade. Axes, assegais, knives, rude pick-axes, and hoes are all they can make. A knowledge of the art is handed down from father to son. Their ancestors must have been much more clever if, as is Selons' opinion, they were the builders of the famous Zymbabye, for they must have had good, solid, well-tempered hammers to cut and shape the granite.

They use the bark of certain trees as fibre, and make of it a very fine rope. With the rope they catch game, make mats, baskets, bags, etc. They make also very neat mats out of reeds.

Soon there will be some big disturbance. The Matabeles take a pretext from the taxes still unpaid to come raiding under our very noses. The diggers, on the other hand, cannot long be kept away from Matabeleland, where there is plenty of gold, even alluvial gold. Then think of the unsatisfactory state of things in Matabeleland—cruelty of Lobengula, no heir to the old fellow, wild temper of his "*impis*," etc., etc. Evidently a crash seems unavoidable. Then Matabeleland also will be properly opened for Missionary labors.

A nice little party of five lions are walking about within a few miles' distance. I will give them your kindest regards should they call on me. Good-bye. *Memento mei coram Domino*. Yes, pray for me; pray also for these poor people, so long slaves of the Devil, and whom our God alone can make free. Pray and ask prayers, many prayers, that God may hasten the day when all these poor African tribes shall recognize Him as their God, and shall serve Him and love Him. Try also to find us some generous benefactors willing to build for us chapels, schools, convents and houses. Everything is to be done yet in this Mission of ours, and help must come to us from those who have enjoyed so long the blessings and happiness of the true faith. Again, good-bye.

Your Reverence's Servant in Christ,

M. BARTHÉLÉMY, S.J.

Since the above was written some Dominican Sisters have come from Salisbury to Victoria. Their first patient was the "Mines Commissioner," Captain Chaplin, who was so kind to Father Barthélémy. Fever brought him to death's door, and he says that he owes his life only to the devotedness and care of the good Sisters, who were just in time to attend upon him.

THE ALASKA MISSION.

Any answer to the appeal made in this letter will reach the Mission if addressed Rev. F. Barnum, S.J., Kozyrevsky, Alaska Territory, *via* San Francisco.

KOZYREVSKY, 1893.

DEAR FATHER :—Thinking that you might like to hear a few words on Alaskan matters, I will jot down some items which may interest you. Last year I sent a full report of how things were at our Coast Mission, and an account of Polar life. This past year has been spent here, and under entirely different circumstances. We have a pretty fair winter shelter and plenty of wood. The great trouble we have is that all the work comes at once, and the season is so short that very little can be done.

Summer is a time of misery all along the Yukon on account of the insect plague. It is hopeless to expect that you can form any idea of it. It seems like exaggeration to describe it. Warn anyone whom you may fall in with, who expects to come here, to be prepared for untold suffering from these little plagues. Another misery is snow blindness. Persons coming here should have goggles of *light shade* smoke. These goggles are tied around the head. The snow glare is bad on dull cloudy days, and so, if the goggles are too dark they are useless. The lightest shade is enough.

Winter is the most pleasant time here, and when there is sunlight, as towards the end of February, it is very pleasant. Of course, the dark period is rather dull, but one gets used to it. The orange-colored sun peeps up, away down on the southern horizon, and crawls along a little way and drops again. A lamp is needed all day at this time. From March to June is the most pleasant part of the winter. Then the ice breaks, and summer comes in with a rush, and then the insects begin.

The boys play outside most of the time. Here we do not have such terrible storms as on the coast; so until the mercury is around 50° the children do not seem to mind it. They go for water every day a distance of a couple of miles; it is terrible work, yet they never seem to notice it. * * * We are eight Fathers up here now, and we have eight houses. There is a chance, of course, that another Father may arrive this year, and so Father Treca is going to build at once at a newly selected place.

I want to propose a plan for our benefit here, and it is this. Could you not collect and send to us everything which would be of use and of interest to us in the line of publications? Famous sermons or events cut from the Catholic papers, Catholic almanacs, new books, etc., would be most welcome. If you were here and knew for yourself the dreary solitude of the polar winter, you would be glad to feel that some one was working to send you a single budget of news per year; there are so many Catholic magazines and Government pamphlets that can be had just for the asking. Then, if we could get a good atlas it would be a treasure, so often we feel the need of an atlas to help in our recreations. The steamer makes two trips now every year. I shall look anxiously for the next one to see what it will bring us. Good-bye for another year.

Your brother in Christ,

F. BARNUM, S.J.

FATHER JOHN DE BREBEUF,

Of the Society of Jesus.

FIRST APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

BY REV. FRED ROUVIER, S.J.

VIII.

STRUGGLE—VICTORY—THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

THE two missionaries were taken prisoners as they were assisting the wounded. Capture meant for them a first step towards martyrdom. Through a dispensation of God's providence as delicate as it was divine, their sufferings, the details of which make us shudder, began on the very spot where their heroic charity had voluntarily retained them in the midst of the ruins of St. Louis. Before returning to St. Ignace where they were intrenched, the Iroquois stripped the priests of their clothing ; then, as though impatient to begin their torments, they tore the nails from their hands and feet. In this pitiful state, at the head of the other prisoners, they were led back to St. Ignace.

There everything was in readiness for the sacrifice ; the posts were erected and to them they drove the victims, overwhelming them with blows. At sight of the stake near which he was about to die, Father de Brébeuf was seized with indescribable emotion ; like St. Andrew at the sight of his cross, he knelt to kiss the instrument of his sacrifice.

In his joy he did not, however, forget his children, the prisoners who were to meet death with him. After the example of the Mother of the Machabees, he encouraged them to die. While the fires were being lighted there ensued between the priest and the newly baptized savages a dialogue sublime in its simplicity.

"In our sufferings," said Father de Brébeuf, "let us lift up our eyes to heaven."

"Echon !" responded the Hurons, "fear not : our souls will be in Heaven, while our bodies suffer here below."

"God will see our sorrows; Himself will be our recompense."

"Pray to the Master of life, that He may have mercy on us!"

"Courage! torments are short, glory is eternal!"

"Ah! we shall cease praying only when we die."

The torture had already begun. Red hot awls were thrust into the flesh of the victim, burning coals were applied to his members. Still he was the same, apparently impassible; forgetting his sufferings and thinking only of those who awaited death around him, he continued to exhort them to be courageous and to speak to them of heaven.

Exasperated at such strength of soul, some Huron apostates in order to force the martyr¹ to silence, cut his mouth from ear to ear; then they cut off his lips and his nose. Others sliced off pieces of flesh and devoured them before his eyes.

We may be sure that to strengthen Father de Brébeuf in the midst of these pitiful horrors, his Angel whispered to him something of the vow of 1639: "I vow never to refuse the grace of martyrdom, if in Thy mercy Thou dost offer it to Thy unworthy servant . . ."

Nevertheless the fury of the savages did not abate. To cruelty they added bitter irony. "You told us that the more one suffers, the greater will be his reward above. How grateful you should be to us, Echon!" And on his breast, his back, his loins, they laid flatwise, red hot hatchets which, while they burned into the flesh, gave out clouds of acrid smoke.

Nor was treason wanting to make his suffering more conformable to the Passion of our Saviour. "Without baptism, no salvation," cried out some Huron apostates, and while speaking thus, they poured boiling water in mockery on the open wounds.

The torture had lasted for two hours and the constancy of the apostle did not fail; with his eyes upturned to heaven,

¹ See the *Postulatum* by which the Third Provincial Council of Quebec has petitioned the Holy See for the introduction of the cause of the beatification of Father de Brébeuf.

Father de Brébeuf prayed. God gave him strength in proportion to the torments which he had to endure.

In their rage, his murderers invented new cruelties. They heated red hot, a collar of iron, which they hung round the neck of the invincible athlete;² at the same time they tore off the skin of his head in the form of a crown, and they threw burning brands on the open wounds. They put round his loins a cincture of rosin to which they set fire. Another hour passed, and incredible as it would seem, the patient victim was still erect. It was then that lassitude and spite prompted what pity had not; a hatchet was raised, the martyr's head rolled on the ground, and adorned with its sufferings, his indomitable soul rose glorious towards heaven. (March 16, 1649.)

* * *

Three days later, an inexplicable panic put the Iroquois to flight. Like a flock of carrion birds, they had swooped down upon the country of the Hurons. The work of death ended, they returned for a time to their forests, satiated with blood. On the very scene of torture, marvelling at the courage of de Brébeuf, they had divided his heart and devoured it with a hideous feasting.

After their flight, however, the Fathers of St. Mary's, were able to recognize the remains of Father de Brébeuf. They gathered them up as an inestimable treasure; his skull, piously encased in a silver bust, was taken to the hospital of Quebec, where it is still kept.

May the wonderful favors already obtained through the intercession of this servant of God, be multiplied among the faithful! May the Church, moved by them, soon crown with the title of "Blessed" that brow so cruelly torn here below! And may Canada, in whose Christian soil his memory is so deeply rooted soon have the joy of saluting in John de Brébeuf, not only one of her first apostles, but one of her most intrepid martyrs!

² Parkman calls de Brébeuf the Ajax of the Mission.—*Jesuits in North America*. p. 99,



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

November is the month of the Holy Souls. The special work of Promoters during the month is suggested by the very words, "Holy Souls." The thoughts on the Rosary Tickets for November have been borrowed from the saintly Bishop Grant of Southwark and from Mother Mary of Providence, foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. The one gave to her daughters as their motto, "Prayer, suffering, labor for the souls in Purgatory." The venerable Bishop Grant's constant exhortation to all, but to children especially, was to make devotion to the Holy Souls "a practical part of religion."



We are afraid some of our Promoters are not fully alive to the opportunities their office gives them to encourage and promote what Bishop Grant called "the practical part of religion." Perhaps they have not reflected much on the primary title of our League of the Sacred Heart, that is, on the words "Apostleship of Prayer." If our League is carrying on an apostolic work, a work for souls, our Promoters are apostles, and nothing which advances the good of souls should be indifferent to them. They have not finished their work, therefore, when they have taken the names of new Associates or when they distribute their Rosary Tickets. These truly good and meritorious works but open up a most varied series of other ways of promoting and advancing "the practical part of religion."



The efforts Promoters will make during this month to help the Holy Souls may serve to illustrate our meaning. These efforts will aim at procuring prayers, communions and masses for the suffering souls; but we need not stop there. There are alms to be given also, visits to be made to the sick and the poor, to our hospitals and homes and refuges and prisons in the hope of benefiting the Holy Souls by these acts of mercy and charity.



Now, there are few Catholics however careless, or negligent, or depraved even, who have entirely forgotten their departed ones, and hopeless indeed are they whose hearts remain untouched by the memory of a father or a mother departed, or of a little child taken away before "*wickedness had altered its understanding, or deceit beguiled its soul.*"¹ Here then is the opportunity of the Promoter to bring back the backslider to the practice of his religious duties, to initiate the heedless and the less charitable into the ways of Christian charity, by inducing them to have masses said and even founded, and by interesting them in the multitudinous charities that are *the joy and the crown*² of the Church among us. He who would be deaf to every other consideration may be brought to give up sinful indulgence, perhaps, and to kneel at God's altar, by the thought that thus he may benefit some dear one departed; peace may be restored in families by uniting its members again at God's altar in prayer for the dead. By efforts in this direction, our Promoters will be advancing the "practical part of religion."



We have spoken of prayer, communions and masses for the Holy Souls. Some of the practices already in use may help to guide Promoters. The beautiful practice of saying the *De Profundis* for the dead at sundown or the last thing at night at once comes to our mind. Father John Teller, a French Jesuit, who died in 1599, was the first we know of

¹ Wisdom, iv, 11.

² Phil. iv, 1.

to urge this practice. He engaged the parish priests to agree to give a signal every night, after the Angelus, by the church bell, for prayers for the suffering souls. So many priests favored the suggestion that the father established a confraternity, which was approved by Gregory XIII and enriched with many indulgences. In one of the League Centres in New York State, the *De Profundis* bell rings every evening, and wherever the faithful of that congregation are, at table, or at work, or at play, every tongue is hushed and every head bowed until the beautiful prayer has been said.



The "Crusade for the Holy Souls" mentioned in the League Almanac for this year, is another practice which is wholly in the line of our Promoters' work. The "Crusade" was an effort on the part of Promoters to procure from Associates *and others* as many Communions as possible during the month, Communions of Reparation for the Souls in Purgatory. In one Centre nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-two Communions were promised.



The custom of having Masses said for the dead "*that they may be released from their sins*" takes many forms. There is the "Work of Expiation" established in 1884 in the Church of Chapelle-Montligeon, France. Seven Masses are there said every week for the souls the most forsaken in Purgatory, and three more every month for the forsaken Priests. Besides these Masses, which are founded in perpetuity, by the small contributions of the Associates of the work, many more Masses are said every week for the same intentions. In some of our churches pious unions are established, the members of which bind themselves to see that a Mass or Masses are said for each deceased member of their union as soon as possible after death. It cannot be too much insisted on, either that those who are able to secure Masses, should have them said while they are still alive, as experience proves that the wishes of the dying on this point are too often defeated or disregarded.



"The Little Month of the Souls in Purgatory" by the author of "Golden Sands," translated by Miss Ella McMahon, Benziger Bros., N. Y., and Father Clarke's "Requiescant in Pace" are, of the many little helpful manuals of devotion for this month, two which will meet the needs of our Promoters. The "Little Month" especially has a list of intentions which suggest many reflections. "Let us recommend specially to God the soul suffering for sin caused by scandal given by us; the souls of priests whose ministry we have received at different periods of our life; the soul whose release will glorify God most; the soul which yielded to faults which we ourselves commit; the soul that was zealous in propagating good reading; the soul that gladly devoted its time to the service of Jesus in the Eucharist."



The Promoters' patrons this month are both admirable examples of the spirit of thoughtful and unselfish charity, some of the workings of which we have been trying to outline. St. Martin dividing his cloak with the poor beggar, and St. Elizabeth, her apron full of roses into which a miracle had changed the bread she was carrying to the poor, are old friends. It was St. Martin, too, who weighed down with years and ready to depart for heaven, cried out: "Lord, if I am still of use to Your people, I do not shrink from labor for them!"

We are glad to note in this report such a proportionately large number of Communions of Reparation. The relative number of Rosary tickets distributed speaks well for the zeal of the Promoters. The whole report shows faithful work among the Promoters.

NOTES FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—The League of the Sacred Heart has taken a firm hold on St. Mary's Parish, Freeport, Ill. The number of members is rapidly approaching the 1,000th mark. The number of Monthly Communions is also increasing. *Santa Maria.*

—From a Local Director in Cincinnati we hear that the Father who gave the Annual Retreat to the Sisters in charge of his schools took occasion to urge on them interest in the League. The response promises to be hearty and generous.

—At the League Centre in Colorado Springs, Col., on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, a statue of the Divine Heart, the offering of the Associates, was solemnly blessed. Nearly all the Associates received Holy Communion on the occasion.

—A Promoter writes from National City, Cal.: "I hope to secure some subscriptions for your valuable magazine. I feel that the perusal of it is invaluable to Associates of the League."

—The same Promoter says: "The League has not been established here many months. I can say from my own observation that it has done much good here already. The lukewarm have become fervent, many who formerly communicated but three or four times a year now go monthly," etc.

—Another Local Director bears this testimony to the influence of the League: "This church has been open only two years. The people had a bad name. The children were neglected and had got beyond control. I could not get three children to go to Communion monthly. I have now from ninety to one hundred boys and girls, Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer and monthly communicants, besides many of the grown-up people, each having their respective Sundays for the Communion of Reparation. I have had over three hundred children walking in the May procession. I have brighter prospects in the future for further success. I attribute all to the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

—The League was established in New Hartford, Conn., last May. Since then it has been steadily increasing in numbers, and is the source of abundant blessings to the parish. The Mass on the First Friday is said for the intentions of the Associates.

—A Sister of Mercy writes from Brooklyn: "The work of the League in the Sacred Heart Parish is done principally through the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which I am Directress. . . . I am constantly thrown with the Promoters, whom I have carefully selected and whom I try to make faithful to their duty. We have twenty-nine Promoters and fifty bands of Associates, only one of which does not make the Communion of Reparation."

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Catholic Missions of the Far East.

THE Missions in China, in Japan, in India, and the islands along the Malaysian Coast are to engage our attention this month. And, assuredly, no portion of God's Church appeals more strongly to our charity and zeal. We have in these lands vast, over-flowing populations which would seem to promise an abundant harvest to apostolic men; but the results so far obtained have not justified the hopes with which each fresh band of workers have entered on their labors. Wedded to their own institutions and traditions and full of suspicious hatred and contempt for "the foreign devils," as in China; kept back by the uncompromising tyranny of the caste system, as in India; and rationalistic and amiably contemptuous, as in Japan; the victims alternately of piratical incursions on the one hand, and on the other, of famine, cholera, devastating storms, and volcanic eruptions, the condition of the people of the Far East is, from the standpoint of the Christian man, zealous for the interests of the Sacred Heart, a most discouraging one. When to these difficulties are added open and disguised persecution on the part of the governments, periodical outbreaks of fanatical cruelty on the part of the people, and the difficulties raised by the workings of the agents of Protestant Missionary Societies; their schools, their publications, the divergence among themselves, their manner of life, so different from that of our priests and nuns, although they pretend to teach a purer form of the religion of Christ, the prospect becomes tenfold more discouraging.

On the other hand, here and there, we find appearing the dawn of brighter days. In Japan the remnant of the Christians of St. Francis Xavier, who had kept the faith through three centuries of persecution, have grown so strong as to justify the re-establishment of the hierarchy and the Japanese Church has now its Archbishop, with three suffragans. In one vicariate of China the converts amount to about one thousand each year. In India, after weary years of waiting, a movement has declared itself not unlike what we read in the life of St. Francis Xavier, but it is confined to the lowest castes. What is needed is laborers and means, but chief of all abundant graces from the Father and Giver of all gifts. A miracle of grace alone can bring the populations of the East to accept the "folly of the Cross," and it is this miracle of grace our prayers this month are to obtain.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

NINTH YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 12.

THANKSGIVING.

BY JOHN J. BRANIN.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for all Thy gifts
Nor measure them with my weak sense ;
For naught of little worth can be
That speaks of Thine omnipotence.

I thank Thee, Lord, for all Thy care
To guard me from the evil way ;
I thank Thee, Lord, for that great love
That prompted Thee my debt to pay.

I thank Thee, Lord, for that great gift
Of faith that in Thee makes me live ;
That bids me hope for better things
Than this poor world can ever give.

I thank Thee, Lord, for that sweet gift
Of grace, the gift of gifts sublime,
The pledge of Love's eternal reign
That makes my human heart divine.

THE FEAST OF OUR LADY'S EXPECTATION.

THE recurrence of the anniversary of our Saviour's birth is so important an event in the ecclesiastical year that the Church has instituted a special feast to prepare the hearts of her children for a more fitting and fruitful celebration of the greater feast of the Nativity. The feast of our Lady's Expectation, which occurs on the eighteenth of December, just one week before Christmas, commemorates the interior life of our Lady during the week preceding the birth of her divine Son. Let us enter for a moment into the soul of Mary during this period of devout longing and ardent hope, and perchance we shall find a stimulus to our own devotion in a brief study of the thoughts and feelings of our blessed Mother.

The time was fast approaching when the Expected of nations, who had already assumed our human nature in the blessed womb of Mary, was to make Himself visible to the eyes of men. The accomplishment of the mystery of the Incarnation was, so far as we know, revealed only to three of God's creatures, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Elizabeth. We can imagine something of the joy that must have thrilled the hearts of the blessed three as they saw the day drawing nigh when they might prostrate themselves at the feet of their incarnate God, and lay before Him the tribute of their love and adoration. But what shall we say of our Blessed Lady? For nine months she had borne the Saviour in her blessed womb; for nine months she had imparted from her own being the sustenance required by His human life. Is it possible to imagine a union between Creator and creature greater than this? Who, then, can form any idea of the thoughts and feelings, of the desires and longings of this privileged being in her communings with her God, who had deigned to bring her so close to Himself? Or, again, who can realize the bliss that must have filled her soul as she saw the day approach when she was to behold with her eyes the divine object of her adoration, so long hidden from her sight?

Mary's thoughts did not regard herself alone. The divine Son she was about to bring forth was not only *her* Son and *her* God; He was also the Son of David and the God of Israel, the promised Messiah and Redeemer of the world. For His coming the Jewish nation had sighed for thousands of years; nay, the whole world had been looking for the advent of one who would lift the weight of sin and misery that had oppressed it for so many generations.

All this our Blessed Lady knew. No one could feel more keenly than she the need the world had of a Redeemer. Pure and stainless herself, she was all the more sensitive to the presence of moral evil in the world; and as she was destined to co-operate more than all other creatures with the work of her divine Son in the Redemption of the world, so too was she to feel the most intense desire to see that work accomplished. The Queen of Apostles was also the Queen of Patriarchs and Prophets in her longing for the coming of God's Anointed. All the prophecies and all the hymns and canticles expressive of the nation's hope for thousands of years now came thronging into Mary's memory as the day for the fulfilment of prophecy and the realization of hope was drawing nigh.

But in the designs of God Mary had an important part to play in connection with the mission of her Son. Nothing had as yet been revealed to her as to the place in the new dispensation that was to be assigned to the Mother of the Messiah. Thus far she had been a passive instrument in the hand of the Most High. *Behold the hand-maid of the Lord: be it done to me according to Thy word*,—such was her reply to the Angel when told that she was to be the Mother of the Son of God, and the submission to God's will expressed in these



words was all that was thus far required of her. But perhaps there were duties of a more active nature of which she had as yet no intimation. That she knew not; but our Blessed Lady was prepared for all. She left the future in the hands of God. He who had favored her beyond all the daughters of Eve would not fail to supply her with all that she might need for the discharge of whatever duties might be imposed upon her.

Such were the thoughts and affections of our Blessed Lady during the period of her expectation. Peace and joy, holy desire and devout aspiration reigned in her soul. Mary, who is the model of Christians in all things else, is their model in preparing for the coming of her Lord.

Many a Christmas has come and gone since the birth of the Saviour in Bethlehem. For nineteen hundred years the expectation of this feast has kindled joy in many hearts, even in hearts that have been an habitual prey to gloom and pain and sore distress. What is the secret of this joy? or, is this joy the same in all? There are those who hardly know the meaning of the feast—who scarcely know that they have a Redeemer—and who nevertheless rejoice. Indeed it would seem to be a sort of prerogative of this one feast, that it sends a ray of joy into the hearts of those who neither know nor love their infant Saviour. On this natal day of the King even His enemies feel a gentle ripple of the joy that wells forth from the deep abysses of His Sacred Heart. What shall we say of those who are permitted to bathe in its sacred depths? What of those who know their infant Saviour, who love Him, who serve Him according to the measure of grace imparted to them?

Dear Christian reader, do you wish to have a happy Christmas? I do not say a *merry* Christmas; sinners as well as saints may make merry, though sinners can never be happy. Would you enjoy a *happy* Christmas? Then your preparation for Christmas must in some sort resemble that of our Blessed Lady. Purity of heart and union with God by sanctifying grace are the essential conditions for a happy Christmas. Union with your divine Saviour in the Sacrament of His love will complete your happiness and enable

you to bid defiance to the menaces of poverty, or pain, or distress. And, perhaps, whilst seeking this happiness yourself, you may be able to lead others to seek it at the same inexhaustible source.

AN EPISODE ON THE TRAIN.

BY ARTHUR COLT.

THE drawing-room car of the New York train for Boston, by way of Providence, was scarcely occupied on the morning of the 23rd of December, 18—. A commercial traveller engaged in conversation with one of his fraternity; a somnolent mother with a wakeful brood of children; a youthful-looking priest saying his Office, and, some half-dozen seats before him, a whole compartment occupied by herself, her maid and her hand-bags, was seated an old lady whose vacant gaze told that she was blind. These were all the passengers the car contained.

Snow was falling when the train left Providence, and the thrifty, comfortable towns on the route that look so fresh and pretty in the summer, appeared bleak and desolate under the cold grey atmosphere of the winter day.

The priest had finished his Office and was putting away his breviary in his valise, when a little commotion of tumbling bags aroused his attention. The noise was caused by the maid of the old lady, who in a futile endeavor to close the blind of the compartment behind her mistress had upset a portion of her travelling appurtenances. In an instant he was by her side to offer his assistance.

"You see, you must move this catch," he explained, and closed down the blind. The maid, red and heated from her previous exertions and her present discomposure, stammered out her confused thanks to the priest, who smiled pleasantly in return, and went to resume the putting away of his book.

"What is it, Mary?" asked the old lady, laughing. "What a noise you are making."

"I couldn't shut the blind, ma'am," replied the maid;

"the priest"—pausing abruptly to mend her expression—"I mean the gentleman, shut it for me."

"The priest? What priest?" asked her mistress in surprise.

"He is sitting behind us; I couldn't work the catch; I'm sure, ma'am, he meant no offence," answered the maid, and if her explanation was vague, her eagerness to shield the priest from blame was the cause of it.

The old lady made no response, but, closing her eyes, nestled among the shawls the maid had arranged for her comfort.

The priest gazed out of the window at the white fields and villages the train was leaving behind, and thought how gloomy the day was, and of a journey he had taken in an opposite direction over this same road, more than ten years before. As now he was journeying alone, so was he journeying then. In nothing else were the two journeys alike. Then it was summer weather and winter was in his heart. Now the conditions were reversed, though then he was a youth, while now he was a man. He could remember every particular of his last hour at home before taking that journey.

The Japanese screen half open before the sitting-room window, to keep the draught from his mother who sat in her great chair laying down the law of her will, he listening to her with a sad heart; the window itself full of flowering plants and the tendrils of vines straying over it; the cat watching a bird that swung and sung on a branch of the pig-nut tree just outside the open door; all these he could see and he could hear his mother bid him follow the way he had chosen, and the sound of his own voice telling her good-bye.

Then his mind reverted to other things in his life, the after events of his journey. Scenes in the seminary, where he had studied many years; scenes in the Roman College, where he had been a student, and whence he was now coming, a priest, to assist in doing the work of a Boston parish. It had been a happy life all in all, he thought, though in early years it had been marked by lack of news from home. Time changed that. Home came to be to him a thing of the past; only sometimes, as on to-day, vivid remembrances of it returned

to him, but with no hard feelings, only sorrow that he and all that was dearest to him, his belief and his vocation, had been so misunderstood.

The commercial travellers had gone to the smoking-car; the mother and her children were in various stages of sleep; the priest, with a note-book and a pencil in his hand, figured up his accounts; only the blind old lady was restless and unoccupied. She very much disliked to travel; she could see nothing, she would tell her friends when they urged her to go abroad for a change. Why should she leave her comfortable home where she knew every inch of ground? As for change of air, she declared that for her there was no air like Boston air. And now, unurged, she had journeyed all the way from Boston to New York to find that the object of her trip would have been as well attained by her remaining at home. No wonder, then, that she felt restless and wished herself seated by her warm fire-place receiving the visits of her friends.

She had a great many friends, this old lady. Some who loved her for herself; others for the pleasant people always to be met with at her fine old house at Brookline; and she would have been very happy, had it not been for her blindness and for her family troubles. Everyone said and thought it was hard that such a nice old lady should have had so much trouble with her children. Her eldest son had died of dipsomania, the doctors said, but the mother, who was an old-fashioned New England gentlewoman who never spared herself or her convictions, did not shirk giving his disease its Saxon name. There was a mystery attached to her younger son, and it was generally supposed that he ran away from home; and her daughter who had married a man in all things her inferior, had been dead many years. None of these things had changed her in the least from the proud and thoroughly sincere woman she was. But when amaurosis set in, and she lost her sight, she lost with it her hard pride. Her sincerity, however, she kept in all its vigor.

She, too, like the priest, had been meditating on the past. Her thoughts, however, did not depict a peaceful repose on her countenance, such as now illumined the features of the

priest, absently viewing the falling snow. They only made her dissatisfied with herself, restless and more anxious to reach home. If her companion who read to her and wrote her letters, had not been ill and unable to accompany her on her journey, she would have had someone to talk to, and the tedium of travelling would have been lessened, the rattle and rumble of the train less irksome to bear. She tried to converse with her maid, but Mary was too much in awe of her mistress to converse in anything but negative or affirmative monosyllables.

At last, the old lady's nervous restlessness became more than she could bear, and she asked, "Mary, is the priest who closed the blind for you still in the car?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mary, staring first blankly at the back of the priest, now turned towards her, and then at her mistress.

"I wish, then," said the old lady, "you would hand him one of my cards, and ask him to favor me with a few minutes' conversation; and you, Mary, may take another seat."

It was nothing unusual for her to do what she was doing. She had been petted and spoiled by her circle of acquaintances, to whom she was a great personage; she thought nothing of calling upon any one of them to help her while away an hour, and this was not the first time she had asked such a favor of a stranger, but never before without knowing something of the stranger's antecedents.

The priest received the message delivered by the maid, and read the name engraved on the card with a little start of astonishment and a quick glance at the old lady, whose vacant eyes gave no sign, but on whose face was a look of anxious expectancy.

Without a word to the maid he walked to where the owner of the card sat. Before he could speak, her ears had made his presence known to her, and she said, "Pardon me for troubling you, but I wanted to speak to you so much. I am blind," she added with a little laugh; "that will excuse me."

His face was very white, and he put his hand to his throat

as if he were suffocating. "Have you been blind long?" he asked in a strained voice.

At the sound of his voice, her face again assumed an expectant look, which subsided as she answered, "Three years ago amaurosis set in, and I have been entirely blind for about two—but won't you be seated?"—an uneasy movement of his feet having betrayed to her that he was still standing.

He seated himself opposite her, and gazed at her with a troubled face, like to what one might wear who had been startled in his sleep. She did not speak, and he asked with a timid air, "Can I do anything for you?"

Not answering him directly, she questioned, "You are a Catholic priest, are you not?"

He replied that he was, and again offered his services to her.

"I do not know that you can help me," she said in a puzzled voice, and broke off abruptly, "I am a Protestant, not a bigoted one," she laughed.

If it were not for the pain manifested in his countenance, one would have said that a smile of amusement crossed his lips as she made this statement.

"I have a son who I believe is a priest," she continued, "and I am looking for him. I thought that perhaps you, a priest, could help me to find him. I have been to New York, where he went after he left home, and I have been told that one of his name has been ordered from Rome, to be stationed, I think they said, in Boston."

"And your son's name is?" asked the priest in a low voice. She heard his words but could not see the little beseeching movement of his hands.

"Philip Penrose—do you know a priest, or any one who is a Catholic, of that name?" she asked.

He did not answer her immediately, and she repeated her question.

"I certainly know a priest of that name," he said slowly, "but the man I know can scarcely be the same, for he never left his mother."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and he was so occupied with the

thought of what he was to say next, that he did not perceive the anguish of her disappointment, nor hear her murmur, "It is an uncommon name, it may be Philip."

The commercial travellers had returned to the car and to a renewed discussion of the respective merits of their respective goods; the maid had joined the mother and her brood in sleep, and her mistress waited, in trouble and expectancy, for the priest to speak. It was no easy task for him to decide what was best to say. He knew the truth about this Philip Penrose, but not whether it was the fittest thing to tell the mother now, or to wait until he had ascertained her real sentiments toward her son.

"You do not speak," she cried, interrupting his train of thought. "I wish you would tell me all you know about the Philip Penrose with whom you say you are acquainted."

"The Philip Penrose I know," he said, and in his endeavor to repress his emotions his voice became hard and unsympathetic, "was baptized a Catholic while still a minor. His father was dead, and he was entirely under the control and charge of his mother—"

"I was a widow," she broke in; "I did all that a mother, more than a father could do for Philip."

"He has acknowledged that a thousand times, with a heart full of love for you," answered the priest.

"Go on, go on," she pleaded, the tears streaming from her sightless eyes.

He repeated that beseeching movement of his hands, and continued the statement he was making concerning Philip Penrose.

"His mother objected with all the force of her strong will to his becoming a Catholic, but her will gave way to what in this instance was a stronger will—"

"But I was sincere to my honest convictions," she cried.

"He has always revered your sincerity above all things," returned the priest.

"And I did not respect his," she groaned. "But continue; why do you stop?" she insisted, forgetting that she herself was the cause of the interruption.

"He became a Catholic and when he reached his majority

announced his intention to study for the priesthood, and his mother gave him the alternative to leave home or renounce a call he felt had come from God. This time neither will gave way; Philip left home—”

He paused, shocked at the change that had come over her. Her face was long-drawn and pinched, and the hand she raised to point the words she now spoke trembled in its black net mitt, like a withered leaf shaken by the wind. “But my will, God broke it!” she cried, “O, reverend sir, look at me and make of me a moral for one of your sermons. Look at me, old and blind. Frank, my son Frank, died a drunkard’s death, and his sister died little better than an outcast. I crushed and killed their wills, and when they went out from my care they had no wills of their own to fight the battle with the world—” She ceased to speak, for a moment overcome. When she spoke again to the priest, whose face glowed with love and pity, her manner was quiet and passionless.

“You have but told me what I know,” she said. “What has become of Philip Penrose.”

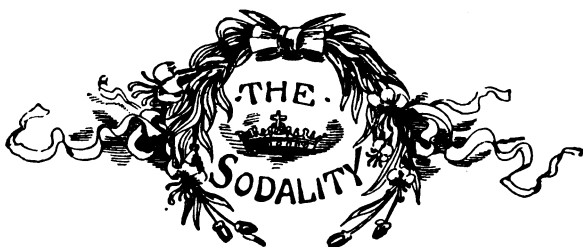
The bell was tolling their approach to the Old Colony depot, the terminus of their journey; the few passengers in the car were gathering together their bags and parcels, and the maid was approaching to give such assistance as her mistress might need. The priest waived her back.

The sightless eyes of the expectant woman were upturned to his, and he bent over her and said in a voice that was thick with tears, “Mother, don’t you know me, Philip, your little boy, Philip?”

Her outstretched hands groped for him, and unmindful of those who looked on in wonder, he rested in his mother’s arms.

“You will come home with me for a while?” she asked, smoothing his hand in hers.

“I will, mother,” he replied.



Evidences of a renewal of activity among the Sodalists of the Blessed Virgin Mary are reaching us from all sides. Applications for new diplomas of aggregation to the Prima Primaria and increase of membership in Sodalities already aggregated are some of the ordinary signs of this activity. An endeavor to hold the weekly and monthly meetings with more regularity, to follow the proper devotional exercises at these meetings, and to insist upon the usual condition of monthly Communion is fast becoming the rule with Directors and Sodalists. The result must be a greater esteem for the works and practices of the Sodalities as well as for their members; for nothing so impresses serious-minded people with the worth of a society as the determination of its members to adhere strictly to their rule.

*

Were this esteem the only result of this renewal of spirit it would be well worth working for: it would mean that the Sodalities are living sources of the good example which they are bound to provide. There are, however, some very important results of an external character which prove that this interior renewal is profound and sincere. Without making special inquiries about the state of Sodalities in the cities the writer had occasion to visit of late, the following instances of excellent Sodality management thrust themselves on him unsought for. In one place two thousand men, well uniformed and well drilled, were marching after good bands of musicians to airs of select religious music, displaying the banners of our Lady side by side with our national flag, and their purpose was to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of a

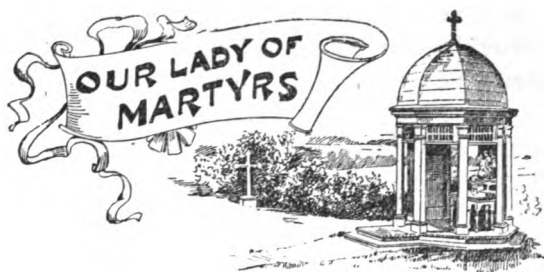
Sodality in a neighboring city where, we were told, 5,000 Sodalists would gather that afternoon. Their faces were the faces of men who act upon what they believe, and their bearing was a worthy manifestation of their loyalty to our holy Faith. They were the Sodalists of an archdiocese in which Sodalities and other pious associations have been carefully fostered by the ordinary and his pastors.

*

It may not be customary even for devout-minded travelers to look for Sodality halls and buildings among the sights of a strange city ; and yet halls and complete buildings exist in several of our Western cities in which Sodalities meet, attend Mass, transact business, keep choice libraries, and in some instances conduct literary societies which have grown out of their Sodality organization. Great placards at the entrances of these structures give the names of the officers and consultants of the various Sodalities and of members actually attending. Nor is the special list of departed members forgotten, for a tender piety has made their fellows still living treasure their names with honor. Whatever one may feel toward the Sodalities during life, one would be glad when near death to have merited to have one's name recorded on that roll. Side by side with the roll of members hang the lists of committees on relief and on works of active benevolence, not only among their fellow Sodalists but among the sick, the afflicted and the needy in the parish or in the charitable or public institutions that may come under their charge.

*

Not the least gratifying evidence of the vital influence that a Sodality exercises upon men's lives is the sight of rail after rail of communicants approaching the Holy Table. This was an unexpected pleasure to the writer at an early Sunday morning's Mass which he was invited to offer. The source of all Christian life is the Holy Eucharist, and so long as Sodalists keep faithful to this condition of their membership so long will their example and influence be a living proof that God is blessing their work.



A STRAY VISIT TO THE SHRINE.

OCTOBER should be a month for pilgrimages to Auriesville, since it is the month of anniversaries of the deaths of the holy missionaries who were slain there for the Faith. It is good to know that no month, and scarcely a week passes without some visits to the hallowed spot. One who lately had the good fortune to stop over during his journey past the shrine, reports his delight, on reaching the hill-top, to see three devout pilgrims making the way of the Cross. "They come that way," his Auriesville companion explained, "and go about here from cross to cross." And they are well repaid, thought the visitor, for the very beauty and repose of that scene must benefit mind and body just as well as the blessed spirits which watch over it must favor the soul of every pilgrim that approaches it.



To one who knows the story of Auriesville it is quite amusing to hear the views taken of it by some of those who are employed or who live near by. "Bin over to the meetin'-place?" was the greeting one, a Catholic tow-path man, had for the unexpected wayfarer who offered to unhook his horses whilst he ran back to loop his hawser out of a 'shoe' in the canal wall. "I understand they're going to put up a \$100,000 church there next spring," was the information offered to one who would be glad to set to work with one-tenth that amount. All this is in a kindly spirit, and though the villagers are not of our faith, they have and show

a real reverence for the memory of the heroes who have made their home so celebrated, and this reverence is manifest in the respect shown to all who come thither as pilgrims.



With his usual kindness, the Rev. Joseph Loyzance, S.J., who from the first has been instrumental in discovering and in securing the Auriesville property, has given over to our keeping a large piece of the bone of the saintly Kateri Tekagwitha, accompanied with an authentication given by the Rev. N. V. Burtin, O.M.I., the devoted pastor of Caughnawaga. We will treasure this relic in the interest of the many clients of Our Lady of Martyrs who desire to see the Indian maiden accorded the honors of our altars. Those who are familiar with her life know that the marvels worked by her intercession are as striking as the influence of her good example and of her saintly memory.



With a view to preparing a souvenir in some degree worthy of the martyrs it is designed to commemorate, we have taken every means of obtaining the best known portraits of Father Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and Kateri Tekagwitha, and from these drawings have been carefully prepared for reproduction by the engraver. These souvenirs will be ready by December, and we do not doubt that they will be a means of increasing the prayers that are everywhere offered for the progress of the process of the beatification of these chosen souls.

We recommend to the patrons of the Shrine an intention which is closely connected with the entire work and the pilgrimages. The statue of Our Lady of Martyrs, the crown of gold and proper structures for the services of the pilgrimages should naturally be an object of prayer for all who love the shrine. Meanwhile, until the present Shrine can be replaced by something more substantial, when our thoughts turn toward the holy spot in this season of wintry storms, we should pray that Our Lady may shield her sanctuary from all harm.

I have not as yet received answers from all our Fathers, but the subjoined letters will give you an idea, as well as interest your readers and perhaps urge them to make further efforts to help our poor Indians.

The first is from the Reverend Father Superior of the Orphanage of Adei Kalabouran, to whom I sent 500 francs (\$100).

"I was leaving the house, the very day I received your alms, to go and administer to a dying person, when I was stopped at the door by a young woman with two little children in her arms and two others at her feet. She said: 'Do you not recognize me?' 'No, child, who are you?' 'I am Maria Salvan whom you baptized three years ago with these two little ones and their father.' 'And where is their father?' 'Dead, dead from hunger.' 'And what are you going to do?' 'I am going to die from hunger; but first take my four children and save them.' Great as was my desire to do so, I could not but for the charity of the readers of the *American Messenger*, for I should not have been justified in neglecting the inmates of the Orphanage to help others. I am therefore greatly indebted to those persons who thus enabled me to save this poor woman and her little ones. I would you could see the fervor with which they pray for their benefactors. I wish too that they who have been so generous could see how much greater is the satisfaction felt in doing a good work than that experienced in the most brilliant pleasures of the world."

The second letter is from the Reverend Father Nicola, to whom I forwarded 420 francs (\$84). At the time he received the money he was visiting the mission stations committed to his care. He had just reached Manipatty when he passed the corpses of two men who had died from starvation. On his approach the Christians, according to their custom, came to meet him. Tears were in their eyes. "Father, they said, you know we love you, but we have nothing to give your oxen to eat, we can only offer you a chicken and a handful of rice. It is all we have." "And you, my children, what have you for yourselves?" "Nothing, Father; we ate what roots we could find as long as they lasted. Now there are no more and we have nothing to sow in our fields." "My poor children," said the Father, "see, the Lord has pity on you; He has sent you 420 francs from America, so I can buy you seed for your fields and food for yourselves. Since that, no one has died from starvation in this village. Night and morning my 180 children offer up their prayers for their benefactors." The third of these letters is from Father Delaporte. "In one of his villages he found a family, consisting of ten persons, reduced to the greatest misery. The grandfather was blind; his son, who had just broken his leg, was the father of seven children; the eldest was nine years old and the youngest a baby in her mother's arms. They were heathens, but I was so touched by their extreme misery that I did my best to console them. That was all I could have done without the 230 francs so generously sent us from America. With this money I was able to have the poor man's leg set and keep the family from starving until the head recovered.

"Then it was that, touched by the kindness that had been shown him, he came to me and said: 'Father, you have been good to me and mine. Our gods never inspired our people to help us. They are not good like your

God. Instruct us and baptize me and my family.' I did so and the foll wing night the grandfather died, blessing God. His last words were, 'Thanks be to Thee, oh my God.'

"Ten souls were thus saved and probably many more will be; for in India a good example is generally followed. It is the same here as in America."

I must not conclude without thanking you for the last money order for 81 francs, and I remain with deep gratitude to you and your benevolent readers,

Your faithful servant in Chris',

G. BOUTELANT, S.J.

The Zambesi Mission.

DITTON HALL, WIDNES, LANCASHIRE.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER :

The sum and substance of a letter bearing date of May 28, received from Brother Löffler a few days ago, is the following :

Regarding the disposition of the natives, they show a good deal of respect and attachment to us. They say they are *our people*. Their visits to us are frequent. A short time ago fourteen chiefs, with their attendants, came to see us. We killed an ox and gave them a feast, for which kindness they thanked us profusely. A piece of tobacco, given by Father Superior, added to their joy. Father Hartman, who sat in their midst with Father Superior, gave them a long talk. Before leaving, next day, many came to me for medicine. Most of them had headache. A good dose of epsom salts satisfied them.

The blacks working on our farm seldom stay beyond a month ; they are not yet used to steady work. They prefer, however, working for us, as we do not beat them, like the other whites, when they are lazy. We have generally about twenty natives in our employ, for various kinds of work. At present they are engaged in building a more direct road to Salisbury, under the direction of Brother Boock.

Now, as to the state of our health, with the end of November the rainy season set in, and with it came the malarial fever. We were told that all of us would catch it, and so it happened. Brother Boock was the first to be attacked. Brother Bierman was the next, and by and by all had it. The symptoms of the fever varied with the various patients—nausea, vomiting, delirium, etc. Quinine in doses of from five to ten grains is the usual remedy, and is quite effective, Brother Boock had so severe an attack that he was reduced to a very critical state. He received Extreme Unction at the Mission, and was then taken to the hospital at Salisbury. During the following night he was continually delirious, nor did the doctors succeed next day in bringing him round ; on the contrary, his state seemed to grow worse. The doctors began to give up all hope. Father Boos, while watching at his bedside the second night, felt prompted to bless some St. Ignatius' water for the sick Brother. This he did, and the effect was soon apparent. The patient's breathing became more regular ; he regained consciousness, and next morning he was comparatively well, to the great astonishment of

the doctors. He soon recovered completely, and since then he has been one of the strongest of the community. Father Superior and Father Roos have also been in the hospital for some time. We all have had repeated attacks of the fever, lasting generally one day and one night.

Father Hartman, since his return from Mоторo's Land, has been hard at work on his grammar and dictionary of the Mashona. The books are nearly ready for the press. Father Richartz and three brothers are at present at Salisbury laying the foundations of a brick house. This house is situated on a small hill about two miles from Salisbury. The site was given by the company. In Salisbury, too, we were given a lot for a church.

At the Mission we are still building; we have already finished nine huts, five of which are in the style of the round native huts. The worms are already busy at work with the wood. We intend, therefore, to raise in the course of the year a brick house about 100 feet long.

The five Sisters who came up with us were destined for teaching among the natives. But as they could not begin instruction as yet, they were sent to Victoria to open an hospital. Father Barthélémy is their chaplain. Lately he was dangerously ill. Father Prestage went down to visit him. He has since recovered.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept, 15, 1893.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER, P. C. :

I am glad to see that generous persons are already sending their alms to help us in building the first sanctuary in honor of the Sacred Heart in our distant Zambezi Mission.

Whilst expressing to them our sincere thanks, allow me to ask the help of their prayers in order that God may spare our Mission the horrors of a war and the complete ruin of our stations in Mashonaland.

According to the latest news the long threatened invasion of Mashonaland by the Matabele "*impis*" appears to be imminent. They are advancing in large bodies towards the country, and the Mashona and white settlers are fleeing to Victoria for safety. The defences of the Fort have been strengthened, and extra stores of provisions have been laid in, but there is great danger that the handful of brave men who have gathered in the Fort may be overpowered by the Matabele warriors, who number thousands. We have two Fathers at Victoria, Fathers Prestage and Barthélémy. The latter has been at the point of death during the last rainy season. There are also four Dominican Nuns, who have charge of the hospital and school.

Our stations at Salisbury and Loyola are also exposed to the greatest dangers. Salisbury is the residence of Rev. Father Superior, and there are also five Dominican Sisters in charge of the hospital and school. Mother Patrick, whose courage and charity have made her name known and blessed in so many African homes, is the Superioress of these valiant, self-sacrificing daughters of Saint Dominic.

At Loyola, fifteen miles distance from Salisbury, there are two Fathers and five lay Brothers. They also have all been sick with fever during the last rainy season, but they are now working with renewed courage, trying to make Loyola a real model mission station. May God protect them and their

good guardian angels watch over them, for the station is wholly unprotected by natural means.

Marloutsie, which is situated on the extreme northern limit of British Betchuanaland, is probably less exposed, though it would no doubt share the fate of our other stations in case the Matabeles were victorious. Here there are only one Father and four Sisters, the latter in charge of the Hospital.

Our mission stations are very poor ; nothing but tents and mud huts ; yet it is sad to think that in a few days nothing may remain of them but heaps of ashes.

As to our brave Fathers and our heroic Sisters, may God spare their lives. May He spare them the cruelties which the bloodthirsty Matabeles inflict on their prisoners and the atrocities which they practice on the bodies of their slain enemies ! Your Reverence's Servant in Christ,

A. M. DAIGNAULT, S. J.,
Procurator of the Zambezi Mission.

A CORRECTION—MISSION OF COTTAR, INDIA.

134 BARRACK ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

Oct. 22, 1893.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—Enclosed find a list of intentions to be recommended to the "League of the Sacred Heart" We beg *your* good prayers also for them, and in return be assured of ours for your personal intentions, for the happy success of your work in extending the reign of God's kingdom on earth by the wide propagation of *The Messenger*. Would that every Catholic family in the United States and Canada was a subscriber ! We regret our means to promote this object (except by prayer) are limited, yet we do not fail to recommend it and *THE PILGRIM* as opportunity presents. As you know, our community is aggregated to the League. There is Solemn Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day on the first Friday in our chapel, with Benediction in the evening. The Communions on this day are very numerous, and devout adorers come and go all day

In the attractive article, "Our Lady and the Holy Souls," in November number of *THE PILGRIM*, you are kind enough to mention Our Lady's promises in favor of her glorious Scapular of Carmel—the "Sabbatine Privilege" or "Bull," as it is sometimes called. In a foot-note, page 324, you state, or it is stated by the author, that "for good reasons the last two practices (recitation of the Little Office, B.V.M., fasts and abstinences) may be changed for others, by priests who are empowered to invest with the Scapular," Yes, provided these priests have received the faculty to "invest" directly from the Superiors of the Carmelite Order, Calced or Discalced, with the faculty of commuting the Sabbatine Privilege.

With rare exceptions the clergy in the United States get the faculty to invest persons with the Mount Carmel Scapular from their respective

bishops, who get their authorization from the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, and the faculty to commute the Sabbatine Bull is not included in the powers given them for their clergy. A priest of the diocese of Malines submitted this doubt to the Holy See, who referred it, by the Sacred Congregation, to the Superior General of the Discalced Carmelites, and this was the decision rendered : That this commutation can be made and given by the Rectors of a Confraternity of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, or by any other priest, secular or regular, who shall have obtained from the Superiors of the Order the faculty in writing and bearing the official signature and seal of said Superiors. This decision was given Oct. 7, 1840. It is recorded at length in *Recueil d'Instructions sur la devotion au Saint Scapulaire, par le P. Brocard de Ste Thérèse, 1875, Gaud.* We asked this question lately of our Fathers in Europe, and the case is as written.

We are deeply interested in the Intention designated by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, for November, and hope through the intercession of our Seraphic Mother and St. Francis Xavier, many thousands, nay, millions, of poor pagans in India may be brought unto salvation.

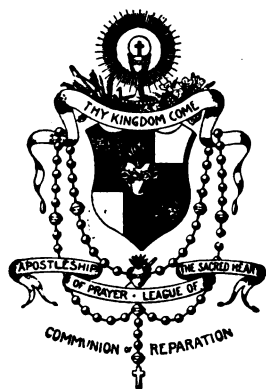
We are in correspondence with our Discalced Carmelite Fathers and Sisters of the dioceses of Verapoly and Quilon. In the latter diocese is the most celebrated sanctuary of St. Francis Xavier, Cottar. I wish time allowed to translate from the *Chroniques du Carmel* about this shrine and the wonderful love all India has for it. You are charitably collecting for many good works : could you not make an appeal in your December number for Cottar ? We received a sad letter last month from Monsignor Ferdinand Ossi de Santa Maria, Bishop of Quilon (a Discalced Carmelite), who tells us the propagation of the Faith, owing to many demands, has reduced the usual allowance given to this needy Mission of Malabar, and says : "Hence I am in the dolorous alternative of closing some schools and institutions unless some help is sent me, for I am in a very painful condition." The Bishop, in his strait, sends us some India stamps and stamped envelopes, thinking some charitable souls might send in return an alms. His Lordship has been trying to open a girls' school at Cottar, but cannot now for want of funds. The Christians are chiefly of the low castes, and as cholera has been raging there the destitution is extreme. When the pagans are converted they are cast off by their relatives, and unless they are fed and housed while under instruction nothing is accomplished. As the Fathers write us, they have to support their Christians and derive nothing from the Mission. We would gladly transmit any alms sent to us for the Bishop of Quilon. If persons wish to send direct, I have given his name, and to it add Quilon, Travancore, Malabar, S. India.

May dear St. Francis Xavier inspire many kind persons to thus contribute to God's greater glory and the salvation of souls.

With religious regards, we are,

Humbly in Christ,

REV. MOTHER DOLOROSA OF THE CRUCIFIXION,
Prioress, D. C.



THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE LETTER OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Although we have published the letter of His Most Reverend Excellency Monsignor Satolli in the November *Messenger*, we think it best to repeat it in the *PILGRIM* so that Directors and Promoters may be enabled to put it into the hands of as many Associates as possible. The letter needs no comment. It is a text for the devotion and the great work which it recommends, and a reminder to our Associates that chief among the interests of the Church for which we should be constantly praying are the interests of its devout writer.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 17, 1893.

REVEREND DEAR SIR :—I have received from you since September several copies of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, for which I return you sincere thanks.

It ought to be the special mission of the Catholic press to promote Christian piety, and to unite in the bonds of charity all the children of the Church. For this purpose there can be no better means than common prayer, of which our Lord Himself gave the example, and to which, with His own blessed lips, He urged His disciples. As the Sacred Heart has always been the centre of the original and divine apostleship exercised by the hierarchy in all its grades, from the Supreme Pontiff down to the diocesan clergy, so, too, is it the natural centre of special associations, which, like the Apostleship of Prayer, are destined to unite all hearts in the overflowing fountain of grace and holiness.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart has always been a profound, though latent, form of the love which the Church bears to her Divine Spouse ; but the public manifestation of it was reserved for these later times, when the charity of so many has grown cold, and the belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ has grown weak in so many unhappy souls. Very rightly, therefore, it has become the most popular and efficacious of modern devotions, adopted in all the Catholic Churches of the world, and productive of incalculable good. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, when Bishop of Perugia, had the Apostleship of Prayer established in every parish of his diocese, and the whole diocese itself consecrated with solemn pomp in the Cathedral of Perugia to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Thanking you for your assurance that the members of the Association pray fervently for the success of the Apostolic Delegation, and granting you most willingly the blessing you request.

I remain, Reverend Dear Sir,
Respectfully yours in Christ,
FRANCIS ARCHB. SATOLLI,
Delegate Apost.

The allusion of the Apostolic Delegate to the Holy Father's regard for the Apostleship of Prayer follows most timely the favorable expressions of His Holiness to Father Vitale, the Central Director for Italy, during the pilgrimage of our Associates to the Vatican, as described in the August *Messenger*.



POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

While the lists of Promoters' Receptions, which are published monthly in *The Messenger*, prove that no month is without its due number of Receptions, they should also call the attention of Directors and Secretaries of the League to the fact that December and January, like May and June are commonly found to be the most opportune months for conferring Diplomas on worthy candidates. Our printed programme of the order of exercises and prayers for these Receptions will facilitate the preparations for them, but great care must be given to the selection of candidates, the application for Diplomas in due time, usually two weeks before the date of the Reception, and to the conduct of the exercises themselves so that the distribution of Diplomas and Crosses may proceed quietly and without the loss of time consequent on confusion of names.

It would be well to observe that our Local Centres are increasing rapidly in number and in membership, and that communications from Directors, Promoters and Associates are for this reason so extensive that we cannot attempt to report them entire in our pages. We have therefore introduced the department of "Notes from Various Centres," and we have reason to believe that it meets with the satisfaction of our readers. We are always pleased to hear from our many Local Centres, and to publish as many of their doings as we can ; hence we request our correspondents to write often, to tell their story briefly, and to write it on separate pages from their League queries, orders and *Messenger* subscriptions.



Promoters will find a very proper field for their zeal in striving to relieve the distress now prevalent. From time to time we receive intentions for the welfare of various relief societies conducted by Associates of the League. The following letter gives an actual instance of the good results that can be achieved in a very simple way :

ST. JOSEPH'S CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :—It may be of interest to other League Centres to learn of the great work undertaken by the Promoters of this Centre—that of assisting Promoters and Associates of the League who through various causes have been brought in many cases to direst need. Relief is given very quietly through a committee appointed by the Rev. Local Director. This past month fourteen cases have been assisted. One case was reported where it was found that a poor sick woman thrown out of her position was almost insane for want of food. Another, that of a zealous Promoter, ill for many months and in great need. All of the cases reported have proved most worthy. This work in no way interferes with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, as it is not confined to parish limits. Within a few months we have given aid in 17 such urgent cases



As the writer remarks, this work of the Promoters need not and does not interfere with the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Were Promoters only to take the opportunity afforded them during their rounds with the Rosary

Tickets to ascertain cases of need and possible distress and report these to the members of St. Vincent de Paul, they would be of great assistance to the latter at a time like the present, since the membership of this devoted society, always too small for the demands made upon it, must be altogether inadequate to satisfy applications for relief, let alone discover new cases by personal visits. Widespread and active as St. Vincent de Paul's Society is, there are many worthy Catholics who know little or nothing about it, and still more who are at a loss how to apply for its assistance. There are, likewise, very many to whom the trial of an application is more painful than the hardship of want. With the industry and sympathy that mark true charity, let every lover of the Sacred Heart be prompt to discover His poor, His "little ones," as He terms them, and give them the aid or bring them to the sources of aid that He would tenderly provide for them: "*Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it to Me.*"¹



Even without interfering with the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Promoters and Associates can do a great deal for the actual relief of the needy, for the mere reason that, except in few Councils, this society does not attempt to give aid in every possible form of need or distress. Should there be any real danger of interference, it would only prove that it is high time for as many as possible of our Promoters and Associates to become members of a St. Vincent de Paul Conference. Could our readers see the Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul from the Superior Council of New York, just issued, for 1892, which is now before us, they would well understand why Church historians of the past two centuries look upon the charity of St. Vincent as the source of one of the greatest impulses ever given to the active life of the Church. The New York Council has within its jurisdiction 335 conferences, with an active membership of 5,956. During the year 14,677 families numbering 51,009

¹ St. Matthew xxv, 40.

were relieved, 123,865 visits were made, 960 situations procured, and 17,632 boys taught catechism by 542 members. It is a result to move any generous soul, to fill one with a spirit of admiration for the men who devote their free time to such charity and to excite every one to emulate their devotedness.



December is the month of the Holy Child Jesus. It is not necessary to remind our Associates that the month should be spent in preparation for the Feast of His birth. It is important, however, that we should remember that no preparation can be so agreeable to Him as the care and devotion we show to the little children, who are a special object of His love. The work of the Holy Childhood is, properly speaking, the work of children, but it rests with those who have charge of them to prompt them to the generosity to which they always respond so cheerfully, and which redounds so much to their profit. The Annual Report for 1892, which we issued in December, gives a total of \$5,801.53 transmitted through our office for that year. The agency for this work has been transferred to Rev. Antony Zielenbach, C. S. Sp., of Pittsburgh (P. O. Box 689), and we trust that those who were formerly so punctual in sending their contributions to us will now send them generously and promptly to him.



As early as August, 1892, the General Intention designated by our Holy Father for the prayers of the Associates throughout the world was that the Church in North and South America might be benefited by the celebration then in preparation of the fourth centenary of the discovery of our continent. Now that our long and varied series of commemorations of this great event have been brought to a close, we may devoutly thank God that our prayer has been heard. However great be the glory and the benefit reaped by our holy religion from the life and works of Columbus and of the Catholic monarchs who patronized his voyages, it is not too

much to say that the piety, zeal and energy displayed by Catholics generally in the religious celebrations of this great event, notably in the imposing civil demonstrations in October of 1892, and in the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago, have so forcibly attracted the attention and esteem of all non-Catholics, and have given such a new impulse to the energy of Catholics themselves, that they mark an era which will one day be considered as worthy of commemoration as the great event they served to celebrate. One fact the Fair clearly established, and that is, the best in all our civilization is Catholic; the best in art, the best in precious manufactures, and the best in education is the product of Catholic belief, of Catholic devotion, of Catholic encouragement, of Catholic effort. The Fair has given many non-Catholic eyes a glimpse of a new and strange creation, and that creation is the Catholic Church. *Deo Gratias!*

A PROMOTER TO IMITATE.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

REV. CENTRAL DIRECTOR :—Since last writing, another of our promoters died, one whom we can ill afford to lose, so holy and so zealous was he in laboring for the Sacred Heart. Knowing that you will be pleased to hear of the extraordinary piety of this good man, I will give you a sketch of his life leaving you to draw inferences as to the work of grace in this unusual soul.

Thomas A. Brady was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1836, of very respectable parents. His father was for many years postmaster in his native city, and two of his uncles were eminent surgeons in the same place. At an early age he was sent to far-famed Trinity, where he was graduated with honor. One of his uncles, desiring him to follow the profession of surgery, offered him every inducement to agree to his wishes; but Thomas, after deferring to his uncle's desires for two years, threw surgery and physic to the dogs, as the saying is, and enlisted on a man-of-war bound for the Crimea. After a life of some years at sea, during which he escaped a violent death many times, he returned to Dublin, but, not content with such quiet life as his birth-place afforded, he enlisted again, this time in the Army, and went to India. He served two years, nearly losing his life on the field of battle. He was left for dead on the field, as a savage blow dealt with native ferocity had crushed his skull so terribly that life seemed extinct for some hours.

However, as they came to bury the dead, signs of life showed them he was worth a couple of dead men yet, as he would say in recounting it; so he was resuscitated and soon restored to health and strength. He afterwards came

to this country and served gallantly in our own navy during the late war. He came near being killed many times. Four times he fell from the rigging and once he was washed overboard and rescued with great difficulty. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and yet on last Monday morning, while painting St. Joseph's church, sitting on a rope and plank scaffolding forty feet high, he fell to the concrete walk below, and received fatal injuries from which he died Saturday morning.

Whatever occurred in his early and adventurous life to change him from the ways of his youth into an intensely devout and truly holy man, I know not, but Thomas A. Brady was a remarkable example of what a man in the world, with a wife and large family, can accomplish for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, without in the least infringing on domestic duties. No man was a better husband and father, no man more devoted to his business, or more conscientious in the discharge of every duty; and yet he found time for the practises of a piety seldom to be met with in his class and circumstances. For years he was a weekly communicant and a regular attendant at every jubilee service held in the church. Every spare minute was given to prayer or good works of some kind. When other men were indulging themselves either in lawful or unlawful pleasures, Thomas Brady would be found praying in the most secluded corner of St. Joseph's or seeking out associates for the League of The Sacred Heart, or collecting money for the preservation of the holy places at Jerusalem, of which devotion he was promoter for many years. He worked by himself, taking small contracts and hiring men to assist him. He did this in order to avoid the occasions of sin so freely to be found among gangs of workmen. With him a man who was known to swear either cured himself of the habit or was discharged instantly. So absorbed would he be in meditation, or so sedulous in mortifying his sight, that he would pass his own children on the street without recognizing them. With all this he was genial and affable in conversation and possessed of a dry wit that would convulse his hearers, whilst he retained the soberest countenance. Nothing could shake his confidence in God or the submission to His will. Neither sickness, nor adverse circumstances nor death could make him otherwise than "thankful to God for his mercies," even when they came in the form of stripes and affliction. In his last illness his piety and fortitude were displayed more truly than ever before. "I thank God it was I and not my workmen who fell. God is merciful to me, giving me three days' warning, as I always knew He would." Some one remarked to him that now he had many beautiful things in his suffering to offer to our Lord.

"Ah," said he, "if I only had anything worthy of Him! But I am a wretched sinner. I deserved all I got. He is too good to me. How many times He saved me when my death would have been the death of my soul as well! I thank Him! Oh, I thank Him!"

His last words were: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give my soul into your hands."

Can you wonder that such a man is a great loss to us? Asking your prayers for his soul, I remain

Sincerely yours,

K. F. M.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The Rev. Mark Gross, brother of Archbishop Gross, of Portland, Oregon, vouches for the truth of the following fact from his own personal knowledge. He says: "Having heard the report of the miracle, we made it our special business to visit Chicago a second time in order to investigate the truth of the miraculous cure, and to gather from the parties concerned all the data which we declined to receive second hand. Thomas-like, we wanted to see for ourselves. We saw, and we are convinced of two things: that a genuine miracle has taken place, and that in this miracle we have a signal mark of approval of efforts made to propagate devotion to the Sacred Heart."

Mrs. Josephine L. is the wife of Mr. F. L., now living at No. 6 Star street, Chicago, Ill. She is a member of St. Michael's parish and a Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart, having in a short time induced five hundred persons to practice this devotion. Her husband is a convert. Mrs. L. was taken with tubercular consumption of the bone of the knee, and for four months grew steadily worse. The limb became partially dead, and the joint greatly swollen and inflamed, filled with pus, and was very sore to the touch. The diagnosis and treatment of the family physician were approved by a number of physicians; among them, by the eminent Dr. Senn, of Chicago. The examination was held in St. Joseph's Hospital. The verdict of the physicians was: first, that they had to deal with a case of tuberculosis; and, secondly, that the aggravated condition of the limb required the employment of the knife. Whether amputation of the limb itself would be necessary, Dr. Senn could not determine until he should lay bare the diseased bone. The surgeons, moreover, were anxious to operate at once as the warm weather was approaching. All this time prayers were being offered for Mrs. L. A novena, in which five hundred school children joined, was begun in honor of the Sacred Heart. Mr. L. also engaged the Benedictine nuns in Stillwater, Minn., to make a novena for his wife's cure that is, for a successful operation. The day and hour were appointed for the operation in St. Joseph's Hospital. On the morning of the day on which the novena begun by the Benedictine nuns came to a close, the nurse dressed the diseased limb as usual and found it worse than ever. Mrs. L., left alone, fell asleep, and after an hour's repose, awoke to find herself restored to health. Leaving her bed, she walked with perfect ease. Her husband, entering the room, found the diseased limb, before dead and shrunken, now in perfect health, of its natural size and shape. The cure took place about seven o'clock, about the hour of the Mass and Communion in the Convent at Stillwater. Next day Mr. L. took his wife to the hospital. Her cure had been kept a close secret. The doctors arrived. Mr. L. questioned them separately, and received as their ultimatum, the absolute necessity of laying the bone bare with the knife. There was no other treatment practicable. The opinion was unanimous. Then Mr. L. had the physicians summoned singly to view the limb. Each one pronounced the limb cured, and was forced, in Mr. L.'s presence, to attest the wonderful change, the disappearance of the ailment, the restoration of the limb to its normal size, and to declare that neither the knife nor any other remedy was now required. The lady stood up and walked in their presence. They could not but admit that the cure was wonderful. The date of the miraculous cure was May 12, 1892. Four months after the appearance of the disease, Mrs. L. made a promise that if cured she would publish the fact as an incentive to others to practice devotion to the Sacred Heart.

NOTES FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—On Rosary Sunday the magnificent new ostensorium, the gift of the League Associates to the Cathedral in New York arrived from Lyons, France, in time to be blessed and used for the first time on All Saints' Day.

—On the second Sunday of October a beautiful new statue of the Sacred Heart was unveiled in St. Francis Xavier's Centre, New York City. It is the gift of the Associates to the Shrine of the Sacred Heart in that centre.

—From Ohio comes the following: "I write to ask prayers for a blessing on our little chapel; the first Mass was said in it last May. There are few Catholics living in our small village, and among them are some who are weak in the faith. Pray for us."

—Some of the rules for a Promoters' Council in San Jose, Cal., are: 1. We shall be called Promoters' Council. 2. Meetings must be held once a month, on fourth Sundays. 3. The exercises of these meetings will be prayer, hymn to the Sacred Heart, reading of "Points for the Council" from *THE PILGRIM*, instruction by our Director. 4. All shall receive Holy Communion together on the third Sundays.

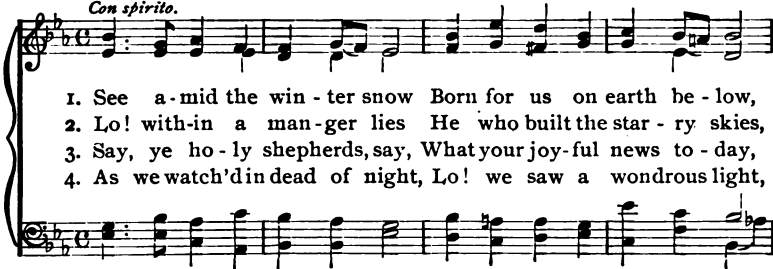
—The following is a sample of letters we are now receiving very frequently: "Our League is doing remarkably well; the membership is increasing rapidly and the effects on the congregation are remarkable. Many are now approaching the Sacraments who before neglected them; the Holy League works wonders among us, though it is hardly properly established as yet. We are not two months established and we had 700 communions on the first Friday." (Little Falls, N. Y.)

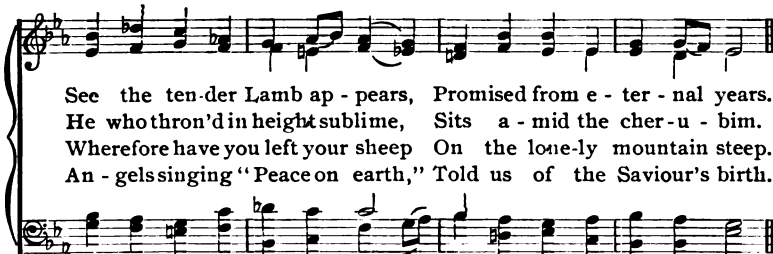
—A Promoter, speaking of the influence the League exerts, said: "In our shops, before the introduction of the League, drinking to excess was common. One man who took the first degree—he was a hard drinker—has not been drunk for three years; others have given up swearing, so that an oath now heard in the shops causes people to turn their heads in surprise, and as for loose talk, it has, I may say, been entirely done away with. By means of the morning offering I brought a Protestant friend into the Church. He was an upright man, but steadfast in his belief. He agreed to make the morning offering and was faithful to his agreement, and his last Christmas present to his Catholic wife was the announcement that he was to receive Holy Communion with her on that happy morning."

See Amid the Winter Snow.

F. M. de ZULUETA, S. J.

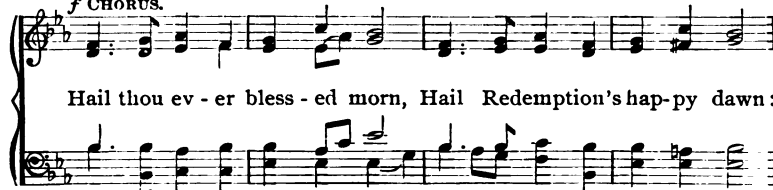
Con spirito.

- 
1. See a - mid the win - ter snow Born for us on earth be - low,
 2. Lo! with-in a man-ger lies He who built the star - ry skies,
 3. Say, ye ho - ly shepherds, say, What your joy - ful news to - day,
 4. As we watch'd in dead of night, Lo! we saw a wondrous light,




See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years.
He who thron'd in height sublime, Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim.
Wherefore have you left your sheep On the lone - ly mountain steep.
An - gel singing "Peace on earth," Told us of the Saviour's birth.

f CHORUS.



Hail thou ev - er bless - ed morn, Hail Redemption's hap - py dawn:



Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness Leo XIII, and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Church in Spain and Portugal.

AT home and abroad the peoples of Spain and of Portugal have already sustained the struggle for our holy Faith since they first received it. The early Roman persecutions, the invasions of pagan barbarians, the more destructive settlements of the Moors, the disorder of the Albigenses, the mystics and the reformers, are but some of the great physical conflicts which these devoted peoples have sustained at home, while their explorers, their apostles and their great leaders were extending the conquests of our holy religion into every newly discovered region of the earth.

To-day the conflict still rages in the very heart of these two countries. The blight of a false liberalism has fallen upon them and is striving to insinuate itself into their very laws and customs. Liberalism is a fair-sounding name for any mental or moral disorder that makes men more ready to tolerate and embrace error and insubordination than truth and proper respect for authority. Liberalism pretends to free the human conscience from every law except that of its own tyranny. Where liberalism enters men may break any law, most of all the laws of God and of His church, but they must give unquestioning obedience to the so-called liberal policy, which in reality makes them exchange the freedom of the sons of God for the slavery of the sons of Lucifer and of his proud and despotic followers.

From the plague of civil disorder and anarchy, which ever follows in the wake of liberalism, from the damages it inflicts upon our holy religion, from the loss of their chivalrous loyalty to Faith, and, above all, from any internal dissension or weakness among their Catholic citizens that might give the agents of liberalism a control of their legislation, our prayers must avail to save these two countries, and our prayers should be all the more numerous and fervent because both these nations are so devoted to the Sacred Heart, and so zealous in the practices of our own Apostleship of Prayer.

